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THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

[illegible] GILBERT HAMERTON

[With Numerous Illustrations]

[illegible] SEELEY, JACKSON [illegible] HALIDAY, [illegible]

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AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1878.

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THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

VII.—Hans Holbein.

Portrait of a German Lady.

ENGRAVED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

THERE is a difference of opinion amongst connoisseurs about the authorship of this picture, some believing it to be a Holbein and others attributing it to some unknown German master; but these discussions do not in the least affect the quality of the work, which is of first-rate excellence in its own peculiar order. The styles of painting are many and various—they are even strongly opposed; so that the qualities of one style are not, and cannot be, the qualities of another. In a recent note on a picture in the Althorp Gallery we had occasion to speak of the three recognised styles of Murillo—the *Frio*, the *Calido*, and the *Vaporoso*. Whilst Murillo passed out of the first of these styles into the second, and out of the second into the third, nature remained just the same. What is a style, then? Is it a misrepresentation? Yes; in the sense in which somebody said that all poetry was misrepresentation. A style is the preference of certain qualities to others, the study of certain natural beauties in preference to others. How impossible it would have been for Murillo, in his *vaporoso* style, to get the peculiar qualities of the work before us, which is exactly the opposite of *vaporoso!* I think we may enjoy both without inconsistency, and even that the highest consistency in art-criticism is to enjoy opposite kinds of work, each in its own temper. Whether this portrait be really a Holbein or not, it has the qualities of his art. The first quality that strikes us is an extreme precision and clearness; and the clearness is due to the artist's preference for line and local colour, which he insists upon strongly—to light and shade, which he renders delicately, but faintly. See the intense dark of the lady's eyes in comparison with the pale shading of her cheek, and the bold darks of the bands on her dress in comparison with the shading of her sleeves. What seems like strong shading on the shoulder is not really shade, but the expression of the lustre of satin. Then there is an infinite enjoyment of beautiful detail in the decorative parts of the dress, the coif, the embroidered collar and front, the pretty sleeves, the chain and medallion; and amidst all this adornment there is such a beautiful quiet and dignity in the self-possessed and open face that the notion of vanity or display is excluded.

The colouring in the original is as follows:—The background is greenish throughout, the head-dress and chemise white and gold, the bodice crimson and black. I could say much about the qualities of the engraving, but will leave it to speak for itself.

P. G. Hamerton.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 148.)

TURNER was an exhibitor at the Academy for the space of sixty years, with only four exceptions—1805, 1821, 1824, and 1848. The first of these omissions may be attributed to the necessity for earning money in early life by other means than the painting of important oil-pictures, and the last was due to declining health and power; but that of 1821 has been considered, perhaps justly, to indicate a pause in his career as a painter when a new conception of his art was taking possession of his mind. He had given up topography long before, as we have seen with reference to the Kilchurn, but the evolution from chiaroscurist to colourist was not accomplished so soon. The most famous of the earlier pictures, those solid, substantial pictures which are so strikingly unlike the manner of his full maturity, were painted simply on Dutch principles in grey and brown, with a patch of red here and there, to make people believe that it was colour. In *Crossing the Brook* we have yellow greys and quiet greens managed with the taste of a colourist who does not yet venture to employ the full force of his palette. The difference between *Crossing the Brook* and the *Garden of the Hesperides* (which was exhibited at the British Institution in 1806) is, in principle, absolute; the later picture is colourist's work in quiet hues, the earlier is not colourist's work at all. This great transition having been accomplished a farther step had to be taken, of greater difficulty than the first. To borrow a comparison from the war which is raging as I write, I may say that he had passed his Danube, but that in the mysterious distance the Balkan mountains lay still to be traversed. Here, then, he paused, exhibiting nothing in 1821: in the following year an unimportant picture, called *What you Will;* in 1823, a great experiment in the new style; and in 1824, nothing again. This may be an appropriate time for pausing in the narrative of the Life to consider Turner's various methods of studying from nature, of which we have said little hitherto. The reader may have felt some surprise at the cursory way in which the painter's art-travels have been passed over, the reason for this being simply our ignorance of any events which may have happened to him. No traveller has left less in the way of written memoranda or correspondence. His poverty in language, amounting to absolute destitution in foreign tongues, and the uncommunicativeness of his character, made his intellect useless for the study of human nature beyond the limits of his own country. He was the exact opposite of such men as Ticknor and Crabb Robinson, who always, in every foreign city, fell into the very midst of the most cultivated society, and heard all that was most interesting. Intellectual tastes, and enlightened interest in foreign politics and literature, would have been quite incompatible with the immense amount of professional labour that he went through; and as for thrilling adventures, we only remember that he once slipped on a very steep slope of rock, or *débris*, in the Isle of Skye, and saved himself by clinging to one of the rare tufts of grass which are able to grow in such places. Some artists have passed through stirring scenes, and participated in them; the recently published autobiography of Étex the sculptor (who did two of the groups on the Arc de Triomphe) is as full of change and interest as Gil Blas or Don Quixote, with duels, difficulties, disguises, glimpses of the highest society and the lowest, sudden contrasts of splendour and poverty, rapid changes of scene and circumstance, visions of womanly beauty, of manly courage, and incidents of pleasure and peril. The life of Goya was a wild romance; even the lives of Fortuny and of Regnault are as interesting as the tragedies of Shakespeare. These artists were mingled with the boiling tide of humanity, and had their share of that stimulating commotion which is the intensification of existence. Turner knew too well the productive value of solitude and peace to expose himself to useless adventures, and he wandered about the Continent, so lately desolated by the most terrible of modern conquerors, in a spirit of perfect artistic tranquillity, conscious indeed of the miseries of humanity, and partially saddened

by them, yet steadily minding his own business, which was to observe how cities, and rivers, and distant mountains, would combine into beautiful compositions. He had visited Rome in 1813, he revisited it in 1819, and saw the Rhine in the same year, but we have no traveller's reminiscences to enliven our bare statement of the fact. The best account of Turner's impressions as a traveller is to be found in the vast collection of sketches bequeathed by him to the National Gallery.

Turner's system of study from Nature was from the first adapted to the habits of a tourist who never remained long in one place. Some of his studies are elaborate; but it is a kind of elaboration due rather to a perfect command of means, and great practice, than to much time spent upon any one particular sketch. He was always a painter from memoranda, and his sketches, whether slight or elaborate, are really memoranda and no more, except in a very few instances, when he tried for imitative quality in drawings of still life.

The collection of his sketches, now belonging to the nation, is so considerable, that students may find in it abundant examples of the various kinds of work which he did in the presence of Nature. Some of these sketches have been copied for this biography with sufficient accuracy as to form, and the reader may judge from them of the degree of elaboration which Turner usually considered necessary.

The character of Turner's drawings varies considerably at different periods, and during different tours. Sometimes the pencil is cut broad at the end, and the sketches are very comprehensive in treatment; at other times a harder pencil is used, and it is sharpened to a fine point. The papers vary also, being sometimes white, and at other times grey, of various tints and textures. Then, again, the relations vary between the line and the wash in the degree of importance given to the one or to the other.

But whatever may be the differences between Turner's ways of sketching, he was always equally decided; he always evidently had determined beforehand exactly the kind of work, and pretty nearly the quantity of it that he intended to put into his sketch. His ideas are perfectly clear, and his intentions settled. His interpretation of Nature is always carried up to a predetermined point, and no farther. Less consummate artists often find themselves led beyond what they at first intended by the interest of the subject and the pleasure of study, so that they do not know when and where to stop. In Turner's sketches, without any exception known to me, there is absolute self-control. He never finishes to his utmost unless it be to mark some particularly interesting portion of a sketch, and then the finish is knowingly restricted to that portion, and the rest is loosely indicated. He is not at any time the slave of Nature or her echo, but always her interpreter. In a certain sense his sketching is intensely conventional. I do not mean that he always followed ancient recognised methods, for he was an audacious innovator; I mean, that he worked as if drawing, relatively to nature, were understood to be a summary and artificial method of interpretation. This may have been partly due to his love of rapidity. No one can look over the national collection of Turner's sketches without perceiving that he cultivated rapidity as an art, that he consciously applied his mind to those artifices which economise time, and which consequently enable an artist to get much from Nature in one sitting. This habit of economy in time is often much increased by practice in noting down very transient effects, so that the methods which an artist has invented for this purpose may be used by him for things less transient when he is in a hurry. Having sketched clouds quickly because they retain their forms only for a few seconds, he may sometimes apply similar methods to trees and cities, when the diligence only allows him ten minutes to make his sketch. Many things conspired to teach Turner the art of using time to the best advantage. The effects which he cared to paint were generally transient, and his eager search for new impressions prevented him, when on his travels, from remaining more than an hour or two on one spot. So far as we can judge, the time given to his sketches from Nature varied from three or four minutes to as many hours. The most elaborate of them were retouched in the house afterwards, but it is probable that he never, or hardly ever, gave more than one sitting to the same sketch in the presence

of Nature, at least during his foreign tours. He had several distinct methods of sketching at command, to be used according to circumstances, and was perfectly master of each of them; so that, whenever one seemed likely to take too much time, another might be immediately adopted. Exceedingly unmethodical in the ordinary habits of his life, he was methodical in the extreme when working directly from Nature; and this is the more remarkable that he was not methodical when painting in his studio at home. The difference may be explained by the difference of leisure. In the studio he had time to try experiments; but there was no time for experimentalising on the road, with the inn to be reached at night.

The following classification will, it is believed, be found to include all the different kinds of sketches and studies which Turner usually executed from Nature.

1. *Lead pencil on white paper.*—Many of these pencil studies are done with the point of a hard pencil, kept well sharpened, especially for architectural material. Shade is either not indicated at all, or very slightly, the studies of this class being strictly notes of form. Even form, however, is far from being complete; there is only just as much of it as the artist thought indispensable. For example: in architecture, when details were repeated in the building, Turner would often draw one of them carefully, and indicate the rest; and in landscape he would indicate foliage in a summary way by loops. In these pencil studies Turner never came nearer to imitation than the very simplest etching. Sometimes the loops would be rejected for a comprehensive sketching of masses, with a slight indication of shade, consisting generally of a few diagonal lines kept well open. The reader may judge of the more complete pencil studies by referring to the sheep and the pine-tree on pages 174 and 175 of the PORTFOLIO for 1876, and also the landscape on page 189. He will see at once, that notwithstanding Turner's great knowledge of light and shade, he was very sparing of it in sketches of this class, yet he often made use of them afterwards for the most elaborate works in water-colour or oil. There are instances in which shade is just indicated with a slight rubbing. He seems to have had recourse to pencil sketching at all periods of his life; but rarely to have practised highly-finished pencil drawing, as the old figure-painters used to do. The reason for this is, that when he had time for elaboration he took up colour. Pencil, in his system, was simply used for memoranda, unless in some early work.

2. *Broad lead pencil on buff paper, white lights in body colour, yellow occasionally used.*—An early series of sketches in Scotland is done in this manner. These sketches are remarkable for breadth carried to excess, for they contain hardly any information about matters of detail of the kind that a painter needs. The finality of them is such that they look as if the artist had no other object than their production, and was fully satisfied with broadly-shaded, but really very empty, spaces. These Scottish drawings are rather large, which makes us more alive to their want of detail.

3. *Black and white chalk on grey paper.*—Turner seems to have been rather fond of black and white chalk early in the century, but he afterwards preferred body-colour for lights, except in correcting proofs of engravings. He used chalks magnificently, but with the utmost carelessness as to preservation. 'These drawings,' says Mr. Ruskin, in speaking of a fine series of them, 'were on leaves of a folio book, which, for the most part, is dashed over with such things on both sides of its thin, grey leaves; the peculiar ingenuity of the arrangement being that each leaf has half of *one* sketch on its front and half of another on its back, so that, mounting one whole sketch must generally hide the halves of two. The further advantage of the plan is that the white-chalk touches, on which everything depends, rub partly off every time the leaves are turned; besides that a quantity of the said chalk, shattered by Turner's energetic thrusts with it, is accumulated in a kind of Alpine *débris* in the joints, shaking out, and lodging in unexpected knots of chalk indigestion whenever the volume is shut; and, to make the whole thing perfect, the paper is so thin and old that it will hardly bear even the most loving handling, much less the rack and wear of turning backwards and forwards on a mount, if attached by one edge.'

There are some noble studies of boats of this class, executed with great simplicity and

directness of method, but with consummate knowledge. Turner does not seem to have troubled himself much about fixing, which lowers the whites. Neither did he care to finish his chalk drawings very far.

4. *Black chalk on grey paper, with white lights in body-colour.*—An example of this is one of his studies in Savoy, that of *Vareppe*, executed in 1802. It is sketched first in lead pencil, slightly, on dark-grey paper, almost brown, then drawn boldly in black chalk, and finally touched with brush-white.

5. *Pen sketches on grey paper with white lights in chalk.*—Some of the sketches in France in the middle time of the artist's career were done in this manner. The ink is black, and the handling very swift and light. Neither this combination nor the preceding one is, however, technically harmonious. Chalk and pen-work do not go well together, neither do black chalk and brush white. A better combination is the following:—

6. *Pen sketches on grey paper with white lights in body colour.* — Many of Turner's best and most rapid sketches are done in this manner, which is valuable for its permanence and precision. Nothing can be clearer than a pen line in good black ink, and the point of the brush can lay the body-colour in the smallest touches and sparkles. The paper which Turner preferred for this sort of sketching was of a blue grey, and he liked (without using it exclusively) the kind which has a blue fibre in grey pulp.

7. *Pencil sketches on grey paper with white lights in body-colour.* The pencil used is generally hard and pointed, and the same method is followed as in the pencil sketches on white paper. Some of these studies on grey paper are very elaborate, noting down abundant details of cities, &c., with numerous touches in white to explain them more clearly; but they do not attempt any complete expression of light and shade. There is a very fine general view of Rome in the national collection of this class.

8. *White paper with a flat wash of grey. On this a drawing in black chalk, coloured afterwards in water-colour, with lights obtained either by scraping or by body-colour.*—At first sight the student is likely to imagine that these studies are done on paper that was grey when manufactured; but the work of the penknife shows that the paper was really white and tinted by Turner himself. This combination of methods is excellent for its economy of time. The forms are got rapidly in chalk, and an artist so skilful in water-colour as Turner was would add the washes in an hour. The sketches of this class are large, and very bold in treatment; and there is nothing in the national collection which proves more decidedly the colossal strength of Turner's mind and hand when he was excited by the sublimity of Nature, and utterly heedless of the public. The flat wash differs in tint in the different drawings. Sometimes it is dark, and so warm as to be almost brown; at others, it is a yellowish grey, the tint being chosen so as to do the most it can towards advancing the drawing. The work of the penknife and the brush for lights is also far from being uniform. For example: there is a noble sketch of the Old Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard, which is especially remarkable for the work of the penknife in the foaming torrent. The St. Gothard, with the bit of yellow sky at the top of the drawing, and rising clouds amongst the pines in the chasm, is also a most noble specimen of the same kind of work, and a great example of sublimity in colouring. I use the word *colouring*, and not *colour*, intentionally here, because these sketches are really coloured drawings. For breadth of handling in the application of the washes on the drawing I may mention the *Mer de Glace, Chamouni*, and *Mer de Glace, Aiguille Charmoz*, especially the latter. In these two sketches the high lights are in body-colour. In the *Source of the Arveiron* the lights are obtained in that way, and with the knife also.

9. *Water-colour on tinted papers.*—Turner was very fond of tinted papers for water-colour sketching, and used them of various kinds, a cool blue grey predominating. The following brief descriptions of a few examples will show how he dealt with them:—

Bonneville, Savoy. Firmly drawn in lead pencil first, the drawing left very visible, especially in the foreground. Washed in water-colour and heightened with body-colour lights.

Rome, the Alban Mount. Dark grey paper, black pencil; abundant washes in water-colour with a full brush.

Studies at Marly and Rouen. Dark grey-brown paper; pencil sketch washed with half-colour tints, rapidly dashed on with a full brush; lights in body-colour.

Rome. Pearly-grey paper; drawing with the point of a hard pencil; water-colour employed delicately and partially, especially in the distances. Retouches in opaque colour.

Rome, St. Peter's. Pearly-grey paper, the first drawing in hard pencil; the second with the brush point, introducing much golden colour under the arches.

Honfleur. Blue-grey paper; all organic lines and markings in indelible brown ink, afterwards washed over in water-colour.*

Effects of Sky and Sea. Some studies of sky and sea are done in bold touches and washes with a full brush, there being no preparatory markings with the pencil.

A series of late Sketches of Venice. There is an astonishing Venetian Series in the national collection much more Turnerian than natural; but extremely interesting on account of the plain evidence they give about the principles of his later manner in water-colour, more visible in sketches than in more highly-finished drawings. The paper is a mauve grey, the pencil work pale, so as to become invisible under the wash; and the wash itself is very broad, and in very pure colours. On this comes a second drawing with the point of the brush, the vermilion lines characteristic of Turner's late manner being added in this way. Besides these, there are skilful touches in thick colour, or with a brush that is nearly dry. In all these Venice subjects the colouring is as brilliant as the hues of sunset, and the city is like a vision in the western sky, a city of crimson, gold, violet, and vermilion, floating over a sea of emerald. The real power of these sketches is in the skies, which are always at least possible. The rest is not possible.

10. *Sketches in water-colour on white paper.*—This may be separated into two subdivisions. In one of them the work in pencil is intentionally hard, decided, and visible to the end; in the other it is faint and purposely overpowered by the water-colour. For instance, in a study of Vesuvius from Naples, firmly drawn throughout in hard pencil, the water-colour work is carried very far in the mountain, and in some buildings of the foreground, but the rest is left frankly in pencil. On the other hand, there are two superb studies of Tivoli, in which the pencil has been used as little as possible, so that it becomes invisible under the broad energetic washes. These Tivoli subjects are remarkably fine examples of Turner's skill in pure transparent water-colour, the lights of which are all reserved in the white paper. He disliked the employment of body-colour in principle, though he used it freely when the paper itself would not supply the light. There is a grand energetic study of the Campagna, with snowy mountains in the distance. The foreground is yellow, with violent marks of the brush-handle, and also of the artist's thumb, all proving that he was in a state of high excitement. Another of the Campagna, with a foreground of red and dark green, is carried farther in colour than most studies of this class. A third of these Campagna subjects may be mentioned for its extreme delicacy of tone; it shows the meanders of the Tiber, and a fortified bridge. The same bridge supplied subjects for several rapid pencil sketches on white paper. If the reader cares to see admirable examples of extreme economy of labour and paint in water-colour, he should study Turner's fishes on white paper, his perch, tench, and trout, drawn with the pencil and coloured with a wondrously small allowance of colour, but most brilliantly. Turner made fine studies of birds on the same principle, the markings of the plumage as elaborate as in Bewick, but always very light and open.

The above classification of Turner's studies from Nature will be found to include most of them, as he became addicted to certain habits of work, and remained faithful to them, at certain periods, long enough for the production of studies in sets and series. My classification does not, however, pretend to be exhaustive: I know that there are studies by Turner which it does not comprehend: but it is comprehensive enough to meet the reader's needs without wearying

* Turner often used penwork under water-colour, as he did etching under mezzotint.

his patience. A few words remain to be said about the relation of these studies to Nature itself.

Turner differed from most landscape-painters in his condition of mind in the presence of Nature. The ordinary landscape-painter is truthful in his studies—truthful, at least, so far as the ordinary illusions of an artist will allow him; but permits himself some poetical *rêverie* in the studio. Turner may have tried also to be truthful as a raw beginner; but the work of his maturity in the presence of Nature is true to nothing but his own emotions. There is a passage of Mr. Ruskin on this subject, which I will quote with the ungracious intention of expressing dissent from it:—'Turner's decision came chiefly of his truthfulness; it was because he meant always to be true, that he was able always to be bold. And you will find that you may gain his courage if you will maintain his fidelity.' About the decision of Turner there cannot be two opinions, it is as evident as the decision of Napoleon, and as wonderful; but it did not come of truthfulness, it was not due to any fidelity to what he saw: it was due, on the contrary, to his audacious preference of his own fancies to the facts of the external world. There can be no doubt that Turner passionately enjoyed the beauty of the world, and deeply felt the influence of its sublimity, but he cared no more about the truth than Victor Hugo cares. We have already seen what 'Turnerian Topography' really was in our analysis of Kilchurn, and it is unnecessary to say more about it here except that nobody can place the slightest trust in the topographic fidelity of any sketch of Turner's. Now in studies of landscape, true topography and accurate drawing are inseparable. If the drawing is accurate, true topography will come of itself, and the absence of topography in Turner's work is associated with a reckless inaccuracy in design.

Passing now from drawing to colours, let me explain what Turner's colouring was and was not. It was not an imitation of Nature except in certain studies, chiefly of still life, done very conscientiously for discipline. It was really a long series of experiments on the play of colours themselves. Here is an anecdote in illustration of his conception of colouring. He was staying once in a friend's house at Knockholt, where there were three children. The late Mr. Cristall, a friend of Mr. Samuel Palmer, was also a guest at Knockholt at the same time, and he witnessed the following incident, which he afterwards narrated to Mr. Palmer. Turner had brought a drawing with him of which the distance was already carefully outlined, but there was no material for the nearer parts. One morning, when about to proceed with this drawing, he called in the children as *collaborateurs* for the rest, in the following manner. He rubbed three cakes of water-colour, red, blue, and yellow, in three separate saucers, gave one to each child, and told the children to dabble in the saucers and then play together with their coloured fingers on his paper. These directions were gleefully obeyed, as the reader may well imagine. Turner watched the work of the thirty little fingers with serious attention, and after the dabbling had gone on for some time, suddenly called out, 'Stop!' He then took the drawing into his own hands, added imaginary landscape forms, suggested by the accidental colouring, and the work was finished. On another occasion, after dinner, he amused himself in arranging some many-coloured sugar-plums on a dessert plate, and when disturbed in the operation by a question, said to the questioner, 'There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!' What relation had sugar-plums to landscape-painting? Simply this, that a landscape might have been afterwards invented in the same colour-arrangement. The sugar-plums would have been disguised in landscape forms in Turner's arbitrary way. Without wishing to prove too much by a couple of anecdotes,* I do think that every candid reader will agree with me that we have here a mind seeking colour combinations *for themselves*, without reference to the truth of Nature.

Many of Turner's studies have convinced me that this condition of mind, as a colourist, was habitual with him. The drawings for the 'Rivers of France' are glaringly false in colour, considered

* These anecdotes may be relied upon. They were kindly communicated to me by Mr. Samuel Palmer.

with reference to Nature, and the later drawings of Venice are outrageous; but if we look upon them as simple experiments in the juxtaposition of hues we shall understand them better. I am familiar enough with French rivers, under all natural effects, but I never yet saw one of their bridges dashed with the Turnerian vermilion. The plain truth is, that when Turner thought that a streak of vermilion or a blot of cobalt would help the brilliance of his drawing he set it there, as a jeweller sets a red stone or a blue one.

Another result of examining Turner's studies is that we see both the extent of his knowledge and the limits of it; we see especially his independent power of discovery. The fourth volume of De Saussure's great original book, 'Voyages dans les Alpes,' was published in 1796, with many engravings. De Saussure was rich as well as learned, and employed, no doubt, the best engraving talent to be had at that time in Switzerland. The plates are large—so large that many of them are twice folded in a quarto volume; and they are engraved with much labour and care. They really do express the most perfect mountain-knowledge which had been attained up to the end of the eighteenth century. They really give evidence of much deeper mountain lore than any which had been attained by the old masters; but compare them with the incipient Alpine work of Turner, done in the first years of the succeeding century, and what are they? Nothing but old maps, in which defective outlines surround spaces filled with emptiness. Turner's drawings of the Alps, even the early ones, are as much beyond those engravings which the learned and admirable De Saussure approved and published, as Greek figure-sculpture was beyond Gothic. The evidence of Turner's knowledge is not less abundant and convincing than the evidence of his wilful inaccuracy. But although his studies prove that he knew much, they do not prove that he knew everything. He was not learned in sylvan lore. It is surprising that so great a landscape-painter should have studied forest scenery so little. He drew some trees elegantly, but clearly preferred buildings as subjects of study; and there is no evidence that he had the sylvan sense, the delight in forest scenery, which has animated the genuine sylvan painters, such as Theodore Rousseau, for example. This may have been due to his passion for great spaces; he may have felt confined and imprisoned in the woods. But besides this, he took comparatively little interest in rustic subjects. There are painters now living—Hanoteau is one of them—whose knowledge of rustic material is much closer, more intimate, more affectionate than Turner's. With an immense and unwearied industry, Turner accumulated thousands and thousands of memoranda to increase his knowledge of what interested him, especially in the mountains, rivers, and cities of the Continent, and the coasts of his native island. Amidst all this wealth of gathered treasure his imagination reigned and revelled with a poet's freedom. With a knowledge of landscape vaster than any mortal ever possessed before him, his whole existence was a succession of dreams. Even the hardest realities of the external world itself, granite and glacier, could not awaken him; but he would sit down before them and sketch another dream, there, in the very presence of the reality itself. Notwithstanding all the knowledge and all the observation which they prove, the interest of Turner's twenty thousand sketches is neither topographic nor scientific, but entirely psychological. It is the soul of Turner that fascinates the student, and not the material earth.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

BILLINGSGATE.

ETCHED BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

THE etching by Mr. Whistler, which we publish this month, is a study of boats and a landing-place on the Thames under an evening effect. It was noticed in 'Etchings and Etchers,' under the title of *Boats at a Mooring—Evening*. A few proofs were taken from the plate before we purchased it, and one of them fetched 8*l.* 15*s.* at Mr. Anderson Rose's sale. It is now in its third state, which the artist considers the best. The foreground figures which

existed in the first state were effaced, and afterwards etched again with some additional dry-point work. With this exception, we believe that the plate, according to the artist's usual custom, was executed entirely from nature, and is therefore to be considered as a sketch or study. We are glad to be able to present our subscribers with this example of the work of an etcher who has made so wide a reputation.

PORTRAIT OF DR. DARWIN.

PAINTERS have often complained that they have been engraved badly, and now here is a new danger for them in the excellence of fine etchings and in the fame of the great living etchers.* Twenty years ago, when a picture was engraved, the name of the painter was talked about, whilst that of the engraver was utterly unnoticed by the general public, and cared for only by a few connoisseurs who knew the difference between one man's style of engraving and another's. The public in this was excusable enough, for the engravers had adopted certain customary methods of interpretation which made their works, when from the same painter, wonderfully alike. In the volume of the 'Rivers of France,' where the plates are by several engravers, the reader who hides the engravers' names will find it impossible to guess them from their styles. This uniformity of method so detracted from the individuality of the interpreter that it left him scarcely a chance of fame. But now the great etchers have so much individuality that they overshadow the painters whom they interpret. In former times a collector would say, 'I have got Turner's *Ship on Fire;* have you seen it?' not mentioning the engraver's name: now he says, 'I have bought Haden's *Calais Pier,*' not mentioning the painter's name; and people are speaking of Rajon's *Stuart Mill,* and Rajon's *Darwin,* without mentioning either Watts or Ouless.

Here, then, is a new injustice—injustice to the painter to whom, after all, are due the conception of the work, its drawing, composition, and arrangement of lights and darks. The painter is the original Homer; the etcher a Pope, a Chapman, or a Lord Derby, as the case may be. The etcher may be poet himself besides, as well as translator. M. Rajon is a painter who paints more than he etches; but in the work before us he appears simply as the interpreter of a sincere and powerful English artist, Mr. Ouless.

But then, what an interpretation it is! How quiet, modest, unpretending, yet at the same time how splendid in skill and knowledge! What an immeasurable interval there is between this true artist's work and the vulgar displays of vulgar etchers and engravers! In vulgar work, the workman is constantly thinking about the application of this or that recipe; but the mind of this etcher is wholly absorbed in the great things of art possessed only by the desire to show the full power and nobleness of the illustrious head before him, thoughtful and venerable as it is, with the light on the massive brow and in the silvery beard. This is not the kind of portraiture that occupies itself with vanities, with tailoring, and boot-making, and gentility. It is intellectual art, sober and scholarly, worthy of its subject. It is at the same time, technically, a crushing answer to Mr. Ruskin's assertions that etching is an indolent and blundering method, that it cannot shade, and cannot represent hair. Nothing can exceed this head in elaborate thoroughness of modelling, in rendering of bony and muscular structure, and truth of texture. The hair is wonderful, startlingly true, with the light on it and *in* it; yet executed apparently with the greatest ease. Notwithstanding the elaborate study of detail about the eyes, eyebrows, and temple, and some intricate passages of diagonal light, the work does not fail of its effect at a distance, and is, therefore, as well adapted for the wall of a library as for the collector's portfolio.

EDITOR.

* Portrait of Charles Darwin, F.R.S., etched by Paul Rajon, from the painting by W. W. Ouless, A.R.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THREE MANUALS.*

MR. CARLYLE wrote, many years ago, a certain famous essay, in which he accused Society of suffering from a dyspepsia of self-consciousness. Whatever success may have attended the remedies applied since that paper was penned, there can be little doubt that Society has not lost the habit of 'listening to itself.' It is just now trying to cure some of its disorders by the specific of Art-education. Art, which in the days of early growth was a spontaneous breaking into beautiful expression of men's needs and loves, is indeed become a very conscious and serious matter with us; and the proverbial gravity which accompanies even the 'play-impulse' among Englishmen has settled down heavily upon the art movement of the day. But as we cannot make ourselves other than we are, and must needs drudge where other nations sing over their work, by all means let us be thankful for safe teachers.

And here, for example, is one of the many excellent guides to knowledge issued by the authorities at South Kensington, a manual on 'Bronzes' by Mr. Drury Fortnum. This little book, now issued among the series of Art Hand-books of the South Kensington Museum, under the editorship of Mr. William Maskell, has already appeared in the form of an Introductory Notice to the descriptive catalogue of the European bronzes in the Museum. That book would naturally, owing to its scale and price, find circulation only among especial students or people of wealth; this small volume, clipped of the catalogue and of certain notes on private collections, and slightly altered or verbally reduced in the letterpress, offers a cheap and capital epitome of sound information on the subject of 'bronzes.' Mr. Fortnum combines the enthusiasm of the *dilettante* with thorough and practical knowledge; thus his book reads pleasantly and excites the right sort of fervour in the inquiring reader, while never allowing him to slip into inaccuracy. The amount of instructive material packed within moderate limits is amazing. Opening chapters give full information as to the chemical composition of the metal in its various admixtures of alloy, including the fabled 'Corinthian gold,' which Mr. Fortnum holds to have been in no way of gold, but produced by the proportion of 88 copper to 12 of zinc, and possibly by the mixture of calamine, with the colour-imparting capabilities of which, when fused with copper, the ancients were well acquainted. The mechanical processes are never lost sight of when speaking of the great schools of the past: accounts of the work of Egypt and Assyria, of the Etruscan people, and of the schools of sculpture and of decoration among the Greek nation, receive additional interest from detail as to mechanical modes of manipulation and construction, and all the mysteries of real and artificial colouring.

That Mr. Fortnum can write as an artist may be judged from the following passage on the Greek school of sculpture at its decadence:—

'The period of the highest development of Grecian sculpture may be said to have passed away with the death of Alexander. Thus, although it still existed in a condition of excellence which has known no subsequent equal, the summit of its glory had been reached, and the easy downward path encouraged the already growing tendency to a subjective treatment and laxity of purpose, accompanied by somewhat of exaggeration in the action and voluptuous rendering of the female figure. A sense of sufficiency in the artist, almost of a boastful display of energy, becomes apparent, and the simplicity of the earlier art is lost. The purely Hellenic civilisation had degenerated, and its nervous tension was unstrung, by the growing influence of Eastern luxury and despotism. Nevertheless, there was a vitality in Grecian art which did not succumb without a struggle against the inevitable contagion of decay. The heart and

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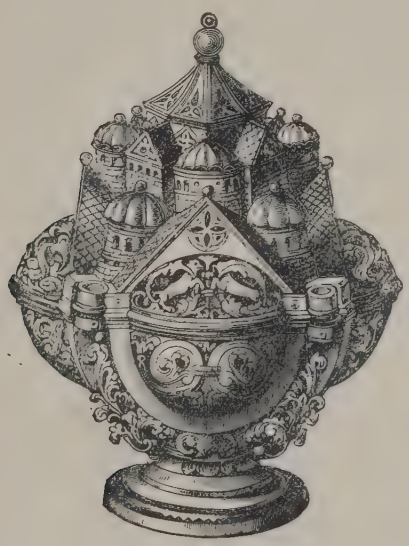
* Bronzes. By C. Drury E. Fortnum, F.S.A. Published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman and Hall.

The Drawing-Room, its Decorations and Furniture. By Mrs. Orrinsmith. Macmillan and Co.

The Fern World. By F. G. Heath. Sampson Low and Co. Second Edition.

trunk were almost dead, but some of the limbs yet retained vigour; and it was this fading and spasmodic power that produced works which were the despair of Michael Angelo, who dared not venture to restore more than a few lost extremities.'

The ground covered by this 'Hand-book,' embracing the history of bronze-working in the early Christian period, and through all developments of the art throughout Europe up to the present time, is of course too ample to permit of close or elaborate description; but here the numerous woodcuts illustrating this edition materially aid, and supply the lacking detail. No words can so emphatically pronounce, for instance, the difference between the spirit of decoration shown in the two Censers which we insert as can be shown by the simplest woodcut. Both objects are twelfth-century work; but while the one, of Teutonic origin, with



TEUTONIC CENSER.

FRENCH CENSER.

its imitation of Romanesque architectural forms and its semi-classic decoration, is still rude and heavy, the companion specimen of French workmanship shows the feeling for living curves and the preference for the human figure significant of the Gothic development. As a slight fault in the compilation of this otherwise careful Hand-book, it may be pointed out that the illustrations would have been the better for more precise labelling and more definite allusion in the context.

The manuals issued by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of the 'Art-at-Home Series' and under the editorship of the Rev. W. J. Loftie, promise to be really practical guides for people who need guidance, and suggestive to the more experienced. To Mrs. Orrinsmith is assigned the 'Drawing-Room,' and a pretty and sensible little book has been compiled by that lady. The prevailing 'fads' of the time are perhaps necessarily reflected in the systems of decoration here recommended. The Japanese craze, the Queen Anne *furore*, the individual taste of certain well-known firms as to colour and design, all have exercised at least due influence on the writer: but on the whole Mrs. Orrinsmith writes with balanced good taste and good sense, untainted by that exclusive mannerism which prevails in artistic coteries, and to which it were easy to give a harder name.

'Bad taste,' writes the lady, 'though sometimes apparently intuitive, is mostly perverted taste, depraved by long habituation to evil models. This is the most active enemy with which we have to deal.' A perfectly sound axiom; but it might be added that our homes are likely to suffer just now from a new form of perversion—from good taste gone mad; from an

intolerable tendency to exaggerate modes of decoration and furnishing which, in moderation or in appropriate circumstances, were admirable. For example: a drawing-room in a London street, with a north aspect, inevitably dark and sunless, is treated with pale-tinted walls; a dado of cool Japanese matting; windows subdued by green glass, and shrouded in pale crétonne; bare polished floor, cheered at intervals by rugs of low colouring; tables and chairs slim-legged and angular, innocent of drapery or cushions which shall hide their quaint design; couches, ill-named, with severe backs and ends, filled with cane work; cupboards of blue china, a general disposing of low-toned ware; a flying company of Japanese screens, supposed to give colour, aimlessly scattered about walls and available ledges. Here you have an ordinary instance of mad good taste; for the treatment which applied to a room daily bathed in light, and in summer roastingly hot, might, if freed from absurdities, prove delicious to the eye, or, at any rate, appropriate, is simply miserable, cheerless, abhorrent, under the circumstances of situation, which the domestic decorator has ignored. Even a 'drawing-room of the Victorian era,' as capitally taken off by Mrs. Orrinsmith, would have more pretension to habitableness, though radically bad in every other particular. The question of aspect, which is quite an elementary basis for decoration of a dwelling-room, is apt to be entirely lost sight of nowadays. Part of the same consideration is the point of lighting. Our manual devotes a chapter to windows, doors, and curtains, full of excellent suggestions. The use of diapered or stained glass is advocated, and the writer prefers small panes, with prettily-treated framework, and a mitigation of the excessive amount of drapery hitherto affected about our windows. Most of her suggestions are commendable, if followed in the spirit of wisdom. But there is always a danger in treating a window picturesquely of falling into the mistake of a certain artistic *littérateur*, who filled his library window with delicious bottle-glass, and then found he could not see to read or write. One suggestion of Mrs. Orrinsmith may be warmly recommended for originality and good sense: namely, the introduction of little windows into inner walls between one room and another, or between a room and a hall. Warm light might be thus introduced into a cold room, or a pretty cross vista obtained. The opening may be treated decoratively as a niche, and if of clear glass may be covered with a curtain at will. The same idea has been carried out in doors with the happiest effect; the upper panels, filled with stained glass, giving coloured glow into a dim room from a neighbouring chamber open to the sun.

CORNER CABINET.

It may be noted that these suggestive hints on the treatment of windows appear to be intended chiefly for dwellers in towns, whose object is too often rather the exclusion of their

Héliog^re et imp. A. Durand - Paris

neighbours' surveillance, or some unsightly view of chimney-pots and leads, than the admission of light, or the cheering sight of sky. To judge from the close building of houses over the fashionable edges of London, one might suppose the inmates to be akin to the moles and the bats in their dread of daylight; even the little the builder has allowed the domestic decorator is at pains to shut out.

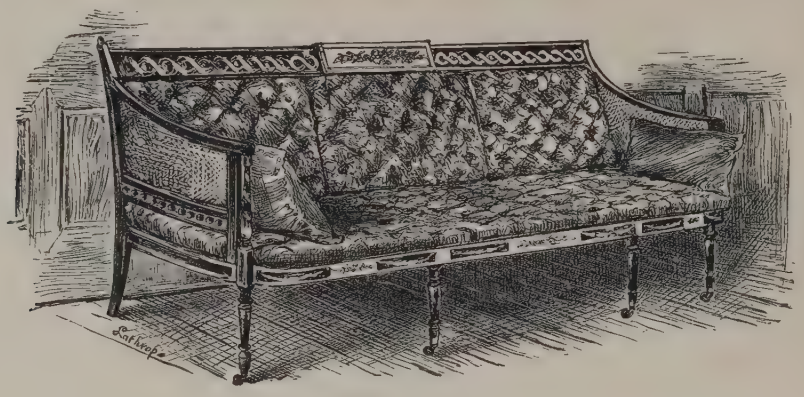
No manual on drawing-room decoration were complete without a thorough chapter or two on the treatment of walls, and the writer of our little book descants, with praiseworthy liberality, on the rival claims of distemper, paint, papers, leather, and textile hangings. The subject receives practical illustration from woodcuts, one of which, a jasmine-patterned paper, of presumably Mr. Morris's design, we reproduce. It is a good specimen of the involved richness of conventionalised natural forms which now are favoured in reaction against past geometric modes. A happy compromise is obtained between the gay parody on nature of the old bouquet papers, and the severe Gothic treatment. A little more space might with advantage have been given to ceilings which admit certainly of greater variety than is here suggested. Short of painting nude figures in a kind of Mahomet's Paradise, after the fashion of Boucher or Verrio, or following the perspective tricks of Padre Pozzi, or opening a sham view of blue sky and foliage in the spirit of modern Italian childishness, one may venture into arabesque, or even full Raphaelite decoration, if able to afford good workmanship, or obtain, at small expense, charming effects from simple coloured patterns. Moulded ceilings are of course a great gain upon the common white expanse with vulgar machine-made cornice and huge centre flowers.

JASMINE WALL-PAPER.

The woodcuts of chimney arrangements and stoves with decorative appurtenances will greatly assist the uninitiated to understand Mrs. Orrinsmith's dissertations: but protest must really be entered against the mode of placing ornaments upon the mantel and shelves which, as here depicted, may be considered to be held up as a model. In four out of the five illustrations, plates, fans, Venice glass, vases, candlesticks, are scattered in hopeless confusion and mutual enmity, as though enacting a scene in one of Hans Andersen's tales of animated crockery. This may seem a slight point to comment upon, but it is one indication of the untidiness which is made to act for pretty picturesqueness in would-be artistic houses, and which sets all the furniture at loggerheads, and accumulates restless rubbish in every direction. Of course the 'Victorian era' has gone too far in the rule of four-square symmetry, but the new reign of chaos is a fault in the opposite direction, almost as foolish.

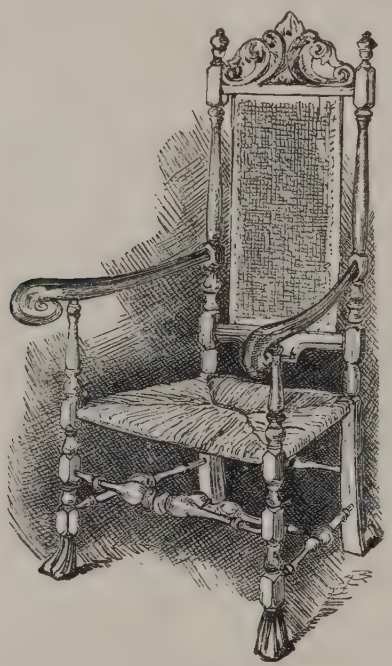
The opinion of the writer on furniture, treatment of floors, lighting, and things in general,

may be guessed from the tone of the already quoted remarks. She, of course, indites a diatribe against modern upholsterers' designs, not without reason. But charming as may be the work, such as we reproduce, of artistic cabinet-makers like Chippendale and Sheraton, or the men



A SHERATON SOFA.

of a previous time and style, good sense will never discard the comfort of the nineteenth-century views on the subject of padded chairs and sofas. Our ancestors killed off their weakly members by lack of comfort and care, and the strong needed no especial facilities for ease. Nowadays we err on the side of self-indulgence deplorably, but who can say how many lives are prolonged by the use of chairs and sofas on which it is really possible to rest? On the vexed subject of lighting, a suggestion may be ventured to those benighted people who still cling to the 'handy' gas-light; namely, that this much-abused mode of illumination does not preclude the use of brackets or chandeliers in beautiful design, and that delicious quality of light may be gained by the adaptation of opal or Venetian-glass globes. Amid the minutiæ of advice, which imply the blank state of mind in which many readers of this manual seem supposed to rest, one marked omission is made. Mrs. Orrinsmith speaks of flower-pots in summer grates, and the necessity of floral decorations; but how is it that she does not advocate the increased use of conservatories opening from the room, or window ferneries? Londoners, and especially those of moderate income, may be unable to set up houses of exotics or blossoming plants in winter, but an abundance of foliage plants exist which may be easily kept healthy and clean even in a town atmosphere, and ferns are invaluable for winter and summer beauty in sunless situations. No quarried panes or other device for hiding unsightly views or mitigating glare can be equal to the fresh beauty of leaves and flowers, and the love of plants within our dwelling-houses is one of the healthiest forms of modern taste and light. Suggestiveness is one noble quality of all decoration, and the thoughts called up by living growths of nature carry the mind into wider and sweeter fields of refreshment than any work of men's hands. A group of waving ferns will transport one more magically than Prince Hassan's carpet from the sights and sounds of a town



PICTURESQUE CHAIR.

drawing-room to some wild glen in Devonshire, where Mr. Heath shall tell us in what kind of Fairyland the ferns use to uncurl their delicate fronds:—

'Almost we forget that the sun, high above the leafy canopy which enshrouds us in a dense mantle of green, is brightly shining: for in the dimness of a kind of verdant twilight we can barely see what is opened up before us—a whirl of foam-white water dashing wildly upon rocky masses of every shape, weirdly scattered as by a giant hand along the river-bed. On both sides of the glen the wood-crowned hills which bound it rise gloriously against the sky. Towering above the hill on the right, as we look seawards, is a gigantic mass of rock, its top and a portion of its side clothed with a green mantle of fern, gorse, grass, and green shrub. On each side the hills sweep gracefully and grandly down to the bed of the foaming Lyn. Away below, where they appear to meet, is the boulder-strewn beach of Lynmouth. And beyond, with its fairy freight of white sails, calmly rolls the sea.'

The volume from which is taken the above description forms, under the title of 'The Fern World,' a sequence to former books on the same subject by Mr. F. G. Heath, namely, 'The Fern Paradise' and 'Plea for the Culture of Ferns.' The present issue gives in a readable form general information about this beautiful and numerous family, practical advice as to their cultivation and keeping, a chapter for the guidance of the fern-gatherer, and an account, from which we have extracted a passage, of a ramble through that garden of ferns, Devonshire. More than half of the book is devoted to the 'distribution, description, and culture of the British ferns,' illustrated by admirably coloured prints from photographs taken by the author, a most satisfactory mode of facsimile reproduction. The book is very cordially to be recommended to the young botanist, and may be of practical use to the amateur cultivator in town, whose 'fern world,' limited to so many square feet of glazed inclosure, is at once the ornament of his drawing-room, his garden, and green-house.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

I. CLAUDE LORRAIN.—THE 'BOUVIER.'

THE series which we begin with this famous etching by Claude is intended, as already announced, to illustrate the volume entitled 'Etching and Etchers.' The first edition of that work contained a number of impressions from original plates, but when the second edition was published in England and America it was not possible to get the plates together again; besides which, the author and publishers desired to make the work more accessible by issuing it at a lower price: so it was finally resolved to give only technical illustrations, consisting almost entirely of portions of plates, copied by the author, who intended to issue a set of larger illustrations, separately, at a future time. Since then it has been thought that the PORTFOLIO would be a convenient medium for this purpose, as the size of its page is sufficient to admit works of importance, whilst its periodical issue permits some extension of the original plan. We propose, then, to issue facsimiles of etchings by the Great Masters mentioned in 'Etching and Etchers,' and to accompany them with notes which may be more ample than those in the volume itself, as we have now the plates themselves before us for immediate reference.

The etching before us is so generally known as *Le Bouvier* that we have retained its French name, which, however, has a full equivalent in the English 'herdsman.' Many judges consider it the finest plate Claude ever produced, and others place it and the famous *Sunset* on the same level. In 'Etching and Etchers' it is mentioned along with Mr. Haden's *Shere Mill Pond*, the two being ranked together at the head of all landscape etchings. It

is difficult to decide such questions of precedence absolutely in judging works of art; but the opinion just expressed is not so arbitrary as some readers may imagine, nor was it arrived at without much consideration. What is the most essential of the *material* elements of landscape? Foliage, certainly: there is no material element which does so much for the beauty of landscape as foliage does. And now, what is the most important element of landscape *effect?* No one, I think, will deny that the impression of space and air is the most important element of effect, for however startling may be your oppositions of light and dark, the landscape can never be a success unless you feel that you can breathe in it. And now, with these two criterions in his mind, the reader is invited to place this etching (or even this heliogravure from it) by the side of any landscape etching he pleases, of any time or country, and the result will probably be this. At first he will think the Claude may be easily beaten, because it is rather old-fashioned in manner, especially in the foreground; but on putting it to the test of actual comparison he will acknowledge that the Claude beats this clever man and this other clever man, and so on, till he gets tired of comparing. I mention no names, not wishing to sacrifice another reputation at Claude's altar, but I give the result of experiments which have been made. The plate has some faults, but many and great beauties. To begin with the faults: I think that the foreground is heavy, and too confused in the biting. It might have been as deeply bitten as it is if the lines had been kept more open, but such deep biting as this makes the lines run together till they blot, and we lose the delicacy which pervades every natural foreground. The animals are ill-drawn, but no one expects a landscape-painter to draw animals very well. The distance seems to me grievously to want a more level line for the water. The little bridge and the edge of the dry land are so managed that the eye seeks in vain the level water-line, which in nature so often gives repose. The little short touches in the sky, above the birds, seem to me unfortunate. Claude may have been thinking of the cirrus cloud, but the higher clouds had been so little studied in his day that he came to them without knowledge. These criticisms exhaust, I think, all that can be fairly said against this plate; but now let us enjoy its beauties. In the first place, it is very beautifully composed, and so at once takes rank above all mere studies from nature. Uncomposed work is like accidental sound; composed work is like music, nay, really *is* music, inspired by the Muse. The cattle may not be equal to Rosa Bonheur's, but see how they lead the eye by their gentle descent to the water and their ascent on the other side, the artifice being skilfully disguised by the cow that turns away from the others as she drinks, and looks to the left-hand corner. The leaning tree takes us to the magnificent central mass of foliage which is the glory of the scene. It would be hard to find a grander example of sylvan majesty than this. We are carefully prepared for it by the lighter trees to the left, with their comparatively meagre foliage, so that the great mass seems infinitely full, rich, luxuriant. From the ground where the broad branches hide the stem as with a robe, to the crest where the light leaves sun themselves in the summer air, you cannot find the smallest space in which the artist has not expressed his exquisite sense of sylvan beauty. The execution is neither mechanical like that of the common engraver, nor ignorantly bold like that of the vulgar etcher: it is quiet, gentle, sensitive, and full of serene, sustained enjoyment. Of its quality as etched work, its breadth and transparence of shade, there is little need to speak with this faithful reproduction before us.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

I.—J. L. E. Meissonier.

'A Warrior.'

ETCHED BY L. F. DUPONT.

THE original picture from which this etching is taken was entitled, *Un Homme de Guerre*, but it is really a portrait of the painter's son as a standard-bearer. It belonged to the Oppenheim Gallery, and was sold by auction in Paris on the 23rd of April, 1877, for the sum of 1600*l.* That sale was perhaps the most remarkable that has ever occurred, so far as it affected the fame of M. Meissonier, which, if any increase was possible, received from it an additional lustre. Six pictures by him were brought to the hammer on that occasion, and here are the names and prices of the remaining five:—*Le Portrait du Sergent*, 4000*l.*; *Innocents et Malins*, 3520*l.*; *Une Chanson*, 1960*l.*; *Porte Drapeau de la Garde Civique Flamande*, 1000*l.*; *Un Arquebusier*, 740*l.*

M. Meissonier's fame has already passed beyond discussion into the region of the immortals. He has become classical during his lifetime, being already classed, not with the great Italian masters, but with the greatest Dutchmen, alike by favourable and by hostile critics. It is seldom that a distinguished artist can be induced to publish an opinion upon a contemporary, but Mr. Millais has quite recently permitted the publication of a letter of his along with Mr. W. M. Hunt's 'Talks about Art,' and in this letter occurs the following remarkable passage:—

'The French school which Hunt speaks of appears to me at this moment to aim chiefly at perfection.

'Meissonier is more complete than any old master ever was.'

Mr. Millais does not, of course, affirm that Meissonier is a greater painter than any old master ever was, but only more *complete;* indeed, in the lines of his letter which follow this statement he is careful to add, that the modern French work of the most perfect kind is not greater than that of Hogarth, who was innocent of all *finesse* of execution. Nevertheless it is worth noting, that Mr. Millais recognises the completeness of Meissonier's work as not merely equalling, but even surpassing, that of any old master; in which case, as he unquestionably surpasses all moderns in completeness, he stands in that quality, or combination of qualities, at the head of all masters who ever existed.

Mr. Ruskin, who detests the Dutch school, and has hardly ever mentioned it without ardent hostility, looks upon Meissonier 'with exceeding sorrow,' and says his work is 'all

Flanders and Holland over again;' but is constrained to add, 'quite as good as ever Holland did; *nay, it seems to me, in some respects, better.*'

Notwithstanding these opinions, which are not to be suspected of partiality, it may still be doubtful whether M. Meissonier has absolutely beaten Terburg and Metzu on their own ground; but what a thing it is for a living artist to have won such a position that criticism seriously makes the comparison! It has occurred to scarcely another modern. The comparison of Turner with Claude is the only other instance that we remember, and that was only made in Turner's lifetime by the artist himself and a few English admirers, the rest of England considering it highly presumptuous, whilst all Continental critics who had heard of it thought it a case of patriotism gone mad.

One reason for this difference may be that M. Meissonier's art is of a much less disputable kind than Turner's, the qualities which it possesses being more clearly visible, more easily understood. His aim has been to paint a *man*,* with his costume and the objects that surround him, quite perfectly on a small scale, and to do this he has concentrated the efforts of a lifetime and the labours of a singularly patient and studious mind. He has been fortunate, too, in receiving encouragement on the path first chosen by himself. Born in 1813, his reputation was already established at the age of twenty-three by *Le Petit Messager*, and from that time to this he has followed his own bent in art, and received prices which have enabled him to give any amount of study and preparation to his works that he thought desirable. He spares neither trouble nor expense, neither time nor money, to get at the exact truth. A tailor makes complete costumes for his models, and the painter goes scrupulously into the minutest details, not only about the costumes themselves but also about the way in which they were worn. It is quite true that, in order to study the action of horses at the gallop, M. Meissonier had a short railway made on his own land, on which he was drawn at the same speed, whilst he took notes. M. Meissonier models horses for himself in wax, and has the models completely harnessed. He is just as careful about truth of effect as he is about truth of fact. He does not, like many figure-painters, compose a picture from models in the studio, and then add a landscape background out of his own head; but when the subject is an out-of-door subject he is careful to see and study the effect of open daylight on his materials.

Notwithstanding all this care and trouble, M. Meissonier's work has never that strained appearance which is often the result of intense application. It appears easily perfect, and, indeed, the strain of effort has been spent on the previous studies, the picture being only a result, like the performance of a great actor, which seems easily done because it has been so thoroughly learned. Even the smallness of scale adopted by M. Meissonier is partly intended to facilitate the final expression of his knowledge. Many artists make small studies, and then magnify them into pictures. Meissonier does exactly the reverse; his pictures are the concentration of studies on a much larger scale.

I have reserved to the last what is really the greatest merit of the artist. All this study of material things, all this care for excellence in execution, would go for little or nothing in a painter of men unless the men themselves had life. Meissonier has not often painted figures in violent action (he has done this in his '1807'), and it is evident that what he likes best is a thoughtful face in repose—that of some meditative smoker, or chess-player, or musician, absorbed in reflection or enjoyment. Can anybody paint a quiet expression better? Meissonier may not reveal to us the depths of tragic passion, nor move us to laughter with light comedy; but his men are always living and thinking in their own way, though not perhaps with the profundity of a Herbert Spencer or a Stuart Mill.

P. G. Hamerton.

* There is, I believe, no instance of a female figure in any exhibited picture by M. Meissonier.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 8.)

IN the year 1822 Turner had a scheme which may be mentioned as an illustration of his character, both because it exhibits his love of important enterprises and because it shows that tendency to put himself in direct rivalry with deceased artists of reputation which, through life, was one of the peculiarities of his ambition. He had a conversation in the month of June with Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, successors of the well-known Alderman Boydell, in the course of which they encouraged him to have an important plate engraved from one of his pictures, by promising that if he undertook this at his own risk, and sold copies of the engraving to no one but themselves for the space of two years, they would take five hundred impressions. In a letter, dated June 28th, 1822, Turner enters into this plan, and proposes to combine it with a scheme of his own, which was to issue four important plates from his pictures, to place himself as a painter in rivalry with Wilson, and at the same time to place the engraver whom he would employ in rivalry with Woollett. The letter is clearer and more business-like than many of his compositions; but there is one of his curious phrases which, at first sight, does not seem very intelligible. He says: 'The pictures of ultimate sale I shall be content with.' What are 'pictures of ultimate sale,' and why is Turner content with them? The answer, I imagine, must be that he was to take his chance of selling the pictures ultimately if he painted them for the present purpose of being engraved. Turner mentions 'four subjects to bear up with'—namely, 'Niobe, Ceyx, Cyledon, and Phaeton.' These are all well-known works by Wilson. By 'Ceyx' Turner means the *Ceyx and Alcyone*, and by 'Cyledon' he means the *Celadon and Amelia*. It is interesting to note that he speaks of both Wilson and Woollett as 'powerful antagonists,' and says: 'If we fall, we fall by contending with giant strength.' This is clear evidence that, when quite in his maturity Turner looked up to Wilson instead of considering him an inferior, and that his own project of contending against him was accompanied by certain misgivings. He proposed, as a first picture, either his *Hannibal* or the *Morning of the Chase;* and his calculation was that, with the pictures still to be painted, the whole project might be realised in five or six years. He expressly excepted the *Carthage* from a possible list. The plan was never realised; and it is said that Messrs. Hurst and Robinson offended Turner by trying to bargain with him for the two *Carthage* pictures at a time when his own price was a thousand guineas each.

In that year, 1822, the prices received by Turner for his water-colours were not very considerable. He got eight guineas each for the *Colne, Rochester,* and *Norham,* and 85*l.* for three drawings on the Rhine. But the importance of a work to the artist himself is not to be measured by the price paid for it. That drawing of Norham Castle is said to have been always regarded by the artist as the turning-point of his success.

Nothing of importance was exhibited in 1822, but in the following year a great picture appeared at the Academy, *The Bay of Baiæ.* The full title in the Academy Catalogue was *The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl.*

'Waft me to sunny Baiæ's shore.'

Although connected with the name of a locality, this picture really belongs almost as completely to the realms of imagination as those pure inventions with fanciful titles which amused or perplexed the critics. It is a poetical scene, with a fine expanse of land and water, the land scenery being more than usually elaborate and full of rich invention. The gay delight in the beauty of 'sunny Baiæ,' which is expressed in the motto, is visible; also in the painting, which has been executed with evident enjoyment. This is really a picture after Turner's own heart, with plenty of light, plenty of space for the eye to wander over, endless detail to amuse

and occupy his inventive faculty, and just a bit of mythology to take the subject out of the common world. Besides, although the Bay of Baiæ is a real locality, it has been celebrated long ago in the Horatian verse, and is therefore sacred to the classic muse. The Cumæan Sibyl, who is seated with Apollo under the shade of the tall pine-trees, is famous in old poetry and in the art of the Italian Renaissance. Notwithstanding his lack of scholarship, one of Turner's strongest characteristics was a taste for associating his work with places and personages of historical or legendary interest, and there were certain stories of antiquity which took root in his mind very strongly. That about the Cumæan Sibyl, beloved by Apollo, was one of them. It suited Turner by its sad poetical ending; for if the Sibyl had yielded there would only have been an addition to the *liaisons* of the gods, and she would have lived on joyously in perpetual youth, but being obdurate she slowly decayed and finally became only a voice. There is no telling what analogies may have been suggested to Turner's mind by the story of the Sibyl, but it is quite possible that he may have followed out some analogies for himself, in his own obscure way.

The picture was painted lightly and easily, with a degree of refinement far surpassing the early work of the master; but it was not soundly painted as to the materials, for the delicate colouring has not stood well everywhere. In some parts it is cracked, in others the relations of the most aërial tints have evidently somehow gone wrong; though what they were, as the painter laid them, it is not now possible to determine.

In 1824 Turner exhibited no oil picture either at the Royal Academy or the British Institution. He seems to have been much occupied at this time of his life by drawing for the engravers. His 'Rivers of England' was brought out in that year by W. B. Cooke. These engravings were in mezzotint by Reynolds, Lupton, Bromley, Jay, Phillips, and Charles Turner. The title given to this publication was far too comprehensive for what it really included, as some of the most important amongst English rivers are omitted. There is no illustration of the Thames, the Mersey, or the Severn; whilst there are subjects on such little known streams as the Eamont, the Coquet, the Colne, and the Okement. The truth is, that the 'Rivers of England' can only be considered as a small portfolio of subjects which happen to be mere streams, and several of them are so treated as to be rather illustrations of buildings than of rivers. The noble *Brougham Castle* would come grandly in a collection to illustrate mediæval castles, and the *Kirkstall Abbey* might belong to a portfolio of ecclesiastical architecture. The sixteen subjects are treated with careful attention to light and shade, of which some of them are remarkably fine examples.

In 1825 Turner was still actively occupied with his publications, or with illustrations to publications undertaken by others. We have already mentioned his journey to Scotland in 1818, when he got materials for the 'Provincial Antiquities.' This publication did not appear until 1826, when it was published in two volumes, with descriptive letter-press by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Thomson, of Duddingstone, drew some of the illustrations. A much more important work employed Turner at this time, and at intervals for twelve years afterwards—namely, the 'England and Wales,' including towns, remarkable buildings, and beautiful scenery. Altogether, the work includes ninety-nine subjects which were published, and two of which the plates were never finished. More than thirty towns are illustrated in the series, and more than twenty castles, as well as many abbeys and priories, and two cathedrals—Ely and Durham. There are several marine subjects, and four lakes are included—namely, Keswick, Llanberis, Ulleswater, and Windermere. Important, however, as the work unquestionably is, it cannot be considered, in any complete sense, representative of England and Wales. It was evidently not conceived as a whole, but merely got together from materials which Turner happened to possess in his portfolios. An artist might illustrate England and Wales in a hundred plates, but he could do it only by carefully selecting subjects representative of whole classes—a hamlet, a village, a town, a city, a cathedral, a country church, an old hall, a castle, and so on, amongst the works of men; and a lake, a stream, a river, a mountain, &c., amongst the works of nature. That would be the

illustration of the country by typical subjects; but you find nothing of the kind in this important work of Turner's. The subjects seem to be chosen by pure accident. There is a plethora of castles and abbeys, and only one mountain, drawn for its own sake—namely, Penmaen Mawr; whilst we have not a single example of English forest scenery, nor even of an English trout stream. A foreigner, glancing over the engravings, might admire the talent of the artists, but would get a most imperfect idea of England and Wales. This is only one amongst several examples of Turner's too comprehensive titles. They were generally too comprehensive or ambitious, as we have seen already in 'The Rivers of England,' which is as if one were to call half-a-dozen cockboats the British fleet. At a later period Turner called a more important work 'The Rivers of France;' but you may look through it from beginning to end without finding a single subject either on the Rhone or the Garonne.

The 'England and Wales' series occupies an intermediate position between Turner's early topographic work, and that in which he drew in complete independence of the natural scene. Too many of the subjects were taken from definite buildings and places to permit the artist a quite absolute liberty. He could not make the cathedrals of Ely and Durham mere piles of imaginary architecture, like that which he composed for his pictures of ancient Carthage; and it was necessary that Blenheim House should be clearly recognisable by persons who take an interest in historic habitations. It is impossible to look over the index to the 'England and Wales' without seeing at a glance that, from the business point of view, it is a continuation of the topographic labours of the artist's youth, that the appeal to public interest is far more dependent upon locality than upon landscape character. At the same time Turner put as much art into his subjects as he possibly could, and elevated some prosy English towns into the region of Turnerian poetry. He was by no means over-paid for his labours, as he received only twenty-five guineas for each of his drawings and thirty proofs of the engraving. The drawings have since risen in the market to eight or ten times their original value. In 1824 Mr. Tomkinson had given Turner fifty guineas for two drawings in continuation of his 'Southern Coast,' so that this price seems to have been his rule about that period of his life.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

A FLORENTINE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

IN the last Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, among the Mèthuen pictures, and on the same wall as the famous Jewel picture by Gentile da Fabriano, were two long, low panels, whose singular shape and bright colouring attracted general attention.

Here, in carefully-studied but small figures—the height of the picture itself was only 14 inches—scenes from the history of Joseph were represented by a painter whose name is not very familiar to English ears — Francesco Ubertini, surnamed Il Bacchiacca. The Catalogue further recorded that these panels had once formed part of the decorations of the marriage chamber of Pier Francesco Borgherini of Florence.

Of the splendours of that bridal chamber we hear much in Florentine story. Again and again Vasari breaks off in the midst of his narrative to recount the jewels of art which it contained, and the fame of the artists who adorned it. He had seen the famous room of the Borgherini Palace with his own eyes. Every corner of it, every panel in its storied walls, was familiar to him. He had, if not actually watched the progress of the work, at least seen it before the colours of the painter's brush were dry. So it is that to good 'Messer Giorgio' we owe a description of this curiosity of art, and of the spirited manner in which a noble Florentine lady defended its treasures from the sacrilegious hands of a foreign prince's agent.

In the year 1523—Herr von Reumont fixes this date as the most probable from the

history of the Borgherini family — Pier Francesco Borgherini was betrothed to Margherita daughter of Ruberto Acciajuoli, a member of one of the noblest houses in Florence.

Those were not the brightest days of the Republic. After the brief but wonderful episode of Savonarola's revival, Pope and Emperor had succeeded in again imposing upon her the yoke of the Medici, and the spirit of old freedom was slowly dying out. The vast public works which, during more than two centuries, had succeeded each other with such marvellous rapidity, were no longer carried on; even the building of the Cathedral languished, and the plans which Brunelleschi had left for the completion of his dome were laid aside and suffered to perish. But there were still in Florence private citizens capable of great enterprises in art; and yet more, there were both painters and sculptors who could execute their projects.

Salvi Borgherini, the father of Pier Francesco, seems to have been one of these; for, upon his son's betrothal to the Acciajuoli maiden, he resolved to prepare for the young couple on their wedding-day a nuptial chamber, entirely decorated by the first artists of the time, the like of which had never before been seen in Florence.

The Borgherini Palace stood in the Borgo SS. Apostoli, the street which runs parallel to Lung' Arno Acciajuoli, or that part of the Lung' Arno between the bridge of the Trinità and the Ponte Vecchio. It had been only recently erected, and the plans had been supplied by Baccio d'Agnolo since Cronaca's death the first architect in Florence. The decoration of the interior had also been entrusted to Baccio; for he was a celebrated carver in wood, and his first title to fame lay in the choir-stalls of S. Maria Novella, which he had worked while yet a boy.

In those days furniture was regarded as the legitimate province of the sculptor, and the beautifying of the commonest necessaries of every-day life was held a task not unworthy to occupy the skill and taste of the best artist; so Baccio was now called upon to adorn the bridal chamber with the choicest specimens of his art, and the manner in which he executed this order shows how fully he entered into his patron's wishes.

Walnut-wood, which under the Renaissance had been recently brought into use as a wood of finer grain than oak, and one that lent itself more easily to the sculptor's tools, was selected as the material to be employed; and in this Baccio carved, with exquisite workmanship, the ornaments of the doors, and the bed. The beds of the sixteenth century were, we are told, usually painted in azure and gold, elaborately encrusted with marqueterie, or covered with embroidered hangings. The head or tester would sometimes be suspended to the ceiling, sometimes supported by pillars or caryatides. In this instance, damask and brocade were not called into request, but spaces were left between Baccio's carvings to be afterwards filled up with painted panels.

The sculptor next exercised his ingenuity in the construction of the various pieces of furniture required to complete the room. High-backed chairs (*spalliere*), much like the choir-stalls we see now in Florentine churches, and in the manufacture of which we know our master was an adept, seats or stools (*sederi*) of various kinds, and coffers (*cassoni*), are mentioned among the objects executed by Baccio's hand, all in the same walnut-wood and all enriched with delicate sculpture.

The last-named article requires a word of explanation. The coffer or chest, perhaps the most ancient of all pieces of furniture, and capable of being also used, if required, as a seat, a table, or even a bed, had already undergone various transformations since its primitive condition. From its earliest form, a rude wooden or leather chest fastened with bars of solid iron, it had by the sixteenth century become an elegant cabinet or chiffonier; at times raised on stands, at times opening as originally above, at others by means of doors, and carved, painted, or gilt at pleasure.

Italian *cassoni*, usually ornamented with painted panels set off with gold, and sometimes raised and vaulted, were a *spécialité*. Often, too, they were worked *alla certosa*, that peculiarly Italian form of decoration which takes its name from the Carthusian monks, who first practised

it, and consists of the inlaying of different coloured woods and incrustations of ivory or metal. Their broad surface offered an attractive field to the artist; and although in some forms they might serve the purpose of tables, they still, as a rule, retained their ordinary use, and were the typical wedding gift, the *Morgengabe, corbeille de mariage*, with which the bridegroom presented his bride on the nuptial day. This being the case it is not to be wondered that, in this instance, especial pains were bestowed on the *cassoni;* and Vasari tells us that those which Baccio d'Agnolo carved for the Borgherini bridal chamber were finished to such a pitch of perfection that it would be impossible to surpass them.

The sculptor's part thus accomplished, it now became the painter's turn. The walls of the chamber, and the whole of its richly-carved furniture—bed, chairs, *cassoni*—were to be panelled with paintings by the best masters Florence could boast. Such was Salvi Borgherini's intention, and he had no difficulty in finding artists to execute his design.

Foremost among living painters at that time stood Andrea del Sarto, the tailor's son; called also, from his faultless drawing and perfection as a colourist, Andrea *senza errori*. Within the last few years many of those whose names are among the greatest in the art-history of the sixteenth century, and of all time, had passed away. Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, were all gone. Only three years before, Rome had been startled by the shock of that sad morning when the unfinished *Transfiguration* was placed by Raphael's lifeless form; and now that Michael Angelo had given up painting for great works in sculpture and architecture, Andrea stood without a rival in the eyes of his fellow-citizens.

Since the prayers of his wife had torn him away from the court of France and the favours of that splendid patron King Francis, Andrea had remained in Florence, enjoying the company of his beautiful Lucrezia, and engaged on many important works. The frescoes of the Servi, the still more recently completed masterpieces of the Scalzi, all bore witness to the fulness of his powers; and it was the more natural that Borgherini's choice should fall upon him that he had lately been employed in the decoration of a private house, the country palace which Ottaviano de' Medici was laying out with his relative Leo the Tenth's money at Poggio a Caiano.

The death of that pontiff had for a time suspended these works, and Andrea was therefore free to accept other commissions, when the painting of a portion of the panels in the bridal chamber was entrusted to him.

The other artists employed by Salvi, although inferior to the Faultless Painter, were all men of known talent and repute in Florence. They had issued from the best *ateliers*, and served their apprenticeship under the most distinguished of Florentine masters. Francesco Granacci was the friend of Michael Angelo, bred with him in the *atelier* of the great Ghirlandajo. Jacopo da Pontormo had passed from the instruction of Mariotto Albertinelli to work under Andrea's eye, whom he had assisted in many important frescoes; and the success of his early efforts had astonished not only his master and fellow-pupils, but had excited the admiration of Buonarotti himself. Lastly, Bacchiacca had studied in Perugino's *bottega*, and bore the character of a skilful and patient artist. All three were friends of Del Sarto, and as such were the more likely to work harmoniously together.

In order to preserve unity of idea, Borgherini resolved to select for the subject of the different panels a series whose various scenes should be divided between the artists, and thus form a complete history within the walls of the bridal chamber.

The story of the patriarch Joseph, the theme which he chose, had the advantage of not having often been illustrated before. Although, as a type of our Lord's life, Joseph's history had found a place in the early Christian art of Ravenna, since then it had not been made as much use of as might have been expected from the dramatic scenes it afforded.

The Florentine artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries very rarely went to the Old Testament for their subjects. The life of Christ, that of His mother, of the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, or the legends of later times—those stories of Francis of Assisi, of Dominic and

Gualberto, and the rest, which had taken such hold of the popular mind of Italy in the thirteenth century—were the sources whence they drew the material for their conceptions.

Angelico's devotion centres almost exclusively round the figure of our Lord. Giotto only once—in the sculptures of the Campanile—takes a subject from times before Christ, and then it is as belonging to a series describing the development of civilisation.

Here and there we find exceptions indeed, as when Masaccio sets forth the expulsion of our first parents from Eden on the dark wall of the Carmine, or where Botticelli and Ghirlandajo are employed in the Sistina to portray type and antitype on opposite walls. Then it is Moses, not the patriarch, who is the representative of the earlier dispensation.

We have scenes from the history of Joseph, however, in two great Old Testament series of the fifteenth century—one rendered in sculpture, the other in painting. The one is to be found on Lorenzo Ghiberti's famous Baptistery doors 'worthy to be the gates of Paradise;' the other belongs to those admirable frescoes with which Benozzo Gozzoli covered a whole wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

That Andrea and his companions bore Gozzoli's frescoes in mind when painting the Borgherini bridal chamber is evident from the space they allow to landscape and architecture, as the earlier artist had done in the Campo Santo. The figures are consequently small, but highly finished, and the manner in which the different panels agree, both in the size of the figures and the general style of composition, is a clear proof that, although by different hands, they were originally intended for a continuous series.

In the same way, were historical evidence wanting, the size and shape of the panels, the high finish given to every detail in their execution, would show plainly that they were once destined for the decoration of an interior, and to occupy a position where they would meet the eye closely.

Andrea, we are told, went about his share of the work with the firm determination to show how far his powers surpassed that of his companions, and how unrivalled he stood in his art.

The two panels bearing his name, which are fortunately still preserved in the Pitti, are in every way worthy of the Faultless Painter, and fully justify all that has been said in praise of the masterpieces of the Borgherini bride-chamber.

The early incidents of Joseph's life—the telling of the dreams, the plot of his brothers, the bringing back of the blood-stained coat of many colours—were all brought into the first picture, grouped together with masterly vigour.

The other panel is of equal merit, and includes the captivity of Joseph, the interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams, and the promotion of Joseph to be Governor of Egypt.

It is curious that in neither of these the touching scene of Joseph's meeting with his brethren, upon which the earlier artists had dwelt with so much of force and pathos, should find a place. This seems to have been left by Andrea to his companions in this instance; and yet, although we have no authority for the supposition, we would gladly think that the beautiful predella by Del Sarto at Panshanger, where, in the fulness of his powers and perfection of his colouring, the painter represents that very scene of Joseph receiving his brethren, was originally intended to form part of the Borgherini chamber. We know that, besides the panels, other pictures were executed for the room: Vasari speaks of a Madonna by Andrea, a *cosa rarissima*, which belonged to it.

At least, in the Panshanger predella he has supplied the previous omission, and, returning upon the old theme, availed himself of another opportunity to picture forth the most interesting scene in the life of Joseph.

The genuineness of the panels in the Pitti is placed beyond dispute by the inscription *Andrea del Sarto faciebat*, and his usual monogram, the inverted A, which gave rise to the family name, Vannucchi, long given, although without foundation, to Andrea.

The other great Florentine gallery, the Uffizi, possesses the panels which Pontormo painted to be let into the framework of Baccio d'Agnolo's two *cassoni*. On the one is represented the arrest

of Joseph : Potiphar's wife is seen as if pursuing and accusing Joseph, who flies, and is in the act of being seized by Potiphar. On the other, Joseph is seen bringing his father into the presence of Pharaoh. Both these pictures are far superior to Pontormo's usual style. The figures are animated and expressive, and the colouring pleasant, while the last-named is remarkable for a rich architectural background.

Besides these, Vasari speaks of a picture which Pontormo painted on the left-hand wall, representing Joseph enthroned in state receiving his old father and all his brethren, with such beauty of composition and grace that Vasari does not hesitate to say that it was the very best thing this artist ever accomplished.

In all probability the two panels at Panshanger ascribed to Andrea, but which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have justly assigned to Pontormo, originally formed part of the Borgherini chamber ; especially as they represent the sale of Joseph to Potiphar, and the execution of the baker and Joseph's interview with the butler, two scenes which would otherwise be wanting in the series.

To Granacci the painting of the marriage-bed was allotted, but the varied subjects taken from the history of Joseph which he worked in oils upon it, as well as another picture representing Joseph attending upon Pharaoh, have never come to light, and were probably lost at the dispersion of the treasures of the Borgherini palace.

The only portion of this artist's work in the bride-chamber of whose existence we have any knowledge is a Round of the Trinity, which Vasari mentions, and which is probably that now in the Berlin Museum (No. 229).

Of Bacchiacca, to come to the fourth and last painter employed in the Borgherini room, we learn that he executed many panels for chairs and *cassoni*, in company with the before-named artists. An inferior style of painter to those we have mentioned, Bacchiacca worked mostly as a decorator of furniture, in which department he seems to have excelled ; and the panels now in the Methuen collection are the best specimens of his work extant. In the first we have the discovery of the cup in Benjamin's sack, while his brethren fall in terror at the feet of Joseph ; in the latter, Joseph sends back his brethren laden with gifts to bear the good tidings to their father Jacob, and bring him to Egypt.

So each artist, stimulated by the interest of the work and the rival efforts of his brother-painters, exerted himself to the utmost of his powers, and the bridal chamber was gradually adorned.

How long it took before the room was completed we do not know. Whether, when the wedding-day came, and Pier Francesco led home the daughter of the Acciajuoli, the magnificent gift which Salvi had planned was awaiting the young couple, and what feelings this splendid surprise excited in the bride it was intended to honour, we are not told.

We have not even a record of the nuptials, although we know they must have taken place in or soon after the year 1523.

That they were held with high festivity we may be quite certain. Florentine weddings had always been solemnised with great magnificence, with much feasting and dancing, and sumptuous display ; and at the time of the religious revival at the close of the fifteenth century Savonarola had made the reform of marriage feasts an especial object in his preaching. What place, he asked, had all this at a Christian marriage ? What need of drinking and rioting, and all this lavish expenditure, when a Florentine citizen led out the maiden of his choice to make her his wife in the sight of God ? Let there be rejoicing, by all means, but let it be such as shall become the solemnity of the occasion. And so *piagnone* weddings, where bride and bridegroom were distinguished by the absence of all costly apparel and jewels, and where exhortations were pronounced at the marriage feast by the friar or priest, for a while prevailed in Florence.

But now all this was changed. Savonarola was dead, his dream of a city where Christ is King, pure and without stain like the New Jerusalem which is above, had faded out of remem-

brance. The Medici had returned, and with them the old state of things. Luxury and feasting were again the fashion of the day, and the wedding of Pier Francesco and Margherita Acciajuoli was without doubt celebrated with splendour.

But what we do hear of the bridal chamber is, that so great was the admiration it excited very soon after its completion that another wealthy Florentine, Giovanmaria Benintendi, employed the same artists to decorate a chamber for him, where, in a cornice of Baccio d'Agnolo's carving, Andrea, Pontormo, and Bacchiacca painted panels. To this room Pontormo's *Adoration of the Magi*, now in the Uffizi, once belonged.

The next few years were stormy ones for Florence. When, in 1527, news of the capture of Rome by the Imperialists reached Florence, the old spirit awoke again within the breasts of her children; the citizens rose in arms, and expelling the Medici, again proclaimed the freedom of the republic.

Once more the Great Council met in the hall of Cronaca's building, once again Christ was proclaimed King in Florence. The old enthusiasm revived, the same cries rang again through her streets, the words of Savonarola, long forgotten, but living yet, were passed from lip to lip, and for a time it seemed as if Florence would recover her past greatness.

But it was only for a little while. Pope and Emperor combined to extinguish the expiring sparks of liberty. The Imperial armies besieged the city, and on the heights of San Miniato Michael Angelo showed mankind that if his genius belonged to the world, he was still a citizen of Florence.

It was during this eight months' siege, which ended so gloomily for Florence, that the incident occurred which has made the bridal chamber of the Borgherini palace as famous in history as in art. There was in the city at that time a low-born furniture-dealer, named Giovanbattista della Palla, who was employed by Francis I., King of France, as agent to purchase for him and convey to France all the treasures of art that he could lay hands on. Although, no doubt, a very useful creature to King Francis, this Giovanbattista does not appear to have been very scrupulous as to the means he employed to rob Florence of her art-treasures for his master's benefit. The fame of Pier Francesco's nuptial chamber had naturally reached his ears; and having for some time previously cast an envious eye upon its contents, he availed himself of this anxious moment in Florentine affairs to attain his ends. Being well aware of the desire of the magistrates to conciliate King Francis, and thus obtain his help in their present difficulties, he appeared before the Signory, and suggested the advisability of purchasing the pictures and furniture of the Borgherini chamber, to be presented as a gift to his master on the part of the city of Florence.

'So well did he understand how to speak and act, that his application proved successful. The Signory consented; and Giovanbattista, imagining himself secure of triumph, hastened from their presence to execute the will of the magistrates, and purchase the pictures collected with so much care and zeal. To add to his confidence, he knew that the original designer of the bridal chamber, Salvi Borgherini, had recently died, and that Pier Francesco was absent from the city, being detained at Lucca. Much to his surprise, however, he was confronted on the threshold of the bride-chamber by Margherita Acciajuoli herself, a valiant lady, worthy to be the wife and daughter of noble Florentine citizens, who at once assailed him with a torrent of violent reproaches. "You, Giovanbattista!" she exclaimed; "you! vile broker, paltry twopenny shopkeeper! *you* dare to come and seize the ornaments of gentlemen's rooms and spoil this city of its richest and noblest things, and all to embellish foreign countries and the homes of our enemies? I do not wonder at you, plebeian that you are, and enemy of your country, but I am surprised at the magistrates of this city who allow your abominable wickedness. This bed which you seek to satisfy your own greed of gain, however much you may endeavour to conceal your evil intentions under the cloak of duty, is my own marriage-bed. It was in honour of my nuptials that my father-in-law, Salvi, prepared all this magnificent and royal furniture, dear to me both for the sake of his memory and for the love I bear my husband, and which I intend to defend with the last drop of my blood. Get out of this house, then, with all your troop, Giovanbattista! Go and tell those who sent you that I will not suffer a single thing to be removed from this place; and if those who trust you, contemptible man! wish to send gifts to the

a simple mind, and had not to disarm newspaper criticism by a succession of minor craftinesses and subtleties. There are two or three graver defects in the plate. The head of the horse, from the eye downwards, is not first-rate work; the mouth is unsatisfactory, the nostril bad, though not so bad as the lamentable nostrils in all the animals of Goya. The off hind hoof of the more distant horse is so shaded that, by an unlucky accident, it is made to look like the cloven hoof of an ox. Finally, like most of the old masters, Potter has not been sufficiently careful to keep his distant water-lines level, particularly to the left. He intended to make us see that the opposite shore went further away to the left; but at such distances linear perspective is easily exaggerated, and the consequence is that water will not look level. But whatever criticisms may be fairly applied to Paul Potter, let us always remember that he died young, and was never more than the most conscientious of students, though criticism, made tender by his merits, has assigned to him that position as a great master which he would doubtless have fairly won had longer life been granted to him.

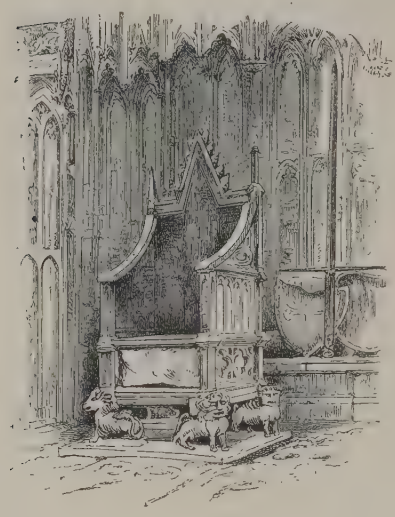
WALKS IN LONDON.*

IT was a bold enterprise for the author of 'Walks in Rome' to write 'Walks in London.' Very few of the readers of 'Walks in Rome' had been in Italy for more than a few weeks in their lives; Mr. Hare had lived there, and learnt the place by heart. But many of the readers of 'Walks in London' will be Londoners; almost all will know something of London; and there are few books of antiquarian gossip about Rome in English, while there are plenty of books of antiquarian gossip about London, to one of which—the 'Curiosities of London,' by Mr. John Timbs—he acknowledges large obligations. It is quite true that few who live in London know it well; but it is rather a question whether there is so very much worth knowing. What catches the eye of the frivolous rambler as well as of the serious student in Rome is always venerable, generally admirable—it is the work, for the most part, of the Cæsars or the Popes: what is most conspicuous and most admirable is generally older than Hadrian, or else the work of the Renaissance. In London, most that strikes the eye is the work of the present century, and Mr. Hare is *laudator temporis acti*. The specialty of his present work, at least from an artistic point of view, is to show how much that is ancient and picturesque survives in fragments underneath the wide surface of dull uniformity, which is gradually being broken up by a splendour which Mr. Hare would regard, for the most part, as incongruous and unmeaning. The only recent buildings that he approves are the houses and shops lately erected in what, by a convenient fiction, is called the 'Queen Anne Style,' and two of Mr. Butterfield's churches, and one of Sir Gilbert Scott's, while he hopes well of Mr. Street's new Law Courts.

It is certain that, since Bloomsbury and Regent Street were finished, the streets of London have been the subject of a series of very fragmentary experiments: there have been all sorts of fashions, and none has lasted long enough to get possession of a neighbourhood, few have lasted long enough to show their full capabilities. Stone buildings with pavilion roofs have been tried with some effect in the space between Grosvenor Place and Buckingham Palace Road, and brick buildings in something the same style along the southern side of Oxford Street: both are rather handsome than admirable, but there is a sort of civic ambition in both that perhaps deserves recognition. They have no associations yet, but Lowther Lodge and Alford House both of which Mr. Hare engraves, have no associations either; and the latter, at any rate, is hardly superior architecturally to the very picturesque and original pile of buildings which Mr. Blomfield erected for the benefit of the deaf and dumb in Oxford Street, which Mr. Hare

* 'Walks in London.' By Augustus J. C. Hare. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

nowhere mentions, any more than he mentions the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, which most strangers who walk in London would find as interesting as the Foundling or Guy's. The account of the origin of the last is rather confused: it is difficult to ascertain whether Mr. Hare means to give us the date of the first endowment or the date of the erection of the present buildings; and this is not a solitary instance by any means. We are told that Lord Stafford was beheaded for his alleged share in the Popish Plot, in 1640, and that Lord Clarendon sold his famous house in 1657, at a time when he is generally supposed to have been sharing the exile of Charles II. Such slips, though annoying to the reader, especially the half-instructed reader, who feels the need of a correction he cannot make for himself, are not a very serious reproach either to author or printer. The explanation may be that the author has tried to do too much; to write something more than a guide-book, and yet to write a guide-book too; to relate all the anecdotes about London which are not forgotten, and to describe all the picture-galleries in private houses which are not shown. Of course in this way anecdotes get mutilated. For instance, the last words of Gardiner were: '*Peccavi cum Petro, exivi cum Petro, non dum flevi amare cum Petro.*' Mr. Hare tells us they were, 'I have sinned with Peter; I have not wept with Peter.' Again, in the description of the British Museum we are told of the place where the Lycian Saloon used to be, although inquiry would have ascertained that it was already determined to empty it into the new vestibule. So, too, there is a lamentation over the way that Wren cut down the external stonework



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

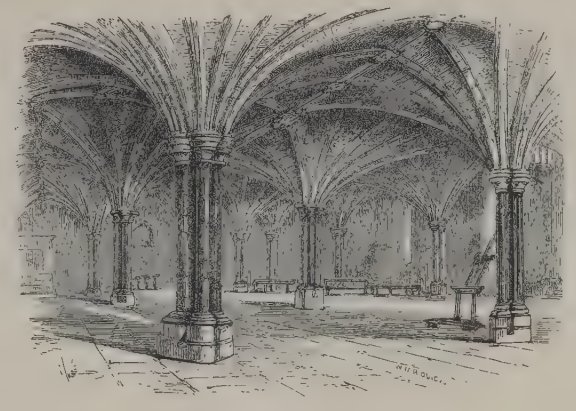
DRAYTON'S HOUSE, FLEET STREET.

STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

of Westminster Abbey, without the intimation, which might be consoling or the reverse, that the south transept has been restored already, and that the masons are at work on the north; so that the existing generation of Londoners will have the opportunity of scanning both what Henry the Third's architects are understood to have intended, and also what Wren thought would be an improvement upon their work.

In the interior both of the Abbey and of St. Paul's there is a recurring incongruity. The author heartily dislikes all the monuments, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington's, later than Roubiliac, in which he is probably not singular; he has also read what has been said

of them by writers like Allan Cunningham, who appreciated the intentions of all sculptors who received their most important commissions in a shape which seems unfortunate now. What is singular is, that he should reproduce their praise side by side with the expression of his own dislike without an attempt to reconcile the two, or a hint that they need reconciling. Altogether, perhaps, the book is a trifle too personal: we would rather have learned who the sculptors were employed on the frieze of the Albert Memorial—oddly described as composed of 'statuettes'—than that Mr. Hare thinks the frieze too classical for the superstructure; and who transformed the interior of St. Michael's, Cornhill, than that Mr. Hare dislikes the result; and it would be just as well if, while informing us that St. Stephen's crypt as now restored for service is gaudy, he had ascertained that it was the chapel not of the House of Commons but of the permanent officials who are lodged in the palace. In speaking, too, of the Tower, it might have been worth while to give the traditional derivation of Beef-eater as 'a yeoman of the Buffet,' as well as the conjecture that since beef was cheaper than mutton when their livery was invented, Beef-eaters may have been a disparaging nickname.

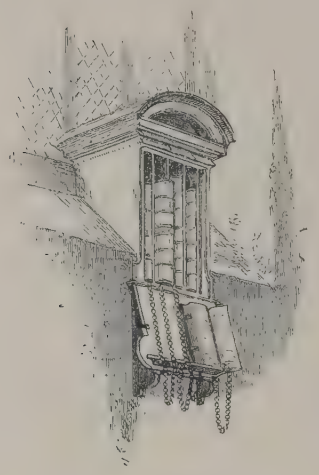


THE CRYPT OF THE GUILDHALL.

But after all, in spite of omissions and superfluities, and inconsistencies and inaccuracies, there is plenty of entertaining information in the book, and if there were less it might be forgiven for the number of quaint and spirited illustrations it contains, all from the author's own sketches. He tells us that it is easy to sketch in London, as the crowds in the street are too busy to stop to look at the sketcher; and if the woodcuts are the size of the original sketches, the artist would have another protection against molestation: no one would stop to look at what he could not see comfortably. They are generally on a small scale, too, in subject. Of the numerous illustrations of Westminster Abbey only one, the Chapel of Henry V., takes in more than the one of the Coronation Chair, which we extract. Another pleasant peculiarity about them is, that they show us just what Mr. Hare cares for, and no more. He is not interested in the contrast between a bit of antiquity and its modern surroundings, though all the signs of antiquity, dilapidation among the rest, are dear to him. When he draws the fine old house in Aldersgate Street, which Inigo Jones built and Shaftesbury inhabited, he draws it as if it was ready to tumble down. He is fond of old inns, like the recently-demolished 'Tabard,' with their bulging timber galleries; and of the remains of the old-fashioned gabled houses, with their lath-and-plaster oriels, that have proved so much more stable than they look—such as Staple Inn and Drayton's House. He does not give many views in the Parks, and one of the best of these is the Milk Fair in St. James's, which

INNER COURT, LAMBETH PALACE.

has long been as shabby as it used to be fashionable. He praises several of Wren's steeples, but he copies none; and he very rarely gives us an interior, though he knows all the quarters which, like Soho, are full of obsolete splendour, in just the right state of decay to be picturesque. He makes an exception in favour of crypts, though he does not give us the unique crypt of St. Etheldreda's, which has no roof but the timbers which support the flooring of the upper chapel. Ancient and picturesque as it is, the groined crypts, like that of the Guildhall, are usually more satisfactory.



THE CHAINED BOOKS, CHELSEA.

It is very seldom that Mr. Hare thinks it worth while to represent anything so extensive and so well preserved as the view in the Temple Gardens with the New Hall, or the River Court at Fulham, or at Lambeth, which is perhaps the more picturesque of the two, just because the Archbishop of Canterbury was a greater man than the Bishop of London, and varied the outline of his palace with towers and projecting angles; while at Fulham there is hardly anything but the simple perfect Tudor Court, which tempts Mr. Hare rather further up the river than his plan would carry him. Chelsea is the real western limit of his London, with the curious old church that has so many memories—the graves of More and Sloane, and the chained books which have lingered there undisturbed for more than three centuries.

G. A. Simcox.

MR. MONTEFIORE'S ETCHINGS AFTER FROMENTIN.*

FROMENIN did not sketch very much from nature, but what he did in the way of sketching is interesting. His way was to note down an impression with few lines whilst it remained quite fresh and vivid; the right way, certainly, for a painter of movement. The forms in his drawings are generally faulty enough—the errors being due to his haste to secure the impression; but he corrected them in his pictures. Mr. Montefiore, in these etchings, has had but one purpose, the closest possible fidelity. His work as an etcher has been done *con amore*. It is at the same time faithful and full of spirit. It happens, too, that Fromentin's way of sketching is highly favourable to translation in this simple kind of etching in line, shaded sparingly. The subjects are chiefly Arab horses and their riders, in all the attitudes of their wild exercises. Some of the best are in pure line, others in line and slight shading, quite on the principle of the earliest Italian engraving, but with more liberty. The set of twenty-five plates will be valued by artists and cultivated amateurs, but are not likely to be popular, owing to their apparent slightness.

The text, by M. Burty, contains some interesting reminiscences of Fromentin, and a number of minor sketches reproduced by a photo-typographic process. There is also a catalogue of the original drawings interpreted in etching by Mr. Montefiore, from which it appears that most of them were done simply in lead pencil, the others being, with one or two exceptions, either pen or crayon sketches.

* Vingt-cinq Dessins de Eugène Fromentin, reproduits à l'eauforte par E. L. Montefiore. Texte biographique et critique par Ph. Burty. Avec facsimile d'après les croquis du maître. Paris, Londres: Librairie de l'Art. 1877.

prolonged labours. The work never got beyond twelve plates, bearing about the same relation to the ports of England that a former imperfect series had borne to her rivers. The plates were published in 1856 by Mr. Gambart, with letterpress by Mr. Ruskin, who observes that Liverpool, Shields, Yarmouth, and Bristol, are absent from the series, whilst it includes some of the least important of English watering-places. There is a slight difference in title between Turner's prospectus and Mr. Ruskin's publication. Turner had called his work the 'Ports,' Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Gambart, decided to call it the 'Harbours' of England. The size of the plates is not precisely what Turner at first intended them to be; they are generally from half an inch to an inch longer. He got over the artistic difficulty of dealing with piers and rows of houses, by giving great importance to turbulent seas crowded with ships and boats in motion. The ships were especially useful, because their sails could be made to hide an uninteresting town, or break a monotonous front of cliff. But this is only one of many artifices to which Turner had recourse in this series in order to overcome the natural untowardness of his subjects. I do not know any connected set of his works in which he made so much use of the weather. This may have been partly in sympathy with sailors, who, whether in port or at sea, are always thinking about the wind; but it was probably much more because he found it convenient to veil what was uninteresting, and exhibit to better advantage the more available portions of his subjects by means of the resources which bad weather placed at his disposal. Besides this, he had great spaces that wanted furnishing, and he furnished them in the upper parts of his drawings by means of rain-clouds, and in the lower by means of waves and shipping. These plates constitute an excellent set of examples of the art of furnishing; even the old Dutchmen, who were very clever in that department, never went so far. Take, for instance, the view of Deal. The plate contains about fifty-six square inches of engraved surface; in this the view of Deal measures five and a half inches long by half an inch high, consequently it occupies two square inches and three quarters of engraved surface. The foreground is composed of two big waves with the trough of the sea between them, and there is a group of fishing-boats to the left, which, were it not for the comfort of knowing that Deal was within sight, might just as well be in the midst of the German Ocean. And please observe that this is not called a sea subject, but a *port*. Here is the most serious objection to the treatment adopted, that it is not in poetic harmony with the title. Instead of feeling the comfort of sheltered havens, where ships may quietly ride at anchor whilst the sea is raging outside, we are kept tossing uncomfortably on tumultuous waves amidst a jumble of pitching boats and flapping sails. So it is in nine subjects out of twelve. In the remaining three (the Plymouth, Falmouth, and Scarborough) we really feel in port. The Scarborough, judiciously placed by Mr. Ruskin at the close of the series, is like peaceful music; it is even more restful than any music, for it does not move and pass, but quietly *is* what it is, and stays with us. Painting may even excel nature in the expression of repose, for in nature there is no perfect rest, and not for long will the evening light linger on the castled cliff, or the 'old grey church on the shore.'

Turner could paint repose admirably when he liked, and his great picture in the Exhibition of 1826 was a magnificent example of it. I well remember the profound impression which I received from that noble work on seeing it for the first time in 1857, at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. The title was simply, *Cologne—the Arrival of a Packet-boat—Evening*, but there were such unity and serenity in the work, and such a glow of light and colour, that it seemed like a window opened upon the land of the ideal, where the harmonies of things are more perfect than they have ever been in the common world. I remember reading, with a young man's indignation, a stupid criticism of this picture by Monsieur W. Burger, in which he declared that everything in the picture was uniformly coloured like the yolk of an egg. He would have admired it more, very likely, if he could have seen it on the walls of the Royal Academy, when Turner had temporarily hidden its

glowing light and colour under a wash of lamp-black, in order that it might not spoil the effect of two portraits by Lawrence, between which it happened to be placed. 'Poor Lawrence,' he said, 'was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black. It will all wash off after the Exhibition!' Was there ever a more exquisitely beautiful instance of self-sacrifice? It is not as if Turner had been indifferent to fame, for he was anxiously careful about everything that could affect his reputation, and here we see him voluntarily exposing himself to harsh criticism for having painted a foul, ill-coloured sky, when that very sky was one of the most splendid pieces of harmonious colouring in the whole range of landscape art. Unluckily for our estimate of Turner's unselfishness, there are counter-anecdotes about his eagerness to crush his neighbours by heightening the intensity of his colours.

I need hardly observe that M. Burger's assertion about the uniform colouring, like yolk of egg, is due, first, to his national antagonism to English art, and, secondly, to his personal incapacity to see variety in colour. The *Cologne*, though harmonious, is not uniform in its hues. There is not only a golden glow in it, there are exquisite passages of rose and violet in the tender transitions of its evening lights and shadows. The picture was well described by an excellent writer in the 'Manchester Guardian':—

'It represents,' he said, 'the Rhine under the walls of Cologne, with the "Treckschuyt" arriving, and taking up its berth for landing the passengers. The river is placid, and scarce rippled by the slowly-moving "Treckschuyt," as she makes her way past the picturesque craft beside her. On the right are the walls, with a tower and spire breaking their line, and running up to a postern, backed by a taller tower. In the foreground some balks of timber, and the spider-like arms of a couple of those fishing-nets, which tourists by the Rhine and Moselle know so well, reflected in the wet sand, and casting their evening shadows as well as their reflexions. In the distance you catch a glimpse of the distant bridge of boats. The sky is being rapt through that rosy change which precedes the dying of twilight into dark. The sun is not seen in the picture, but a cloud lies between it and the spectator; and from behind this the broad-slanting rays strike on town and tower, and shoot down to the stream, flinging on its unruffled face and on the rounded sides of the "Treckschuyt" the shadows of intercepting edifices; while from the lighted water a glow strikes back into the cool violet shadows cast by wall and steeple, and fills them with reflected light.'

This picture was sold at Mr. Wadmore's sale, in 1854, for two thousand guineas to Mr. John Naylor; and Mr. Ruskin afterwards sent a pang of regret through the whole art-world of England by announcing that it had been utterly destroyed in a railway accident; a calamity which in reality happened to some other pictures, not by Turner, but belonging to the same owner.

The incessant industry of the great painter still applied itself abundantly to the work of book illustration. In those days photography was not actively supplying artists with material, which, however imperfect it may be, is, at least, impartial, and not distorted by passing through another mind. In those days a landscape-painter must either travel to the places he had to illustrate, or else do what he could with material supplied by others, such material being usually sketches rather than studies. It is always unsatisfactory to work from a sketch made by another person; for a sketch is a selection, and we cannot select by deputy. If the traveller who made it was an artist, he altered nature to suit the needs of his own individual talent; and if he was an amateur, he may have missed important points from imperfectly trained observation. In either case the material is scarcely to be relied upon. The sketches of travellers—of African travellers, for instance—are constantly made up into showy book illustrations by clever men who know how to make the best of any material; but in these cases the work so done is usually anonymous, and the clever men who do it have not to maintain a great and peculiar artistic reputation. Turner was in a different position. He could not simply mend, complete, amplify, a sketch in its own way, he was compelled by his own fame to transform it into something entirely different, into something that the public might at once recognise as a Turner. He did this by giving skies and water of his own invention, by composing all movable things according to his own taste, and by drawing the

rest over again with Turnerian alterations and exaggerations in the recognised Turnerian mannerism. That we may not have to recur again to this subject I will mention, in this place, the principal works in which Turner made use of sketches taken by others. They began with Hakewill's 'Picturesque Tour of Italy,' published by Murray in 1820, from Mr. Hakewill's camera-obscura sketches. In 1825 Murray's octavo edition of Byron, in eleven volumes, included several illustrations by Turner, some of which were from sketches by Mr. Allison; and in 1833 appeared Finden's 'Illustrations to Byron,' including works by Turner from sketches by Reinagle, Allison, and Page. A complete edition of Byron's works, with Moore's Biography, appeared in seventeen volumes in 1834; and Turner contributed to it the same number of illustrations, several of which were of places that he had never seen—such as Athens, Parnassus, Scio, St. Sophia, the Plain of Troy, and Corinth—the materials being supplied by Page, Barry, and Little. But by far the greatest of Turner's undertakings in working up other men's memoranda was the series of his illustrations to the Bible. He never visited Palestine, yet illustrated Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mount Lebanon, the Dead Sea, and many other places, his providers being Mr. Barry, Sir A. Edmonstone, Sir Robert Kerr Porter, Messrs. R. Cockrell, C. J. Rich, J. G. Wilkinson, Gally Knight, Major Felix, and the Rev. R. Master. There is also a set of views in India—seven in number—chiefly among the Himalaya mountains from drawings by Lieutenant White. I need hardly observe that the mere variety of the hands which supplied Turner with all these materials is in itself a source of difficulty and embarrassment. Artists of the present day are much happier with photographs, whose peculiarities and imperfections are always the same, and may be thoroughly understood and regularly allowed for.

To all these various publications, which were spreading the name of Turner more and more amongst the public, may be added the plates, published separately and at irregular intervals, from the beginning of the century till the artist's death. Some of these were in mezzotint by Lupton, Charles Turner, and others; but the majority were in that modern style of landscape engravings which is familiar to every reader, and which, with all its faults, unquestionably marks the highest point of perfection attained hitherto in the *complete* interpretation of landscape art on metal. It is not pure brain-work, but a mixed style, including a great deal of etching, much work with the point, and not a little machine-ruling; but, taken as a whole, in the hands of the marvellously skilful men who used it—such men as Miller, Cooke, Goodall, Jeavons, Heath, Higham, Allen, Willmore, and Wallis—it interprets landscape painting more *completely* than any other method. Mezzotint can render the tones of light and shade with unsurpassable accuracy, but it is never so lucid and luminous as engraving, and consequently its effects of atmosphere can never be so pure. Independent etching, as I have frequently had occasion to observe elsewhere, may suggest delicate distinctions of tone, but does not so surely render them as engraving does, and is therefore not so well adapted for the interpretation of skies. The influence of Turner upon engraving might supply a subject for a separate essay. He educated a whole school of engravers, and a very remarkable school it was; he educated them first by showing them the most subtle and delicate tonality in his pictures, and afterwards by a strict supervision of their work as it proceeded. His best qualities as a teacher came from his union of extreme delicacy with force; his worst fault, his most evil influence, came from his reckless desire for brilliance, which made him always ready to destroy the tranquillity of a plate if he thought that it did not look effective enough. This was the same spirit, acting in another direction, which made him so determined to make his pictures brilliant, at all costs, on the walls of the Academy; but there he could achieve it with the help of chrome, and cobalt, and vermilion. On a dull plate he had no resource but that of glittering lights, which he scattered in profusion 'like stars on the sea.'

Turner's transactions with his engravers, and with the publishers of his prints, were not always perfectly agreeable. Amongst other evidences of this we have a long letter from Mr. W. B. Cooke, dated the 1st of January, 1827, and proving by its contents that the hopeful and cheerful associations of New-year's Day had not power to overcome the engraver's sense of injury and wrong. The facts appear to have been as follows: Turner agreed to

make the South Coast drawings for *7l.* 10*s.* each, and for the first four numbers of the work that was what he received. Afterwards an agreement was made, by which Turner was to receive 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for each drawing in a future 'Coast.' He seems to have understood that this increase of price was to have a retroactive effect, that he was to receive a balance on the drawings already done and paid for—drawings which belonged to the first division of the work called the 'Southern Coast.' This Mr. W. B. Cooke did not understand to be their agreement at all, and the result was a tempest, the great painter loudly declaring that he would have his terms, and would oppose the work by doing another 'Coast.' Mr. Cooke admitted that he had agreed to pay ten guineas for each drawing after the fourth number, and affirmed that he had faithfully adhered to this agreement; which must have been true, as he had Turner's receipts to prove it. At the time this quarrel broke out the work had been finished upwards of six months, and the painter had had his money. It is evident by a quotation from a previous letter that the correspondents had not been on quite pleasant terms before. 'Do you imagine,' wrote Turner, 'I shall go to John o'Groat's House for the same sum I receive for the Southern part?' Mr. Cooke complains at the end of his letter that he regrets the time he has bestowed in endeavouring to convince Turner calmly, since he has met with such hostile treatment in return.

The clear result of the correspondence is, that there had been three distinct prices. The first agreement was to give Turner *7l.* 10*s.* each for the drawings of the Southern Coast; the second agreement was to pay him ten guineas for each drawing after the fourth number; the third agreement was to pay him twelve and a half guineas each for drawings to belong to a future coast series of the same kind from the northern scenery of Great Britain, since John o'Groat's House is in a very northerly situation. Turner's conduct in the matter is one of the most singular instances of confusion in a matter of business that can be imagined. Stated plainly, it amounts to this: that, on the strength of the third agreement, he applied the terms of the second agreement to the first. He quotes Mr. Cooke's promise to give twelve guineas and a half for the future coast drawings as a reason why there should be a balance still due to him—a balance of *two* guineas—on the earliest drawings of all. There is no reason to suspect Turner of dishonesty; it is a case of mental confusion in a grasping temperament. Avaricious and grasping people often make mistakes in pecuniary transactions, but it may be observed that a sure instinct always preserves them from making such mistakes against themselves. The transaction has an interest for posterity in the light it throws on Turner's prices. He is fifty years old; he has been a Royal Academician for twenty years; he has painted many important pictures, including three or four unquestionable masterpieces; and he is haggling and quarrelling with an engraver about a miserable balance of forty shillings a-piece on some of his best drawings! He looks with the same eagerness after a guinea or two wherever he thinks he can establish a claim to them. Cooke declares that Turner gave him a drawing of *Neptune's Trident* as a present; but Turner demands the return of it, and charges two guineas for the loan. This appears almost inconceivably mean; but we must remember two things which may partially excuse Turner: first, that his mind was subject to confused changes and irregularities about all transactions from its own want of method and clearness; and, secondly, that to charge for the loan of a drawing was an old habit with him, contracted in early life, when it had been one of the chief sources of his income as a drawing-master. He fancied he had lent the drawing, and charged for it as a matter of course, just as a boat-keeper at Richmond will make you pay when you have had one of his boats.

P. G. Hamerton.

(*To be continued.*)

THROUGH HOLLAND.*

THERE are few more interesting subjects in the history of Art than the division, the separation, the practical opposition, of the two schools which took their rise from the severance of the old Batavia and Belgica, arising from the religious strifes of the Reformation. The seventeenth century was a great century for Art, alike in Holland and in Belgium; but while both of these countries produced painters whose names will never be forgotten, the divergence of the two schools was remarkable.

The southern portion of the old Belgica, yielding to the influence and the power of Spain, became intensely Romish in its creed, its worship, and its sympathies. The northern, wrestling for years with Spanish and Austrian power, succeeded at last in establishing itself as one of the Protestant nations of Europe, and, as a natural consequence, eschewed all things—pictures among the rest—that belonged to the Church of Rome. Hence, while Rubens and his pupils painted saints and angels and Madonnas, and along with them mythologies after the example of the Italian painters, the artists of Holland, abandoning ideal art altogether, took to painting the boors and vrouws, the dykes and willows, the cows and horses, the inns and fairs, of the land and the society in which they lived.

No longer working for convents and churches, but to adorn the rooms of rich merchants and traders, they found patrons who were able and willing to pay good prices for the sort of pictures that pleased them, and that they could understand. And so was founded the famous Dutch School, which occupies so prominent a place in all the galleries of northern Europe. These painters had found the work which they could do. In ideal art they would have taken no high position; their genius (putting aside Rembrandt as occupying a quite exceptional position) lay in the patient and perfect representation of the world around them. For they were realists in the strictest sense; not like Meissonier, painting with scrupulous accuracy the manners, the costumes, and the furniture of a past generation, but, on the contrary, making the fullest use of the picturesque material of their own time. And as the most complete and finished work was the best-paid work, they had free scope for the exercise of their special talent.

One consequence of all this is, that we are wonderfully well acquainted with the Holland of the seventeenth century. Mr. Wood, whose account of a tour in Holland, made in company with an artist friend, lies before us, remarks again and again that what he saw seemed strangely familiar to him. Time has not made such sweeping changes in Holland as in neighbouring countries whose recent history has been more eventful. The country, with its well-watered meadows and sleepy cattle, still reminds one of Cuyp's pictures, and Van der Heyde might still find the same subjects in many of the old towns. The towns, indeed, are the most interesting features of Holland, for the country is monotonous, and there is but little of it. 'It is difficult,' as Mr. Wood says, 'to realise that a country of so much bygone and historical importance should be so small. The first idea suggested to the mind is of amazement on hearing that from one of its towers you can see at a glance the whole of Holland, and a great deal more besides.' Of the country accordingly Mr. Wood's volume contains but few illustrations, but there are more than fifty clever little woodcuts of the cities, and these have the especial merit which Dutch views ought to have. They give a true and faithful impression of the chief features of the picturesque towns of Holland. We can testify that any one who has seen the places depicted may recognise them at a glance, and any one who has not seen them may gather from this volume a lively and accurate notion of what Holland really is.

* 'Through Holland.' By Charles W. Wood. With Fifty-seven Illustrations. London: Bentley and Co. 1877.

Here is Mr. Wood's impression of Rotterdam :—

'One of the first things to strike a stranger as he walks through this city, the second in importance in Holland, is the peculiar and contradictory aspect of the houses, and the quaintness of their outline. Not the stiff, straight, ugly lines of our own houses of that unfortunate period which came down upon us and overwhelmed us like a flood, but the picturesque gabled sixteenth and seventeenth century style. But the contradictory and disappointing element is, that whilst the outlines of the houses carry you so far back in the world's history, their faces and fronts are but of yesterday. The Dutch have a mania for painting, but they appear to possess very little talent for blending colours harmoniously. Every year, or at the most two years, the houses, one and all, are painted in all parts. The window-sashes, perhaps, are picked out white; the doors green; the remainder of the wood-work red, brown, or blue; all colours chosen at the fancy of the occupant or painter. In this way their most ancient edifices are ruthlessly destroyed. Even their churches escape not. You suddenly come upon a magnificent pulpit, wonderfully carved, centuries old, utterly ruined by being daubed over with thick coatings of coarse, common paint. Nevertheless, the general aspect of the streets is picturesque, lively, and interesting, especially on a bright moonlight night. Then the outlines of the houses come out in bold relief; the freshness of their faces is concealed in gloom; weird lights and shadows are thrown in all directions; and you may fancy yourself verily and indeed in a city of the past.'

NEWHAVEN CANAL, ROTTERDAM.

In many parts of the country the old costumes still survive. Some of the country women who came flocking into the fair at Rotterdam wore, beneath a lace or net cap, a gold or silver shield, completely covering the head like an outer skull; not a particle of hair was visible. Many of the younger women rebel against this unbecoming custom, and refuse to conceal their tresses so completely; and others endeavour to effect a compromise between ancient and modern modes by perching a new-fashioned hat or bonnet—all flowers, feathers, and ribbons—upon the top of the quaint metal cap. But the old costumes are dying out year by year, and according to Mr. Wood the accepted type of Dutchman, if it ever really existed, has disappeared too; the heavy, sleepy, overfed men, and the ponderous, ungainly women, are seen no more. He watched the people passing to and fro on the lively, noisy quays, apparently full of life and business; and their energy of manner reminded him of his own countrymen. At the Amsterdam station, on a holiday, he found himself in just such a crowd as might be met with in England on a similar occasion—people fighting and scrambling, and demolishing each other's clothes in their endeavours to get into the train. He asked himself, Were these the quiet, phlegmatic, unexcitable Dutch men and women? In one respect, however, he found the prevailing impression true. 'Their expresses about equal in speed our ordinary trains. Their slow trains have no

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parallel in this country, perhaps in no other. It is almost as if they wished to cheat people into a belief that their country was a very large one, and required an immense amount of time to traverse. They crawl; they make long stoppages, during which the officials of the train and the station, high and low, fraternise together over sundry glasses of beer, and enter into interesting arguments respecting things in general, and the quality of their beverage in particular.' So here we have a genuine old picture by Teniers or Jan Steen, with only the addition of the modern railway.

The canal life is one of the most picturesque features of Holland, and Mr. Wood's descriptions of it remind us of the bright Dutch pictures of which Mr. Hook gave us a few, and too few, at the Royal Academy some years ago. The Dutch barge, however, though gaily painted, is, in Mr. Wood's opinion, less picturesque than the barges on the Thames. The canals, he says, are not so unhealthy as they ought to be. The Dutch are not rheumatic, nor do they seem to suffer from the odours which, in Amsterdam at least, are intolerable to foreigners. Dutch doctors even consider them healthy, and send patients there in order that they may inhale them. The windmills, which are chiefly used in the drainage of the country, have long been a well-known feature of Dutch landscape, but, unhappily, they are beginning to disappear. Their place is being taken by steam-engines, and instead of their picturesque outlines against the sky we now see small brick buildings and tall chimneys.

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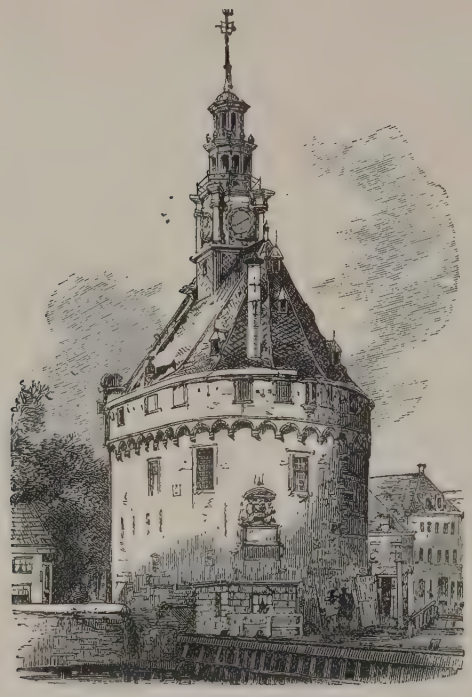
But the traveller, to whom these modern changes are a vexation, has but to visit the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee to see Old Holland unchanged, or at least with nothing new added; for the old life and bustle are gone for ever. Mr. Wood and his friend made their way from Amsterdam to Monnickendam, Marken, and Hoorn. 'Like the other Dead Cities, Hoorn is deserted in aspect. You pass through street after street and scarcely meet a creature, quadruped or biped. The houses, amidst this Pompeian silence, seem untenanted, though not uncared for. They are clean, in good preservation, warm, and cheerful in tone. Yellow appeared the prominent colour, with the inevitable red roofs. The houses in many instances were gabled, and frequently presented an outline of steps towards the summit. Some of the ancient gateways have disappeared, but quite enough may still be found to satisfy a lover of antiquity. . . . . As evening drew on we wandered down to the banks of the Zuyder Zee. Nothing could be more

desolate than this aspect. Here we were quite away from the town. A few poverty-stricken cottages dragged out a melancholy existence in the background. The banks were ragged and low. A long stretch of flat ground, bare and desolate, bordering the sea, could be traced by the eye. The water was calm and listless, melancholy, as if it knew that it washed the shores of a dead past.' The port, with its curious old Hoofd Tooren at the entrance of the pier, where a few fishing-boats were being unloaded, alone showed any signs of active life.



HOOFD TOOREN, HOORN.

Next to the Dead Cities, Dort has the most uniform appearance of antiquity. There one may pass from street to street and find 'one prevailing type of age and beauty.' It is often passed over by tourists, and the Dutch themselves do not seem to appreciate its picturesqueness. Yet it is said to be the oldest city in Holland.

Of the picture-galleries Mr. Wood says little. Of the principal one he only remarks that 'Amsterdam is rich in art-treasures. The picture-gallery is perhaps the best in Holland; but the rooms are so badly constructed that the beauty of the paintings is often lost. Rembrandt's masterpiece, the *Night Watch*, is here—a marvellous production, though of a different style and period from that of the *Dissecting Lesson* in the Hague. The collection of etchings in the gallery is equal, or superior, to that in the British Museum. Particularly fine and characteristic

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are those of Rembrandt and Albert Dürer.' When the author remarks that 'the beauty of the paintings is often lost,' he should have assigned the true reason—neglect. Every one who

visits the gallery must feel that great and priceless treasures of art are perishing under a treatment of disregard and indifference. A famous engraver was lately working from one of the masterpieces of the collection, and complained that a stove was placed immediately under

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it, and every time coals were thrown upon the fire the picture was covered with black smoke. The gallery may be badly constructed, but the real evil is, that the collection is regarded by its keepers as if it were of little value. So long as this is the feeling among those to whom the charge is intrusted, no improvement can be hoped for.

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

III. — REMBRANDT. — 'PORTRAIT OF EPHRAIM BONUS.'

THIS plate is also commonly known as *Le Juif à la Rampe*, for Ephraim Bonus was a Jew, a Portuguese Jew, whose proper name was Ephraim Bueno.

The plate was produced at a time of Rembrandt's life when he found a solace in the practice of his art after some of the severest trials which can afflict our poor human existence. His wife was dead; he was ruined; even his reputation had declined; only his truest friends remained faithful to him; and these, of course (it is always so), were few. His old friend, the Burgomaster Six, was kind to him still and had him to stay in his house, where it is very possible that this plate may have been executed.

In the introduction by Mr. Haden to the 'Catalogue of the Etched Works of Rembrandt, selected for Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club,' in 1877, the writer has an interesting passage on this period of Rembrandt's life:—

'Saskia* died in 1642, and the two or three landscapes which precede that date are at, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, Amsterdam. But after that? Well, we have the answer before us. Look at the group of etchings, brought as it were by accident close together, under the year 1645. The "Portrait of Jan Six;" "Six's Bridge;" "Medea," the frontispiece to Six's tragedy; the "Spanish Gipsy," an illustration of another tragedy, in which, doubtless, Six was also interested; *the portrait of the Portuguese Physician, "Ephraim Bueno," the original picture of which Six had in the house;* "Rembrandt drawing at a Window." Surely that window can be no other than Six's window, and

* Saskia Vylenburg, Rembrandt's first wife, who died, still quite young, when they had been married eight years.

that Rembrandt had found refuge and solace at this time with his sympathetic and powerful friend at Elsbroeck; and that these things, and all these landscapes—and possibly the "Hundred Guilder Print" itself—were thought out and finished in his companionship, and under his sheltering roof. If so, what an episode in the intellectual life of Six — what a compensation for the then houseless, and all but friendless, Rembrandt!'

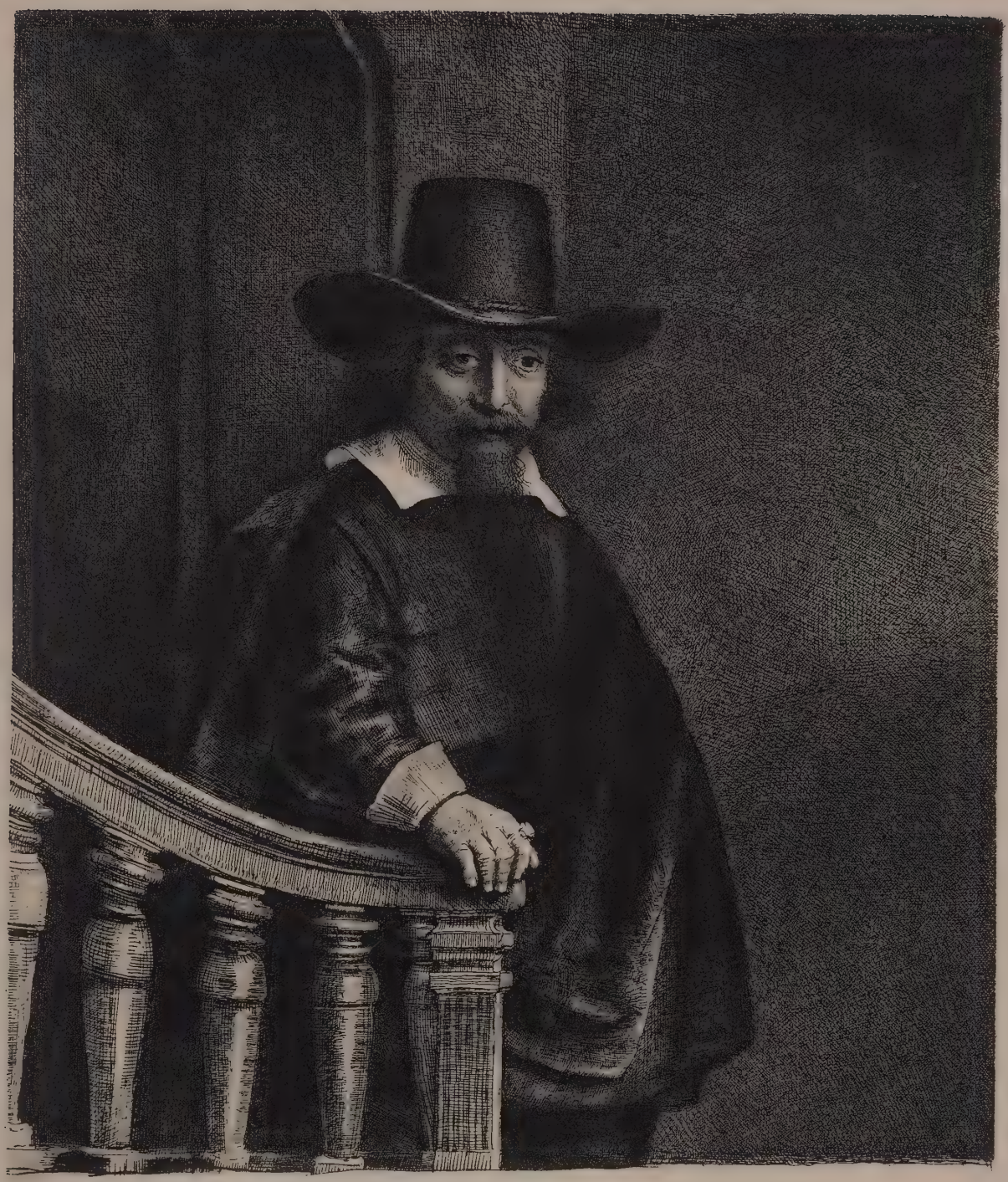
The reader will please observe the line printed in Italics. It has been asserted that Rembrandt never etched from a picture, and never even repeated, in an etching, the subject or motive of one of his pictures. Here we have an instance to the contrary; a solitary instance, I believe. The portrait of Ephraim Bonus had been painted by Rembrandt, and the picture is still in the possession of the Six family at Amsterdam. Charles Blanc says that it is in the same costume, in the same attitude, and not larger than the etching. I wonder if it is exactly the same size, for if it is the drawing for the etching was probably traced from it; but however this may be, the plate is to be regarded as an etching from a picture, and therefore as an ancestor of the numerous posterity of etchings from pictures which our own generation is producing.

This is one of the best of Rembrandt's thoughtful portraits. The expression of the face is admirable; it is just that of a physician who takes his noble profession seriously, and is reflecting upon the condition of a patient. M. Charles Blanc says that he looks uncertain whether to ascend the stairs a second time or not; he may wish to see the patient again, to examine his state more closely, or he may think it desirable to add some detail to a prescription. However this may be, the face is that of a man who thinks—the eyes especially are admirable. It has been suggested by a correspondent that the doctor must have been a remarkably small man, an idea which had not previously occurred to me, as he seems to stand sufficiently well above the rail; but his build is that of a short, thick-set man, of a type one often meets with on the Continent. Such men are often intelligent, with a great capacity for both physical and mental labour.

As we have so accurate a facsimile of the plate before us, a few words may be said about its technical characteristics. It is one of the most shaded of Rembrandt's etchings, and I may observe that he seems to have strictly confined himself to thin lines throughout, to avoid heaviness. I know that some lines are thicker than others, but this may be in great part accounted for by the enlargement of the line in the biting. In the present day many etchers use thick lines in certain portions of their work, because they are powerful; but, as Professor Colvin observed with reference to the copies of Albert Dürer by Marc Antonio, the thick line is more objectionable in plate-engraving of all kinds than it is in woodcut. The more open treatment of the hand and the balustrade is a great refreshment to the eye after the abundant shading in other parts of the subject, and so are the collar and cuff. The face is very beautifully treated in its own way with a sort of *morbidezza* (the received technical expression for that kind of softness) which has since been successfully imitated by a few of the most able modern etchers. The reader may observe the accurate distinction in tone between the hair of Dr. Bonus and his hat. It is this fulness of tone which led M. Charles Blanc to declare that the etching had as much 'colour' in it as the original picture, and that if he were permitted to choose between the two he would feel disposed to prefer a fine impression from the plate.

There are two states of the original plate, the minute distinctions between them occupying nearly a page of small print in Blanc's catalogue, but the reader may easily know one from the other without burdening his memory to that extent. It is sufficient to know that in the first state the ring on the finger is so heavily worked with the dry-point that the bur has made it black, and this bur has been removed in the second state. Besides this difference, the rail and posts are less shaded in the first state than in the second, many lines of shading having been added. These distinctions are a mere matter of curiosity, as there is not the slightest probability that the reader will ever have an opportunity for purchasing a first state of this etching, of which there are only three known proofs—that in the Museum at Amsterdam, that in the British Museum (purchased for 1650 florins), and the one in the possession of Mr. Holford.

Our heliogravure is from a fine impression of the second state.



Héliog.ie et imp. A Durand . . .

THE BEAUTIES OF BABYLON.

IT is an interesting question how far the legitimate appreciation of beauty, in art or nature, is affected by considerations of moral or intellectual association and preference. And the question gains in importance with the development of civilisation, because the effects which appeal to the æsthetic susceptibilities of moderns are compounded out of increasingly incongruous elements, and it becomes increasingly difficult to allow for, or eliminate, the effect of association in the spontaneous verdict of the most cultivated eye or taste.

We are still puzzled by the obtuseness to many kinds of natural beauty manifested in times past by generations of excellent literary and artistic attainments, just as we are puzzled by the creative incapacity of our contemporaries, who find no merit too small or recondite for enthusiastic recognition. But this very combination of receptive readiness with feeble productive power, places the present generation in an especial way at the mercy of its surroundings, for such beauties as come before it, however faint or abnormal they might seem to men with stronger prepossessions, are sure of recognition now, and may easily serve to distract the mind from the effort after a nobler, more clearly marked, ideal. Still, in the dearth of perfect types of pure, unmistakable beauty, nothing is gained by quarrelling with minor more or less fantastical sources of satisfaction; and it is not with any intent to undervalue the special beauties of an overgrown, smoke-embosomed city, that we comment on the exceptional place occupied by such beauties, midway between the ordinary, and, so to speak, legitimate effects of nature and art.

Not a few critics would affirm that the best treatise on the beauties of great cities at the present day would consist of a single sentence on the traditional model, 'There are no beauties in the great cities of modern times.' And this sentence will seem just enough if we stop short at the memory of common outline and habitual tints, of long, mean, monotonous streets for the thriving middle class, miles of plate-glass consecrated to the trivialities of retail commerce, courts and slums where misery rivals even contemporary 'gigdom' in its ingenious exclusion of every element of the picturesque, and public monuments that make us regret the existence rather than the scarcity of public eminence.

But when we speak of the special beauties of great cities like London, or Birmingham, or Manchester, we do not mean either the direct gifts of nature in a wide sweep of river, or a happy undulation of the ground, or the deliberate achievements of art in a single building or a street view. We allude rather to the peculiar, if you please, the abnormal, effects that spring directly, but without intention, from the life of the city, its virtues and its vices, and the ever-increasing number of its habits, which find no precedent in days when art was strong enough to assert its rights in every department of life at once. All effects of artificial light and darkness, of smoke, gas, and the conflict or rivalry between those twin demons and the natural power of the sun and moon—come under this category; so does the peculiar effect produced on the senses by any stray oasis of purely natural beauty artificially isolated.

It is an old puzzle why so many things that are good to look at are not particularly good to paint, but with regard to the cockney beauties now referred to the problem is rather reversed, and we can more easily understand that these things should fail to inspire painters than that they should inspire any one else with feelings of proper æsthetic satisfaction. The effect is good, but the motive is either too subtle, too intellectual to be seized by contemporary art, or else in the midst of the really pleasurable impression we continue to be conscious of something a little contrary to nature in the conditions which produce it, and consequently of something unreal, abnormal or theatrical, in the vision itself. Even among purely natural phenomena there are a few to which we are tempted

to apply the latter name: an eclipse, an aurora, an arctic landscape, are certainly natural, but there is a breach of continuity between them and our ordinary daylight impressions, which is perhaps the reason that we know them less thoroughly by heart.

To take, for example, the atmosphere of London: The mixture of condensed mist and smoke known as yellow fog is neither natural nor beautiful, and more or less of this unnatural atmosphere always hangs over the heads of Londoners, yet Turner found it possible to live in London; and if we once succeed in forgetting the source of the many weird effects in earth and sky which half mimic, half exaggerate the freaks of weather, they become as naturally productive of æsthetic impressions as if they were not indirectly the work of human clumsiness. When the sky elsewhere is clear and uneventful, the sun goes down for citizens into piled-up banks of stormy-looking cumuli that only strike the imagination less than natural clouds because we respect ourselves less than our ancestors respected the elements, and therefore do not deify—or diabolise—the forms taken by the effluvia we generate. Some change in the temperature or moisture of different aerial strata takes place quite out of reach of our direct perception, and our city streets are suddenly overcast by a chill, blighting blackness, a cross between the pale cold darkness of a solar eclipse and the lurid gloom of a thunderstorm. Sometimes the darkness goes as it came; but there is something strangely pathetic—like a middle-aged love-match—in the kind of second-hand dawn which sometimes follows the unnatural eclipse, when day breaks after the darkness, upon a setting sun,—a light with no promise of heat, come back only to depart in peace. Less pathetic, yet not unattractive in its way, is another ill-assorted union—as of a *blasé* man of the world with a modest village beauty,—the parti-coloured twilight when the lamps of earth are lit up before the sky is dark, and men in the street hardly know which of the two lights crossing each other in the air serves to show them each other's faces, and the background above and below, one growing from earthy yellow into red, the other from the celestial *aqua marina* to the blue-black vault with its white stars.

It would be interesting if we could import an open-minded artist from some unsophisticated southern region, and learn what he thought of the purely artistic value of our 'arrangements in brick and smoke' before he had time to reduce them to their elements. The artist does not prefer to represent Nature in her most fantastic freaks; but what the painter cannot use, the disinterested spectator may feel, and the same kind of transparent fraud, which illudes without deceiving us, when mist-clad rocks take the form of castellated keeps and turrets, may cause a big block of gabled 'mansions' to loom upon the eye with undeserved dignity through the dusky rose-coloured haze of the long mornings or the still dimmer bloom of a hot noon.

The productions of a school of art, inspired by the lights and shades of London, would no doubt be morbid and meretricious, but there is something almost pathetic in the way in which a work deserving all those names adapts itself to its surroundings, and strikes out new effects, not exactly admirable or defensible, and yet with a momentary charm. We might be puzzled to find a technical merit in the colouring or construction of the Albert Memorial, but the very perversity of the former element lends a mysterious grace to the unfortunate compilation. When the marble bas-reliefs of the base are fairly invisible, the Continents catch a little rose-coloured light on the upper part, and the gilding of the pinnacle glitters against a pale sky in which the blue just begins to deepen at the zenith. Just the same paradoxical effect of light standing in mid air on an invisible base is produced, at much less expense, in the dingiest streets by night when an illuminated clock-tower, or the upper story of some tall, uninspected factory, 'burns a hole in the night,' and startles the eye that forgets itself into an upward glance. Railways and railway-stations—with international exhibition halls, the only new type of building our age has been called on to invent—lie so contentedly outside the pale of art that they hardly strike us more than as doors or windows, openings to pass out of or to look through. But if an attic window

frames for us only a few square feet of sky, even in looking out, though we do not see the squalor behind us, something of its presence still haunts the memory, if only to urge us towards more complete absorption in the fairer sight; and something of the same force of contrast heightens the refinement of delight with which, if we have nothing else to do, we dwell on the glimpses of happily-coloured sky that we seize across or between the desolate abominations of platform, scaffolding, and 'land to be let for building,' which are the accessories even of railway journeys in search of the picturesque.

Whenever sky and water are to be seen alone or together the elements of natural beauty are present, and perhaps the specialty of the large towns that Mr. Ruskin would like to raze with the ground is that of exhibiting plain artificial ugliness through a veil, more or less transparent, of fair natural vapour, or else so cunningly grouped in a tiny vignette with the nobler elements as not to misbecome their company. In spite of what has been said of the desolation of building-lots by a railway station, one of the most idyllic 'bits' that haunts the writer's memory—like a picture of Mason's—came in the foreground of just such a scene near the confines of the great Babylon—a boy trying to bathe in the tiny pool of what was once a gravel-pit, and would soon be a cheap street, while a smaller comrade see-sawed upon a plank over the water, balancing, to all appearance, like the poet of 'Fifine,' the rival charms of his miniature sea, and

> 'Such noon disport
> As a finer element
> Affords the spirit sort.'

This is nothing, at least only a natural vignette, lost in a moment as the train passed on, but the sun, still strong, was reddening his rays, and the balanced planks were rosy; one boy's hair was golden red, and a large white star had dropped from heaven into the doomed puddle: that was all, and yet it was enough to reconcile one for the moment even to the contractor and the builder, whose first load of bricks was reddened too. Of course water is a vagrant, whose beauties cannot be written down to the credit of any local corporation; still it must be partly owing to the chronic dinginess of our atmosphere, that when we do catch a ray of pure sunlight on the water it startles us as if we met the Koh-i-noor buttoning a crossing-sweeper's rags. Steam down the Thames,—the Tyne, the Clyde, or the Mersey, 'tis all one—early on a foggy morning, and sometimes it will be possible by a judicious exercise of short sight, to see absolutely nothing but the ghostly shadow of a tower symbolical of wise legislation, and distant crimson sparkles shining through a universal brown.

Something may be found to praise in a London fog, but urban mud defies panegyric. It is hard to find a Darius so greedy of empire as to accept the tribute of such 'earth and water,' which our unpatriotic souls would gladly get rid of; neither would we go so far as to include in the list of our *beautés maladives* the luxury of coloured fountains in Trafalgar Square, though when the sun shines upon the turbid orange liquor it has been seen to look not unlike a bad imitation of the less transparent parts of a Welsh stream after heavy rain. Only one new rain effect must be laid to the credit of flagged or asphalt pavements—the reflexion under foot of the watery sky and drifting leaves. All the paradoxical beauties belonging to our streets turn upon a kind of jugglery; their charm depends on their success in suggesting something else than the reality, or in taking the mind away from the reality which has no sufficient direct attraction.

EDITH SIMCOX.

PLAYING CARDS.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous works which exist on the subject of Playing Cards, and the systematic and copious manner in which the topic has been treated by Chatto, Boiteau, d'Ambly, Merlin, Taylor, and others, we suspect that there are few subjects of which less is known by persons generally than that which is discussed in the treatise now before us. It must be understood, of course, that we particularly refer to the archæologic and general literary history of Playing Cards, and not to any matters connected with the various games which are, or have been, played with them. The last topic is one which is here touched on, but in a very general way, and only when serving to elucidate inquiry of a more purely literary or antiquarian character. Let not any one suppose, therefore, that a perusal of Dr. Willshire's work will afford him the knowledge of any game, much less of the more approved principles on which it should be played. The games of Hombre, Piquet, Lansquenet, Whist, &c., are certainly not unfrequently mentioned, but it is with scanty allusions only to the *practice* of these games. To what, then, it might be asked by some, are these four hundred pages devoted? That is a question to be conveniently replied to as follows.

The British Museum, possessing a rather extensive and choice collection of playing cards and associated objects scattered through several departments, the Trustees resolved, on the recommendation of the Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings — Mr. Reid— to bring them together, and to issue a descriptive and systematic catalogue of them. The duty of arranging and describing them was, on the advice of the same authority, entrusted to Dr. Willshire, author of the 'Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints.' It appearing to the latter that a bald, technical description alone of three hundred items would be not only uninteresting and tiresome to a reader, but would involve the exclusion of nearly all illustration that might render the early and curious portions of the history of playing cards intelligible to the student, he received permission to preface the descriptive part of the Catalogue with a concise general history of the subject discussed in the subsequent pages, and to add a like disquisition on cards as employed for divinatory purposes. Further, as the Museum possesses an interesting series of English cards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, designed and circulated for political and satirical purposes, it was thought advisable, for the full understanding of these cards, to accompany their description with an historic summary of the events, &c., to which they relate; or, to quote Dr. Willshire, 'In order that those persons who may refer to these politico-historical cards in the national collection may have at hand a ready key in the Catalogue to their descriptions and devices, it has been deemed advisable to supply here a succinct account of the various events and plots which the series of cards in question illustrate. As Locke elegantly expresses it, "The pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colours, and if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear."'—Vol. I. p. 245.

We need scarcely say, that in these introductory or explanatory essays much important and curious information is contained; and if nothing very novel to the professed archæologist be there, it must be admitted that there is much to be found which the ordinary student would have considerable trouble in ferreting out for himself. This is particularly the case as regards the Section (II.) on the Origin of Cards, that (Section III.) on the General Nature and Varieties of Cards, and the essay on Cards of Divination. The first volume—for the work properly consists of two portions—was ready for issue last year; but, as fate would have it, the Museum, immediately on completion of this part, came into possession of fresh sequences of cards, and some of an important character. It was thought advisable that these should be described in a supplementary volume; that, in addition, a series of illustrative plates should be added, to make some of the more recondite matters discussed in the first volume clearer to the reader; and that the publication of the latter should be deferred until the second part should be ready to accompany it. Hence the slight delay which has attended the appearance of the 'Descriptive Catalogue of Playing Cards in the British Museum.'

LOUIS FAGAN.

* 'A Descriptive Catalogue of Playing and other Cards in the British Museum: accompanied by a concise General History of the Subject and Remarks, on Cards of Divination and of a Politico-Historical Character.' By William Hughes Willshire, M.D. Edin. Printed by Order of the Trustees. 8vo. vol. I. pp. 360. Supplement, with Illustrations, pp. 87, and 24 plates. 1876-77.

wide) and was bought by Mr. Elhanan Bicknell for three hundred guineas; it was sold at his sale many years afterwards, in 1863, for the large sum of 1995*l.*; proving to him, like many other of Turner's works, a very good investment for his family.' It is very probable that, besides the convenience of having a name of some sort for an imaginary sea-port, Turner may have intended to honour the memory of his predecessor in art. He was not one of those artists whose high opinion of themselves prevents them from respecting others; on the contrary, he had a rather surprising degree of respect for several old masters whom he considered much inferior to him. He saw qualities in their works which were by no means easy to imitate, and he readily overlooked what our critical fastidiousness considers to be their defects. Very few modern landscape-painters admire Ruysdael much. The continental critics are loud in his praise, of course, being always ready to sing hymns of eulogy to any god who has his place on the artistic Olympus.

In 1828 Turner exhibited another of his Carthage pictures, *Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; or, the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.* This picture was originally painted for Mr. Broadhurst, but is now in the Turner Collection of the National Gallery. It is simply one of those compositions of imaginary architecture, with water, in which the painter occasionally indulged himself. The same year he exhibited two pictures of marine subjects, much more within the range of our English tastes and sympathies, *East Cowes Castle*, with the regatta beating to windward, and the same place with the regatta starting from their moorings. His fourth picture that year was *Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Birdcage*, and it was with reference to this picture that I narrated, in one of the early chapters of this biography, an anecdote which Leslie told me in Turner's house in Queen Anne Street. Leslie accused him of imitating Stothard, which Turner at once admitted, saying that he wished he could paint like him, and calling him 'the Giotto of England.' The comparison, like all such comparisons, will not bear investigation; but it is interesting as an expression of Turner's admiration for a contemporary, and the confession that the picture was not original in manner may partly account for the fact that it is one of the painter's failures.

Turner went to Italy again in 1828, and we know by a letter from him to his friend Jones, the Academician, that he had spent nearly two months on the way, and in settling to work in Rome. The letter is dated October 13th, so it is probable that he left London in the latter half of August. He seems to have delayed most in the south of France, and to have suffered so much from the heat at Nismes and Avignon that it brought on temporary debility, relieved afterwards by sea-bathing when he reached the Mediterranean. There is an interesting paragraph in the letter about the scenery of the *Cornice*, with a pleasant bit of playfulness about Chantrey, whom Turner loved.

'Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia, is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow, Chantrey, that I did think of him *then* (but not the first or the last time), of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs, which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch: but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara.'

On the 6th of November he dates a letter to Chantrey from No. 12 Piazza Mignanelli, and begins as follows:—

'My dear Chantrey,—I intended long before this (but you will say, fudge) to have written; but even now, very little information have I to give you in matters of art, for I have confined myself to the painting department at Corso; and having finished *one*, am about the second, and getting on with Lord E.'s, which I began the very first touch at Rome; but as the folk here talked that I would show them *not*, I finished a small three-feet-four to stop their gabbling: so now to business.'

The rest of the letter is occupied with accounts of other artists' doings, and there is a hit at Gibson's *Venus and Cupid.*

'The Venus is a sitting figure, with the Cupid in attendance; and if it had wings like a dove, to flee away and be at rest, the rest would not be the worse for the change.'

I have remarked elsewhere that we have seldom any materials from which to construct an account of Turner's artistic expeditions. He wrote few letters; he did not date his sketches,

nor even always write upon them the names of the places where they were taken; he kept no journal of his travels, and he was almost invariably alone; so that the want of material from his own hand is not supplied by another. The glimpse that we get of him in Rome is interesting as a proof that he not only sketched but painted pictures there: he began one for 'Lord E.,' 'but as the folk here talked that I would show them *not*, I finished a small three-feet-four to stop their gabbling.' Here is evidence that he did not let people see his works in an unfinished state; in which he was most wise. The preparations on a canvas may be intentionally just the opposite of the ultimate result; it is said that Cuyp's golden light was laid in with silvery grey, and that the finest flesh colour of a great Venetian was first prepared in green. The studio haunter comes and criticises; mentally, if not orally, he thinks, 'That sky is dreadfully cold in colour,' 'that flesh is ghastly:' the painter knows what he is thinking, and must either endure it in silent vexation, or else take the trouble to explain his processes, which seems as if he were apologising for what is really his own superiority of skill and knowledge. Turner had not the sort of temper either to bear with the criticism of Ignorance, or to excuse himself for offending it; so he bolted his door and worked in protected peace. He will throw a sop to Cerberus, a picture finished on purpose, and give the 'folk' 'a small three-feet-four to stop their gabbling.' By this he means a canvas measuring four feet by three, not such a very small size; and with these dimensions to guide us, we can fix upon the picture alluded to. It must have been the *View of Orvieto*, now in the National Gallery, which exactly measures four feet by three, and was exhibited at the Academy in 1830.*

We have a means of guessing the date of the painter's return to England. In the Academy Exhibition of 1829 there was a picture entitled *Messieurs les Voyageurs on their return from Italy (par la diligence) in a Snowdrift upon Mount Tarra, 22nd of January*, 1829. This was very probably a recollection of an incident witnessed by the artist at that place and time; the travellers are 'on their return from Italy,' and it is probable that Turner was amongst them.

All the results of this residence in Rome were not immediately visible; the impressions received there remained in Turner's memory, and afterwards ripened into two or three of his finest pictures. The more immediate results were the *View of Orvieto* and a composition entitled *Palestrina*, which was exhibited in 1830 with the following quotation from the painter's poem, the famous manuscript, 'Fallacies of Hope:'—

> 'Or from yon mural rock, high-crown'd Præneste,
> Where, misdeeming of his strength, the Carthaginian stood,
> And marked, with eagle eye, Rome as his victim.'

Whilst painting pictures of more or less importance, Turner continued his minor labours of illustration. From 1828 to 1837 he contributed drawings to the 'Keepsake,' and in 1829 he made drawings of Fonthill for the 'Anniversary.' That year was a great one in the history of his art, for he exhibited the splendid Polyphemus picture, and also the *Loretto Necklace*, which, without being one of the greatest of his works, deserves mention both for its beauty and for an unfortunate change of intention. The title is attached to a little figure-incident in the foreground, a necklace given by a peasant to a girl who is seated by his side, Loretto being visible in the middle distance, on a hill, and the sea in the remote distance. The striking peculiarity of the picture is a great tree, and Mr. Ruskin says of this: 'It has evidently been once a graceful stone pine, of which the spreading head is still traceable at the top of the heavy mass; the lower foliage has been added subsequently, to the entire destruction of the composition.'

The great picture, *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, is a work of higher aim and of more unquestionable achievement. It has been very freely criticised, and it belongs to a class of compositions which may easily be pulled to pieces by matter-of-fact people; but the

* Mr. Wornum described it as a brilliant landscape, with a town in the distance, and women washing at a fountain in the foreground; but he said it was painted in Rome in 1829. This appears to be a mistake, as the letter to Chantrey was written early in November, 1828, and it speaks of the picture as already finished.

impression which it makes as a whole is an impression of extraordinary splendour and power, and it is mere folly to weaken our own sense of its magnificence by a sceptical analysis of its materials, and of the sources from which the artist may possibly have derived them. The ships, it is said, are not such as the ancient Greeks ever used; to which it may be answered, that it does not signify in the least whether they are archæologically authentic or not. Any schoolboy, in these days, can ascertain in half an hour, from modern books of reference, the precise truth about some special matter of this kind, with an accuracy far surpassing that of either Shakespeare or Paul Veronese. It has been said that the properties in the picture remind one of the opera, which is rather a compliment than the reverse, for the last time I saw an ancient Greek ship come sailing on an opera stage in a ballet, it was as carefully archæological as a picture by Alma Tadema. The artifices of composition are obvious enough; the ships arranged to the right, so as not to interfere with the trail of sun reflection on the water; the advancing rocks, to bring the forms of the land down picturesquely to the sea; the mountainous shore, for the statuesque figure of Polyphemus to recline upon; the high deck of the ship's poop, as a pedestal for Ulysses to stand upon—all is artificial; all except the sky, which is a reminiscence of pure nature, and so magnificent that it would be hard to find its equal amongst the most glorious triumphs of art. And yet, in order that there might not be a too absolute dissonance between the naturalness of the sky and the artificial character of the other material in the picture, Turner has recalled human beliefs and the old Grecian time, even amongst the evanescent splendours of the clouds; for he who looks at that rising sun may dimly discern, through the mists of this world's atmosphere, the swift horses of Apollo as they begin eagerly their course in heaven. The confines, too, of earth and sky are purposely mingled in the morning mist; and the Cyclops himself is made so grandly vague by it, that we hardly know if he be an earthly giant on his island hill in the Ægean sea, or an angry god obscure in the clouds of Olympus.

We have to return now from the dreams of Turnerian art to the sad realities of an existence which did not escape from the usual sorrows of human life. Turner's father died in 1830, and in him the painter lost his nearest friend and the only relation with whom he kept up any intercourse. After this date, then, we are to think of Turner as a singularly isolated human creature, dependent upon a very few friendships for such society as he possessed, and having no home, if by 'home' we understand anything more than a material building of bricks, with the wooden furniture inside it. The loss to the painter must have been inexpressible, for he loved his father deeply in his own quiet, undemonstrative way. The old man had given up his barber's shop more than thirty years before, and had lived with his son ever since, finding many little occupations, and making himself useful in various ways, either by acting as keeper of his son's gallery in Queen Anne Street, or by stretching and preparing canvasses, or by looking after the bit of garden at Twickenham, and the frugal household affairs. It requires little stretch of imagination to realise the tranquil, affectionate life which father and son led together during all those long years, and the dreadful void which the old man's departure must have left in the daily existence of his son. No more to find him in the garden; no more to eat the simple meal with him; no more to have him there in an evening when the long day's work was over, to tell him of professional successes, of growing fortune, and extending fame; never again to be encouraged by his confidence, or rewarded by his fatherly joy and pride; and instead of all these solaces and consolations to find only vacancy, an empty, chair, a chilling solitude, was not that enough to pain a heart less tender than that of Turner, which, if it loved seldom, loved ever faithfully and well? Remember that the old man had always, from the first, done all he could to help his gifted child, and nothing whatever to hinder him; that instead of being alarmed by Heaven's great gift of genius, and hostile to it, as mediocrity so often is, he had welcomed it with joy and gladness, and watched it as a gardener might watch some marvellous, miraculous flower, and protected it against the hardships of the common world, and watered it with all necessary knowledge. It was he who had first said, 'William is to be a painter!' And before he was laid in his grave in St. Paul's, Covent Garden,

hard by the narrow street where he had followed his humble profession, his 'William' had painted the Ulysses!

The painter afterwards composed an inscription for his father's monument:—

In the vault
beneath and near this Place
are deposited the remains of
WILLIAM TURNER,
many years an inhabitant of this parish,
who died
September 21st, 1830.
To his memory and of his wife,
MARY ANN,
their son, J. M. W. Turner, R.A.,
has placed this tablet.
August, 1832.

Internal evidence, if all other were wanting, would prove this to be a Turnerian composition. The pleonasm in the second line, and the omission in the eighth, could have occurred to nobody but the author of the 'Fallacies of Hope,' in the arrangement of carefully-chosen words to be chiselled on enduring marble. It may, however, be suggested in Turner's defence, that it is possible to be beneath us without being near to us. New Zealand is beneath us, but not near; and what of the southern constellations?

It was in the year 1830 that Rogers' 'Italy' first appeared with Turner's illustrations, and his 'Poems' were published four years later, illustrated in the same manner. These editions were splendid examples of the degree of perfection then attained by Englishmen in the various arts which combine to produce the *livre de luxe*. They could not have been produced at the beginning of the century, and fine copies of them will ever remain a monument of English genius and taste in combination with various kinds of artistic and mechanical skill. Very ill-natured things have been said about Rogers for wishing to get down to posterity by Turner's assistance, and there are some clever epigrams on the subject; but it may be observed that in this instance there were two persons in one—a singularly intelligent lover of art and a maker of elegant verses, the lover of art being quite as much interested in the matter as the poet, or versifier, whichever we may decide to call him. It may be argued, further, that there is really more modesty than pride in permitting one's verses to become mere letterpress to accompany such an overwhelming artist as Turner. The result has certainly been to keep Mr. Rogers' poetry in existence, and to give it a sort of immortality; but it is an immortality which few would envy. The pride of a real poet is to think that his verses will endure by their own vitality, and we learn without surprise that Lamartine was vexed when his exquisite poem 'Le Lac' was set to music, although the music was exquisite too, and that a famous English poet of the present day unwillingly submitted to illustration in the supposed interest of his publishers.

Turner has seldom been so perfectly the poet as in the illustrations to Rogers. The vignette form may have aided him here, as it is more poetical in itself than the picture bounded by four hard straight lines with as many right angles at the corners, but the vignette cannot make a poet, though it may be convenient for one. It answers to some pretty lyrical form in literature, which charms us in the songs of a true singer and leaves us perfectly indifferent in the attempts of the incapable. Of all artists who ever lived I think it is Turner who treated the vignette most exquisitely, and if it were necessary to find some particular reason for this I should say that it may have been because there was nothing harsh or rigid in his genius, that forms and colours melted into each other tenderly in his dream-world, and that his sense of gradation was the most delicate ever possessed by man. If you examine a vignette by Turner round its edges, if you can call them edges, you will perceive how exquisitely the

objects come out of nothingness into being, and how cautiously, as a general rule, he will avoid anything like too much materialism in his treatment of them until he gets well towards the centre. There is some inequality in their beauty, they are not all of them equally exquisite; but even the least poetical are still very far removed from the prose of art, whilst it is simply impossible to find in them any careless neglect of those subtle artifices of arrangement which Turner understood better than any other landscape painter. Comparisons in art are usually profitless, but they may sometimes be instructive when the works to be compared are of the same class. I will not compare Turner's art in the composition of the vignette with that of Stothard, because Stothard was not a landscape painter, and he had not naturally the faculty which arranges things most happily in vignettes; it is enough to say that Stothard's contributions to the illustrated edition of Rogers, though often graceful and charming, look like patches on the page, and the patches are sometimes awkwardly shaped, whilst Turner's never seem to be shaped or put on the paper at all, but we feel as if a portion of the beautiful white surface had in some wonderful way begun to glow with the light of genius. We feel this quality in the Turnerian vignettes most strongly when we compare them with works of the same class, and nearly the same date, such as the vignettes to Burns by Mr. D. O. Hill, which were published in 1835. I am not so ungracious as to mention Mr. Hill only to sacrifice his reputation to the fame of a greater than he. His vignettes have often given me pleasure, for which I am not ungrateful. They are poetic in feeling, and he had many of the qualities of a landscape painter, such as a love of luxuriance in vegetation, a fine sense of distance, an enjoyment of light, and a proud affection for Scottish lowland scenery which made his heart sensitive to its rich beauty. His engravers were as skilful as those who worked from Turner, being in some cases the very same men; still the result is invariably heavier, and the talent of the one artist seems overburdened by mere matter, whereas the genius of the other uses material nature only for artistic and spiritual ends.

I have not space for any minute analysis of Turner's vignettes, but cannot leave them without saying a few words more. They may be divided into landscape subjects, marines, architecture, and supernatural inventions. The vignette of Derwentwater is one of the best of the pure landscapes. The sky, with great pale clouds and the sun in his splendour lighting their edges, is one of the most perfect of all Turner's skies for its delicate truth of pale tones. The treatment of the landscape material is arbitrary, of course; the islands are arranged at the artist's pleasure, the forms of the hills are entirely altered, a dark mass being enormously exaggerated to show what Rogers called 'the tumbling tide of dread Lodore;' but the vignette is an exquisite idealisation of a lake. The bits of Alpine scenery in 'Jaqueline' and 'The Alps at Daybreak' are especially admirable for their expression of that shadowy vastness which so strongly impresses us in the loftiest ranges. I have heard artists affirm that even a large picture can give no idea of a lofty mountain, yet the vignette of the Garonnelle, with the Alps of Piedmont in the distance, gives me such an idea quite perfectly, and it is only three inches high. This is due, not to truth of portraiture, which Turner always neglected, but to his knowledge of mountain structure and effect. Any one who knows the Alps can see at once that these really *are* Alps, twelve thousand feet high at least, though a Cumberland hill seen near would have its sky line quite as high on the paper. One of the finest of the marine subjects is Columbus discovering land, and here again we have clear evidence that a great scale is not necessary to the production of a great effect. The line of sea horizon is only about an inch and a quarter long in the engraving, yet from the effect chosen in water and sky it conveys an awful idea of the vastness of the deep. The figure in its simple grandeur, with the old ship for a pedestal, is one of Turner's rare successes in figure conception. There are two particularly successful instances of the treatment of architecture: one a building seen from outside, Greenwich Hospital; the other the interior of an imaginary Gothic chapel with banners and tombs. The Greenwich is another excellent instance of largeness expressed on a small scale. The vastness of the building is intentionally exaggerated, and it is made to

look prodigious. Who would believe that the twin towers, with the domes, are only an inch high on the paper? Their real measurement is rather less, being nine tenths of an inch exactly. Within that little space you have columns on columns, cornices, architraves, attics, dome, and lantern, all drawn with the most exquisite care, and there is a delicate play of light and shadow along the whole front of the building. A very grand bit of supernaturalism is that of the armed phantoms passing across the sky after sunset.

> 'Slowly along the evening sky they went,
> As on the edge of some vast battlement;
> Helmet and shield, and spear and gonfalon,
> Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun!'

The verses are impressive, but the drawing is much more impressive than the verses. The last rays of the afterglow are in the sky; the ships are motionless on the dark ocean; on the high poop of one of them stands a little human figure, and before him passes the strange procession of giant shapes, half mingled with low vapour, through which a solitary star shines dimly. The superiority of the drawing to the verses is due, I believe, to the greater resources of mystery which the painter had at his disposal. The sense of mystery *can* be conveyed in words, but not easily in a few lines.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY AMAND DURAND.

IV.—REMBRANDT. 'VIEW OF OMVAL.'

M. CHARLES BLANC is of opinion that this etching was not so deeply bitten as Rembrandt intended it to be, and it seems to him that the impressions are invariably weak. I cannot say that I think the plate would have been improved by deeper biting. The distance is certainly quite deep enough to keep its place—had it been blacker it would have come too near; so that M. Blanc's criticism is only applicable, if applicable at all, to the foreground. Now, if you examine the foreground shading carefully, you will soon perceive that the lines run near to each other, that the shading is close and done with rather a fine point, both on the trunk of the tree and on the ground itself, even to the corner at your left. This being so, I argue that the biting was as deep as Rembrandt thought prudent to carry it, for the simple reason that close shading will not stand a very deep biting without passing into the condition of a *crevé*, in which the etching-ground is eaten away between the lines which mingle together and entirely lose their brilliance in a blot. Again, if Rembrandt had cared to have the foreground more deeply bitten, he might have rebitten it in the same lines with very little trouble. If we consider the subject from another point of view, that of natural chiaroscuro, it will be plain to us that these foreground shadows are quite as black as they need be for an effect of daylight when there are reflections everywhere; but we are all only too familiar with the kind of criticism which confounds blackness with force, and condemns a performance on the ground of weakness unless its shadows are as black as printing-ink can make them.

The distance is perfectly simple and intelligible—a few houses, boats, windmills, and trees, indicated with a light and masterly hand, and not a line too many. The foreground is not quite so intelligible, at first sight. We see, of course, plainly enough that there is a man on the bank, and an old tree-trunk nearer to us; but there is also a sort of bower or hollow in the foliage to the left, and a figure in it, and what this figure is doing we cannot very easily make out. Here M. Charles Blanc's explanation may enlighten us. He says that there are two figures to the left, a girl, and a young man who is putting a wreath upon her

Heliogre et imp A.Durand Paris

head. In any case the wreath can hardly have been merited by the young Dutchwoman's beauty or grace, though lovers see with other eyes than ours. The only remark to be made about the lover himself is that he appears to have the gift of invisibility, which must be precious indeed to one engaged in amorous pursuits.

It appears that some contemptible being, whose name is unknown, got hold of the plate itself, at some date which we have no means of exactly ascertaining, and occupied his worthless time in engraving upon it, in the place of these figures, a child blowing soap-bubbles between a pot of flowers and another pot, out of which escapes a wreath of smoke, and above this figure he put the word *Leven* (Life) and the figure 2. The large white space of sky above the windmills afforded a delightful field for the talents of this artist, who engraved thereon a playing card, the eight of clubs, and a woman carrying water with the figure 5. A proof of this is in the British Museum, with the additional attraction of colour.

The reader will please observe, that the date of this piece is the same as that of the *Ephraim Bonus*, 1645, a good period in Rembrandt's work as an etcher. Mr. Seymour Haden, whose opinion has deservedly great weight because it is backed by first-rate executive ability, calls this plate 'the beautiful *Omval*, the most perfect of landscapes.' The etching has fine qualities, but this praise seems excessive, and inclines us to a reaction towards criticism. Much of the merit of the plate is due rather to the evasion of difficulty than to its conquest. The difficulty of etching clouds is avoided by leaving the sky a blank; the difficulty of water is got over by a few lines which, though they avoid giving offence, are still not at all remarkable as an interpretation of the phenomena of water surfaces; and the difficulty of putting the man on the bank in right relations of light and shade is avoided by shading nothing about him except the brim of his hat. The tree, trunk, and foliage are drawn skilfully and powerfully, but with a daring conventionalism, especially in the free use of straight lines, whilst the figures of the lovers constitute an unfortunate episode in a corner, distracting the attention without satisfying it. Nevertheless, the etching may be taken as a fine example of rapid manner in working from nature, and it is better, in many essential respects, than if it had been more complete. Even the scrawl of the tree to the left and in the foreground to the right is good scrawling, and judicious, because it gives the whole an appearance of lightness and ease. Rembrandt was one of the craftiest artists who ever lived with regard to the distribution of finish, which is extremely unequal in many of his finest plates, but always with an intentional and calculated inequality.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.*

I.—THE RISE IN ROME.

I FEEL it a privilege to enter once more on a subject dear to me while in Rome. Some sixty years ago a small company of German painters, of whom Cornelius and Overbeck were guiding spirits—dissatisfied with the state of art in their own country—betook themselves to Rome, and proclaimed as their mission a more excellent way. The movement may be briefly designated as Christian by religious inspiration, classic under a desire for the highest typical beauty, romantic in consequence of occasional erotic passion, and, above all, national in the love

* Among the authorities consulted are: 'Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne,' par Comte Raczynski; Die Künstler aller Zeiten und Völker,' von Professor Fr. Müller; 'Zeitung zur Bildende Kunst;' 'Ansichten über die Bildende Künste,' von einem Deutschen Künstler in Rom; 'DieDeutsche Kunst in unserem Jahrhundert,' von Dr. Hagen; 'Geschichte der Bildenden Künste im neunzehnten Jahrhundert,' von Anton Springer; 'Die Königliche Kunst-Akademie in Düsseldorf und die Düsseldorfer Künstler,' von R. Wiegmann; 'Blicke in das Düsseldorfer Kunst und Künstlerleben,' von Friederich von Uechtritz.

of country and in the faith that for the German peoples there remained in art a work and a destiny.

This movement had its antecedents and its sequel, so that the German manifestation, taken as a whole, may be divided into three distinctive periods. First, the Classic, identified with Raphael Mengs, who reached the city in 1741, and further signalised by the painter Carstens, who, in his Roman studio, executed works inspired by the antique. Thorwaldsen migrated to the Eternal City in 1798: he studied in the Capitol and the Vatican Museums, and his renowned figures of Mercury, Venus, and the Graces, proclaim the bent of his genius. The Italian Canova, with the great English sculptors, Flaxman, Wyatt, and Gibson, were infused by one spirit. Painters in Italy, and indeed throughout Europe, emulating the French David, trod in the same classic path. In literature the teaching lay in like lines. Winckelmann, in his History of Ancient Art, Lessing in his Laocoon, and Goethe by his Italian Tour, consolidated and intensified this classic revival by appeal to ancient history and to the master works of Greece and Rome. John Gibson, the last survivor of this compact party, I had the advantage of knowing pretty intimately; and the ruling maxim which he oft repeated was, 'The Greeks are always right.' This, of course, I do not think, neither do I propose to speak further of this first period, but shall at once pass to the second.

The second phase of German art commenced about 1810, with the arrival in Rome of Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, Schnorr, and others. The objection has been raised that these pioneers, as certain of our own 'Pre-Raphaelite Brethren,' sought to follow servilely in the footsteps of the early Italian masters; but the answer is, that this revival and reaction formed part of a wide-spread agitation, roused by such writers as Tieck, Novalis, and the brothers Schlegel, who awakened the memory of a native poetry, and led the love of the people back to mediævalism and romanticism. The ardour of the Germans was further fired by a natural hatred of the French, provoked to a high pitch of patriotism by the humiliating conquests of Napoleon. The French, from the time of the first republic, espoused an illicit classicism: this in itself was a reason why the Germans should fly wildly, yet not blindly, into the opposite direction. Cornelius and Overbeck—the one in Dusseldorf, the other in Vienna—rebelled against the classic and academic teachings to which they had been subjected; they broke into open revolt, and chose Rome for a resting-place, as high and neutral ground.

The third, and expressly naturalistic period, is supposed to have begun about the year 1830, and reaches down to the present day. It came as a reaction, and even as a revenge, on what had gone before. Cornelius and Overbeck had flown into the sky; hence the desire was felt for a return to a firm footing on mother earth.

The number of German artists resident in Rome has always been, and still is, considerable. Count Raczynski, writing in 1841, enumerates no less than seventy-seven painters and sculptors who had lived, or were still working, in Rome. Among these and those who followed in later years, the best known are Raphael Mengs, Carstens, Cornelius, Overbeck, Koch, Führich, Veit, Schnorr, William and Rudolph Schadow, Schirmer, Schinkel, Rauch, Wolff, Schwanthaler, Kaulbach, Hess, Piloty, Rahl, Steinle, Rudolph Lehmann, Kopf, Meyer, Müller of Coburg, Lindemann-Frommel, Riedel, Otto Brandt, Heilbuth, and many others. I need not say that these names are distributed, though unequally, between the three arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting—sister arts which, in the German revival, have ever been conjoined and co-operative; also that these artists collectively more or less represent the Classic, the Christian, and the Naturalistic phases of Teutonic schools. The time embraces more than a century, the area covers the whole of Central Europe, comprising vast populations, varied in religion, race, education, and modes of life.

German artists, whether of classic, mediæval, or naturalistic proclivities, have done well to choose Rome as a common ground. I speak from personal experience when I say there is no city in the world more favourable to artistic growth. Ardent minds can here withdraw from the busy world, and dwell in an ideal sphere peopled with pictures, marbles, and relics of the past;

they may, at choice, wander among ruins or mingle with a picturesque peasantry. Men given to æsthetic culture or delight here steal from the turmoil of the busy world, and gently glide along the secluded paths of life. Thus meditative and recipient were Overbeck and others of the sacred flock. Hawthorne, the American novelist, chose Italy as the site of a well-known romance, because he wanted to make his characters live in a land removed from broad, open daylight, and common place prosperity. In Italy, and especially in Rome, the mind's vision stretches across shadowy backgrounds and far-off distances clouded with mystery—an atmosphere which passes from the sphere of the known to the unknown. While as for foregrounds, the painter can plant his sketching-stool among crumbling ruins overgrown with lichen, ivy, and the maiden-hair. The historian Gibbon tells us that it was while he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, within sound of vespers sung by the barefooted friars in the church of Ara Cœli, that the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall of the Empire' first started to his mind. Goethe, on reaching the Eternal City, wrote: 'A true new birth dates from the day I entered Rome.' Thorwaldsen, following somewhat later, was accustomed to say, 'I was born on the 8th March, 1798; before that day I did not exist.' Bunsen, in his inaugural address on opening the German Archæological Institute close to the Capitol, chose for his theme the words of Goethe: 'Rome is the High-school of Europe.' And when Cornelius, in 1811, on approaching the city, saw from afar the cupola of St. Peter's, the dome seemed to him to proclaim faith triumphant: 'Upon this rock,' said he, 'I will build my school, and from this city will proclaim truths that shall bring to the art of my country deliverance.'

The pilgrim painters found a congenial abode in the cells of San Isidoro, a convent commonly spoken of as still suppressed. I have just returned from a visit to this most pleasantly placed dwelling of the Irish Grey Friars. It is said that this Fraternity deserve well of their countrymen, as they are dependant on charity and devote their lives to good works. It further appears that these picturesque monks were turned out of possession by Napoleon, and that then part, at least, of the tenement was let to the German Brotherhood at a rental. On the fall of the First Empire the convent once more reverted to the occupation of the Fraternity, by whom it is still held. Fortunately, Overbeck and his followers had found substantial adherents to their school, so that they hived off easily into new homes. The present Superior of the Order has politely shown me the refectory, also a large hall used for religious teaching, with other rooms, great and small, ranged around a cloister planted with orange-trees. These were the dwelling-places and studios of the exiles from Germany. Such a resting-place must have proved a congenial birthplace for nascent Christian art. These persistent students worked hard while it was day, and when evening dimmed the light within their painting-rooms they mounted to the belvedere at the house-top, protected by a roof which in heat served for a shade and in cold for a shelter. Wishing to realize a situation that was for Overbeck and others a daily resort, I have made it my pleasure to walk to and fro in this belvedere, specially at the hour of Ave Maria, when bells from many a campanile sound a chorus in the sunset sky. Around stretch the ilex groves of the Ludovisi Villa, with the blue Alban hills beyond; on the other side rise St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; the panorama sweeps round Monte Mario to the pine-clad Pincian, with the Villa Medici as a finis. It was among scenes and associations such as these that men, neglected and unknown, studied from morning till night, cheered by the hope of animating a dead art into life. On Sundays the work of the week was submitted to free criticism, and I have always found studio criticism more free in Rome than in any other city. But, unhappily, all this activity, though sound as training and serving to fill portfolios, brought no commissions. The German Pre-Raphaelites were declared to be by Niebuhr and Bunsen without worldly wisdom, and withal they were poor. Niebuhr writes from Rome on Christmas Eve, 1816: 'Cornelius has a wife and two children; he is very poor, because he labours for conscience and his own satisfaction, and purchasers for works of such high standard are not to be found.'

Niebuhr and Bunsen, then dwelling on the Capitol, fortunately espoused the good cause,

which might otherwise have expired. The Prussian Government, with prescience, ambitiously planted its Embassy and Archæological Institute in and about the Palazzo Caffarelli, an elevated position which commands the Tarpeian Rock, the Forum, and the Palace of the Cæsars. An illustration in the 'Life of Bunsen' pleasantly realizes the spot, which I now find encompassed by gardens and terraces clothed with stone-pines, palms, cypresses, and eucalyptus trees. Here it was during the evenings of the Roman winter, after the day's work was done, that Cornelius and his company met for social converse. The custom was to read books and talk of pictures. Niebuhr and Bunsen, like all true students down even to the present hour, shunned 'the devouring horde of tourists greedy for vagrant gossip.' For congenial companionship they gladly sought the German geniuses who had broken loose from conventional routine. Bunsen writes: 'The society of Cornelius and Overbeck gives an inspiring variety to the day's occupations, and one or other of these intellectual companions seldom fail to join our evening walks.' Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, whose Bible illustrations are seen almost wherever the Bible is read, lived under the same roof as Bunsen, and thus was engendered a life-long friendship. Niebuhr also writes: 'Among the present occupants of Rome our German artists alone have any worth; and in their society, as far as their sphere reaches, you may sometimes transport yourself for a few hours into a better world.' The creed of the confraternity was sufficiently pronounced: the works of Domenichino, Guercino, and others of the Decadence, were condemned; the profligate habits of the artists of the day, whether German or Italian, were eschewed; communion was opened with Francia, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and the saintly Angelico, and a religious life was sought as an access to a heaven-born art. To live out a doctrine was the way to know of the doctrine. Such faith has been earnestly and eloquently proclaimed by Rio, Montalembert, and Pugin. Yet it is but fair to admit that these circumscribed principles were pushed rather far, and enemies in the opposite camp nicknamed the new saints 'Nazarites' and 'Pre-Raphaelites.' It is further laid to their charge that they fell into small affectations, such as mediæval costume and the cultivation of long hair, divided over the forehead, and descending in disorder down to the shoulders. A more weighty matter is, that the fervour of these German novices passed into fanaticism. About the year 1814 Overbeck, and the two brothers Schadow, went over to the Roman Church; and in taking this step it was believed that their art as well as they passed through a baptism and obtained regeneration.

Niebuhr and Bunsen did all they could to avert Ultramontane proclivities. Post-haste the writings of Luther were called for from Berlin; but too late. Niebuhr expressly states that Cornelius was the only painter strong enough to make for himself a middle path between reason and faith, between classicism on the one hand and Romanism on the other. The Palazzo Cafarelli served as neutral ground, as may be judged from an anecdote related by Niebuhr as follows:—

> 'That Cornelius is a healthy-minded man I will give you a proof. The evening after Bunsen's child was baptized, we and several more were at his house, which overlooks the Palentine hill. As we were standing on the open loggia we saw Jupiter sparkling in the sky, as if he were looking down on his own Tarpeian rock. We were drinking healths. I said to Thorwaldsen, "Let us drink to old Jupiter!" "With my whole heart," he replied, in a voice full of emotion. Some were startled, but Cornelius touched our glasses and drank the health.'

Cornelius, among his earliest works in Rome, executed the Cartoons for the mythological compositions in the Glyptothek, Munich, and among the latest he made studies for the 'Christian Pictorial Cycle,' designed but never carried out for a projected Cathedral and Campo Santo in Berlin. One of the series, *The Four Riders of the Apocalypse*, serves as an illustration to this paper. To the same arduous labour belonged *The Advent of the Last Judgment*, the drawing for which when seen in Rome, on its way to Berlin, betrayed, as I heard John Gibson say, the enfeebled hand of old age. Cornelius died in Rome, in 1867, at the age of eighty-four, after the lapse of more than half a century since the year when he first entered the city.

These German painters, scanty in education but all athirst for knowledge, were at once

fortunate and unfortunate in their learned friends—Niebuhr, Bunsen, Frederich Schlegel, and others. Literary men are not always the safest guides for artists: they assume too much, they pretend that they alone can supply the soul, while the artist adds the body only: they lay stress upon the axiom, that 'a picture is an intermediate something between a thought and a thing,' and they honour 'thought' and disparage 'the thing.' They are 'subjective' at the expense of the 'objective:' they lay stress upon motive, the inner life, the creative act, and thus they fall into the error of those who exalt faith to the neglect of works. Hence, the faults to which the nascent school had been but too prone were confirmed: *technique* became

THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE. BY CORNELIUS.

subordinate to intention; colour, texture, light and shade, were held wholly subservient to form and expression. Thus an art primarily didactic disdained to please.

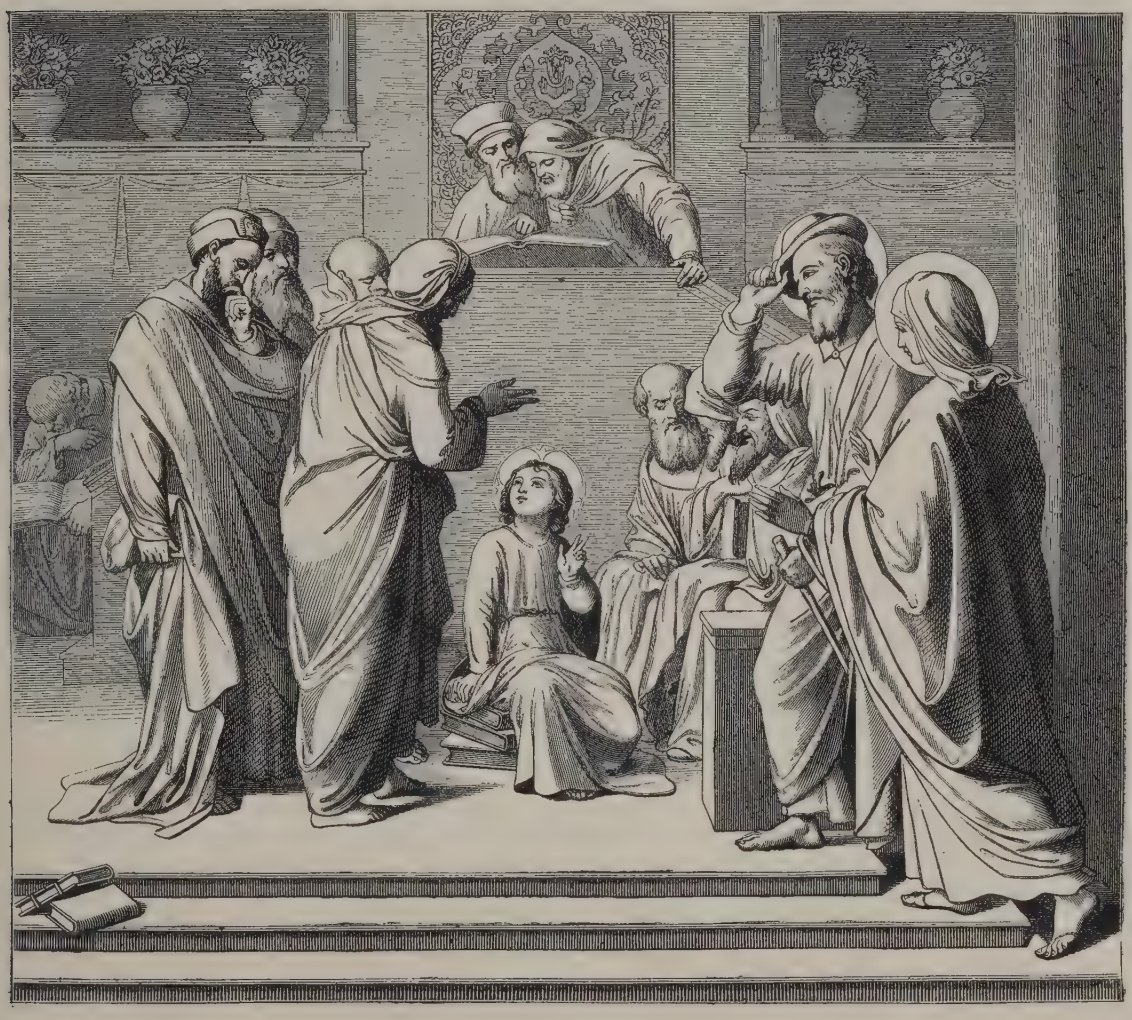
A rapid recital of the events that followed is all I can attempt in this introductory notice. A forlorn hope found its small fulfilment when the Prussian Consul Bartholdi, uncle by marriage of Mendelssohn, gave the commission to decorate with frescoes a chamber in the house of the Zuccheri on the Pincian Hill. The painters employed were Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, and Schadow; the subject selected was the story of Joseph and his Brethren, a theme happily placed between expiring naturalism and incipient spiritualism. The seven compositions which cover the entire walls of this small room, not more than twenty-four feet square, are well known by engravings. Once more I am impressed with the conviction of how thoroughly these Germans from the first mastered the underlying principles

of wall-painting as well as the difficult *technique* of fresco "*buono e puro.*' The pigments remain to this day sound. The room is pleasantly placed so as to command from its windows the dome of St. Peter's, Monte Mario, the Pincian hill, with the golden sunset sky. All that has been written for many years in praise of these frescoes I confirm. They may fairly be subjected to criticism, but, on the whole, I know of nothing better after their kind in modern times.

The example set by the Prussian Consul was quickly followed on the part of the Italians when the Marquis Massimo devoted his pleasantly-placed villa near the Lateran to experimental fresco-painting. The themes taken for illustration are from the pages of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso. Revisiting the villa after an interval of fifteen years I confess my disappointment; these three dozen or more frescoes are most unequal, partly because Overbeck from ill-health, and Cornelius from the necessity of making cartoons for the Glyptothek, were compelled to throw up their commissions. The work consequently fell into inferior hands, such as Führich and Koch. Very poetic, imaginative, and impressive, however, is a ceiling by Veit, resplendent with visions from 'Il Paradiso,' conceived in the pure and beauty-loving spirit of the early Italian painters; representing interviews, after the manner of Sante Conversazione, between Dante, Apostles, Saints, and Fathers of the Church. The action is laid mid-heaven, the light radiates from a central source of light, where the Madonna is enthroned, and Dante and his guide are kneeling at her feet. Overbeck also shows well; though always of feeble physique, he proves himself equal to a large and intricate composition about fifteen feet long by thirteen feet high: the chief action is the interview between Peter the Hermit and Godfrey de Bouillon. Here and there are touches of a naturalism which Overbeck surrendered in after years; it is here seen that he could draw accurately and tenderly from the living model before the days when, like Fra Angelico, he believed himself empowered to throw his innermost soul upon wall or canvas, without coming into contact with the outer world. The entrance-hall devoted to Ariosto displays the daring thought, the ready invention, the facility of composition, which belong to Schnorr. Of this painter it might be said that he possessed every power save that of making his art pleasant; but in apology may be pleaded the gross reparations to which these frescoes have been subjected. Yet wall-decorations often gain in their surroundings accidental and extraneous charms. This villa has the advantage of being planted among cypresses, bay-trees, ilexes, stone-pines, and palms; the Claudian aqueduct and the Alban hills are within sight, and the murmur of fountains steals upon the ear.

The other works which these 'Tedeschi' left in Rome may be soon enumerated. A side-chapel in the Church of Sta. Trinità on the Pincian, received from the hands of Veit the *Annunciation*, the *Immaculate Conception*, and the *Salutation;* and the same artist painted a lunette in the long gallery of the Vatican, commemorative of the triumph of Christianity over the ruins of the Coliseum. The style of the last is learned as it is lovely; the work specially impressed me by a quietism all the more striking when last I saw it, while thousands of the Italian people on the day of the funeral of King Victor Emmanuel moved tumultuously beneath the immobile composition. Also worthy of notice are certain other frescoes in La Trinità, by the pupils of Overbeck. Likewise to be held in memory are fourteen small water-colour compositions by Overbeck of the *Via Crucis*, hung in the Camera di Udienza of the Vatican. The reading of these themes, the thinking out of the ideas, lies far away from the beaten track; the style is learned and recondite; the drawing and the lines of composition are thoroughly studied. The chief fault may be that the sentiment degenerates into spiritual spasm, and that the handling betrays physical infirmity. But it is well to remember that Overbeck's aim was to gain deep religious expression through form, and that the laying on of colour came but as a means to that end. In some of the figures before me, however, mental states might seem to have induced abnormal bodily conditions, which threaten the last gasp of physical life. Overbeck died in Rome in 1869, at the age of eighty, having dwelt in that city for nearly sixty years. His art is described by his German biographers as distinguished by truth and subtlety of drawing, beauty of form, and, above all, by mysticism and symbolism. Among the many privileges of a life, in which art has been dear to me, there are

none greater than the knowledge I was permitted to have here in Rome of this divine artist and his works. It was my custom, as far back as 1848, to visit his studio when it was open on Sundays in the Cenci Palace. I shall never forget the aspect of Overbeck, as he was accustomed to glide gently into his painting-room, with drooping head and frame emaciated, and when last I saw him life was already in the clutch of death. The works on the easel comprised large designs in charcoal and an oil picture painted for Pius IX.: to the former class belongs *Christ among the Doctors*, chosen as an illustration to this introductory paper. Overbeck passed as a



CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS. BY OVERBECK.

shadow by, the emblem of an art which belonged to two worlds, and with a voice faint as if it issued from the tomb, he spoke in a whisper to his visitors, and gave explanations of the works which embodied his very soul.

Rome has known at least three generations of German artists, and the third period, still paramount, is pronounced by a realism and a naturalism which Germany but shares with the rest of the world. King Ludwig, when Crown Prince, and afterwards as King, made himself pleasantly at home among the artists of the Fatherland; a fête was given to the Prince, and it is recorded that 'the admired of the evening was the future wife of Overbeck, a young Viennese,

beautiful and engaging.' The recurrent fêtes of the German artists have, with the change from idealism to realism, assumed a more naturalistic phase. I well remember a few years ago, on a lovely spring day in the Campagna, one of these picturesque festivals: the costumes were in character; I drove to the place of meeting in company with one painter who was dressed as an Italian knight, and with another disguised as an English miller, well floured. The President, Carl Haag, wore an imperial mantle, and the American sculptress, Miss Hosmer, made a reputation by her spirited horsemanship. On successive visits to Rome I have always found the Germans in sufficient force to assume a distinctive nationality, united by kindred motives and animated by a common *esprit de corps*. The Caffe Greco has been their resort—a place renowned for coffee, tobacco, noise, and dirt. I have turned in at early morning, and found a sprinkling of artists breakfasting betimes, by candle-light. The Germans enter as a boisterous crew, accompanied occasionally by a rough dog: they are bearded, sturdy fellows, of physique and countenance in complete contrast with the ascetic super-sensuous figure and head of Overbeck. Towards noon comes a second gathering, and again in the evening flocks in a more general assembly, blatant in the strife of tongues and the clatter of cups; then the German guttural and the American brogue break into a republic of discord, glorying in the biggest of words and the thickest of smoke. German artists in Rome are gregarious, and somewhat Bohemian; they congregate promiscuously, they talk freely of what they are painting, without fear of plagiarism; they arrange sketching excursions to Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano, and under the prevailing spirit of the time are content with costume and cattle, a ruin, and a distant hill. They meet as hail fellows well met; they are kindly in heart, in the hour of weal they show themselves joyous, in woe they lend to a brother a helping hand.

The number of German artists resident in Rome within comparatively recent days far exceeds limits of enumeration. It will readily be believed that there is scarcely a painter or sculptor of note who has not made the City of the Seven Hills a place for pilgrimage or a resting-place for study. Steinle came here, and followed in the footsteps of Overbeck; Oswald Achenbach, of the opposite school of naturalism, is known by pictures taken from within and without the city. It may be remembered, also, that 'Piloty the Realist' matured studies on the Palentine for his grand composition, *Nero walking among the Ruins of Rome*—a work which, in the London International Exhibition of 1862, stood as the most worthy representative of German art in its present phase of historic realism. And within my own observation of the transitional stage appeared a highly popular picture by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, taken from Lamartine. I also recall, in the studio of Reidel, romantic scenes of nymphs bathing under a supernatural glow of light and colour. To still more recent days belongs Herr Heilbuth, born in Hamburg. A residence in Rome has favourably identified his talents with cardinals and other dignitaries of the Romish Church, placed picturesquely on the Pincian, at St. John Lateran, or in the Borghese Gardens. I owe it to the courtesy of Mr. Frederick Lehmann that the present paper is illustrated by a characteristic composition which a walk among the trees and terraces of the Borghese Villa proves to be most true to the spot. This brief notice of the rise of the Modern German School may fitly close with the words of Frederick Schlegel: 'Believe not that the glory of Art is passed away: the hope is not vain that there is a rekindling of former fires: hold above all the faith that Art, like Nature, renews her life.'

Rome: March 1878. J. Beavington Atkinson.

IN THE VILLA BORGHESE

MARIANINA.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

IV.—Luke Fildes.

'Marianina.'

ETCHED BY L. RICHETON.

MR. FILDES is not one of those artists whose talents have to wait for recognition; who go on year after year producing good work—work which is enjoyed, and to a certain extent appreciated—while their names remain almost unknown.* There has been from the first, in everything that Mr. Fildes has done, that force which arrests attention and impels one to ask the artist's name.

Mr. Fildes began his studies at the South Kensington Schools, which at that time were, at least as regards figure-drawing, little more than a preparatory school for the Academy; and thither in due course Mr. Fildes proceeded. He then began to make drawings on wood, and illustrated several stories which appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' the 'Graphic,' and 'Once a Week.' He was also selected as the illustrator of the last novels of Charles Lever and Charles Dickens. In the meantime he studied painting, and in 1872 his first picture in oil was exhibited at the Academy, under the title of *Fair Quiet and Sweet Rest.* In 1873 appeared *The Simpletons*, and in 1874 a picture which can never be forgotten by any one who saw it, the *Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward.* This work attracted universal attention, both from the singularity of the subject and the power with which it was treated. In the astonishing reality and individuality of the figures it resembled one of those haunting scenes of miserable life which Dickens knew how to produce, and it proved with what discrimination the painter had been chosen to illustrate the famous novelist's last work. In 1875 Mr. Fildes exhibited a very different picture,—the bright, pleasant half-length of a milkmaid, called *Betty* in the Academy Catalogue, but made widely popular by a chromo-lithograph which appeared in the 'Graphic,' with the old rhyme beneath:—

'"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.'

In 1876 Mr. Fildes contributed to the exhibition of the Royal Academy another work of painful interest, the powerful picture of *The Widower;* and this again was followed in 1877 by the laughing girl and dog, to which he gave the title of *The Playmates.*

The charming figure of an Italian girl, which Mr. Fildes has kindly allowed M. Richeton to etch for us, was painted during a recent visit to Venice, and appeared at the Dudley Gallery last autumn.

* The career of the late Mr. Raven was a regrettable instance of this. In the admirable collection of his landscapes recently exhibited at the Burlington Club, many persons to whom the artist's name was quite unfamiliar immediately recognised works which they had seen and admired on the walls of the Academy years before.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 56.)

IN 1830 Turner exhibited nothing but *Pilate washing his hands before the multitude*, which was one of the painter's failures, as the reader may well imagine from the subject. It is in the national collection, and the canvas measures nearly four feet by three.

In the same year the painter revisited Scotland, being commissioned by Mr. Cadell, the publisher, to make twenty-four drawings in illustration of Scott's Poetical Works. Amongst these are two or three celebrated ones. The *Loch Corriskin, Skye*, is a scene of extraordinary desolation, which Turner felt profoundly, notwithstanding his love for the richer beauty of the south. He drew the precipices and the gloomy lake with great fidelity to the character of the place, which had deeply impressed him. Turner is reported to have said that he nearly lost his life at Loch Corriskin by slipping down a precipice, but saved himself by grasping two tufts of grass; a proof that Scott had used a poet's license in the well-known verses in 'The Lord of the Isles:'—

'On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe;
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor ought of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.'

The *Melrose* is a beautiful piece of lowland river scenery, the broad Tweed flowing through the plain, the Eildon hills in the distance. The river is treated with excellent taste, the character of its shore line being at the same time graceful and very carefully studied; the hills are drawn with the greatest delicacy, and retain their true hill character, not being turned into mountains. This is the scene that Scott loved better than any other scene on earth; these are the hills and this the river which agitated him with profound emotion when he came back a shattered creature, insensible to the charms of every land but this, from that weary voyage to Italy.

The foreground in the *Melrose* is one of the most unfortunate in Turner's compositions. A cart and two horses are set just upon the lower boundary line of the drawing to tell against the space of shining river, and throw it well back, and keep it down in the plain; but the cart is much too conspicuous in itself, and too ugly, and it composes with nothing whatever. The little picnic party to the right is not so objectionable. It is highly probable that these figures of gentlemen taking their ease, with bottle, provision-basket, and newspaper, may have been suggested by the party from Abbotsford, for Lockhart tells us that during Turner's visit at the house, Sir Walter and his friends accompanied him on excursions in the neighbourhood, in quest of subjects for his pencil.

'On several such occasions,' says Lockhart, 'I was of the party, and one day deserves especially to be remembered. Sir Walter took Turner that morning, with his friend Skene and myself, to Smailholm Crags; and it was while lounging about them, while the painter did his sketch, that he told Mr. Skene legends of the place.

'He then carried us to Dryburgh, but excused himself from attending Mr. Turner into the enclosure. Mr. Skene and I perceived that it would be better for us to leave him alone, and we both accompanied Turner.'

This desire on Scott's part for a moment of solitude at Dryburgh reminds us that in 1830 he was a saddened man; that she whom he called 'My Charlotte, my thirty years' companion,' was already lying in the family grave under the ruin; that for four years he had maintained a gigantic effort to pay his debts, and that little strength remained to support him under a mountain of afflictions. He could be submissively courageous even yet, but the end of his

labour was at hand, and it is likely that whilst Turner was sketching Dryburgh the Last Minstrel was looking forward to his long rest in that place which so many of us have since visited for his sake.

Amongst other drawings made during this excursion was one of Abbotsford, and I well remember both the intensely romantic feelings which the engraving from it used to awaken in me long ago, and the extreme disappointment produced in me, as in many others, by the building itself—a disappointment partly due to the exaggerated descriptions of Sir Walter's home as a romance or poem in stone and mortar, but due also in great measure to Turner's exalting and ennobling imagination. In his drawing Scott's country-house became a fairy castle of vast size in a beautiful domain on the side of a noble stream; in reality Abbotsford is only a fantastic residence, imposing neither by its size nor by its architecture, whilst the Tweed near the house would be but a very ordinary stream if it had not been consecrated for us by the affection of an immortal genius.

Besides the twenty-four drawings to illustrate Scott's poems, Turner undertook, for the same Edinburgh publisher (Mr. Cadell), a series of illustrations of his prose works. The main distinction between the two undertakings is that the poems kept the artist entirely to local subjects in the northern parts of our own island, from Staffa and Loch Corriskin for 'The Lord of the Isles,' to the Junction of the Greta and Tees in illustration of 'Rokeby;' whereas, on the other hand, the range of the prose works was much wider, and here Turner could have recourse to his own accumulations of British and Continental studies, and even materials supplied by others. A good many of his French studies came in conveniently, and after making four illustrations of Jerusalem for Finden's Bible, it was not difficult to make a fifth for a new purpose. There were forty illustrations to the prose works, in all, and of these twenty-three are foreign and only fourteen Scottish.*

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

V.—ALBERT DÜRER. 'THE HOLY FAMILY.'

THE five or six etchings of Albert Dürer are amongst the very earliest productions in the history of the art, so that for a long time he was considered the inventor of etching; but it is now known that the art was practised in the fifteenth century, at a time when Dürer had not attempted it. The plate before us is described by Mrs. Heaton as a dry-point, and by Mr. W. B. Scott as a plate 'done principally with the dry-point.' Now a real dry-point is not strictly an etching at all, because there is no corrosion; but there is a tacit agreement amongst writers on art to class all free dry-points with etchings rather than with engravings, because there is a closer analogy between the manual work of the needle and the dry-point (really the same instrument differently sharpened) than there is between the dry-point, which is held as we hold a pen, and the engraver's burin, which is pushed with the palm of the hand. Now, with

* There has been some confusion of dates about Turner's visits to Scotland. A lady in Jersey, whose name is not given, said in a letter, dated Sept. 23, 1831, 'Mr. Turner is returned from Scotland, where the weather has been very boisterous, and his health not improved by the excursion.' Probably, in consequence of this letter, Mr. Thornbury says, 'In the autumn of 1831 Turner was employed by Mr. Cadell to make a collection of twenty-four sketches for a new edition of Scott's poems, the publisher to retain the drawings.' On the other hand, Lockhart fixes Turner's visits to the scenes of Scott's poetry, in company with Scott himself, as having occurred in 1830, which is evidently the correct date, as Sir Walter quitted Scotland for Italy in the autumn of 1831, and had been unwell from the beginning of the year. It is possible, but I have at present no evidence on the point beyond the anonymous Jersey lady, and her evidence comes to us at secondhand through Mr. Thornbury, that Turner may have visited Scotland again in 1831.

regard to the plate before us, it seems that there are both etched lines in it and dry-point lines, but that the etching-needle has been used as we use a dry-point; or, in other words, that it did not glide freely over the metal, but cut into its surface more or less. The plate is harmonious, it holds well together, its chiaroscuro is broader and pleasanter than Dürer's chiaroscuro generally is; but the manual work is not nearly so masterly as Dürer's work with the burin. The whole produces much more the impression of an interesting and partially-successful experiment in an unfamiliar art than the impression of trained and disciplined power. The work on the neck of the Virgin is in a high degree unfortunate; her face, though better, is not wholly successful. And what are we to say about the eyes of St. Elizabeth? I have said that the chiaroscuro was broad, and harmonious: so it is, taken as a whole; but there are some ugly black patches here and there, which are excessive or out of place, such as the black patch under St. Elizabeth's hood, which only makes her face and that of the Virgin look weaker than they need have done. The manner of shading throughout is primitive in the extreme, and so is the arrangement of material; for example, in the two tufts of grass—one on each side the group of figures—and in the singular, modern-looking hat of the man in the background, which so oddly crowns the composition. The reader will, in all probability, have rarely met with any sketching by Dürer, for he generally drew carefully, and hardly ever sketched; but here are a few lines of real, though slight, sketching in the background. No one expects a German Virgin to have the grace and charm of Italian Madonnas; but we always expect the Virgin to look young, and here she looks worn and old. Joseph, too, the man with the bald head and great, venerable white beard, looks older than he ought to do: but it would be a fine head for a prophet; and, indeed, the face of the Virgin herself has a sort of austere and ascetic beauty which would become a saintly woman who had been chastened by long saddening experiences. The child is perhaps the most successful figure in the whole group; it is very baby-like, and yet at the same time has a look of wisdom and authority. The drawing of the child is admirable in its unpretending simplicity and ease. On the whole, it will be understood that this plate is presented rather as an interesting example of early attempts in the art than as a brilliantly successful performance. It is very honest in method; but the really brilliant work of Dürer was done with the burin. That was *his* instrument, just as the etching-needle was Rembrandt's instrument.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

II.—MUNICH.

THE first scene of the German Revival, as shown in the preceding paper, was laid in Rome; the second soon followed in Munich. It has been said that the fire kindled in Italy speedily burst into flames north of the Alps, and, spreading from capital to capital, environed at length the whole of Central Europe. It has also been observed, as the sequel will show, that the artists—such as Cornelius, Veit, Overbeck, and Schnorr—who as pilgrims and pioneers suffered hardship in Rome, had, almost without a single exception, the privilege and the well-earned reward of returning from time to time homewards, and of executing great and enduring works in the land of their birth.

That Munich became the earliest recipient of the new-born art was due to King Ludwig—a prince who, though laughed at as a poetaster and a dilettante, possessed beyond doubt a true foresight as to the provisions needed for a national revival. Under the French Empire, Bavaria having fallen under the galling yoke of Napoleon, young Ludwig had become disgusted with politics and betook himself to the arts; and his purpose was to unite painting, architecture, and sculpture, in conjoint action, so as to embody through public monuments the aspirations and the noble deeds of the Germanic people. When Crown Prince of Bavaria he took frequent excursions

Heliog.ie et imp. A. Durand, Paris

into Italy, made himself pleasantly at home among the artists, and formed preliminary alliances which bore abundant fruits in after years. The young prince was not free from foibles, and it soon became evident that he could not get on well with such men as Bunsen the pietist, the patriotic politician, and the speculative philosopher. The heir-apparent, however, showed a certain shrewd political prescience, as when, at a jovial gathering of artists, he proposed as a toast that 'All who speak German must become German;' and such a distinctive nationality he desired for art. He also, as far back as 1818, held the conviction that the German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine would some day be recovered; and he went so far as to say that the business could only be settled at the gates of Paris. Thus, again, it is seen how awakened patriotism rekindled a national art. The Prince, when in Rome, penned an address declaring the mission of sovereigns to be to foster great artists whose works would survive the fall of dynasties. In gratitude, a fête on a grand scale was got up: the walls of a villa were gaily decorated with allegories and with figures of poets, painters, sculptors, and architects. The rejoicings included music, dancing, and feasting, and it is recorded in the memoir of the grave and decorous Bunsen, that 'none who witnessed this fête will ever have beheld again such an amount of poetic and artistic talent brought together to decorate and dignify a moment.' The guests wore mediæval German costume: the whole conception was chiefly due to the ready resource of Cornelius, for whose widely-comprehensive genius nothing, on the authority of Madame Bunsen, was too great or too small! At length, about two o'clock in the morning, the Prince shook hands with each person present, and at once left Rome for Munich, there to meet once more the artists who at his bidding were to decorate his capital.

The Munich school, under the sway of Cornelius and his followers, became severe, elevated, and grave; it was distinguished by immense fecundity, and largeness of scale was deemed essential to grandeur. It has been said that the works executed were in spirit religious, chivalrous, and romantic, that they were sustained by an idea, and took an epic or lyric form.

Munich has this distinction, that she is the only city within living memory that has exemplified a theoretic and systematic development of the three sister arts in their mutual relations. The revival came as the renewal of life; pride and patriotism, as before seen, aroused a passion for whatever was national in art and in literature, and thus the manifestation did but obey a universal law, it responded to a widely-spread and deeply-seated popular feeling. And this impulse, as already said, assumed in the philosophic German mind a systematic form; and specially in Munich, for better and for worse, the arts were evolved in logical sequence. Architecture, as the parent art, naturally led the way, and then followed in order due sculpture and painting. At the present moment a fourth sister, 'the music of the future,' rises in consistent sequence and somewhat as a theoretic necessity. The notion is that, as a starting-point, there must be a grand idea, a noble conception, taken perchance from the ever-recurring poem of the 'Niebelungen Lied.' First comes the necessity of a poet, then the need of a creative and responsive musician, afterwards the requirement of an architect to rear the local habitation, and, lastly, the aid of a monumental sculptor and decorative painter, who may serve to adorn and realise the dramatic situation. And thus once again is exemplified, *à outrance*, the doctrine that no one art ought to stand in isolation. It need scarcely be added that these fundamental principles, true in the abstract, find confirmation in the practice of the great schools in classic, mediæval, and renaissant times.

Munich, I think it must be admitted, scarcely offered the most fortunate conditions for the manifestation of this idea. It is true that, so far as she was a chief centre among Teutonic peoples, she might give local colouring and expression to what may fairly claim to be national aspirations. In geographic position she had the distinction, exceptional though not wholly felicitous, of being the highest capital in Europe, with perhaps the single exception of Madrid. She was planted, like the capital of Spain, on a bare and bald plateau, so intolerably cold in winter and hot in summer that statues and pictures in the nude, or in *demi-toilette*, found themselves uncomfortable and out of place. It may be urged that Albert Dürer, Holbein, Martin Schön,

and many others, made designs and painted pictures while snow and ice were lying in the streets, and I was able to realise like atmospheric conditions, not very stimulating it must be admitted to the 'Blüthezeit,' either of the 15th or of the 19th century, when I traversed the ice-bound roads which lead from the railway station to the Bayerische Hof, in an omnibus that had surrendered its wheels for a sledge. Also in a sledge and a fur coat I made the circuit of the walls of the city of Albert Dürer. There seems in the nature of things a correspondence between climate and art: for instance, the festive arts of Italy flourish fittingly in a land of the olive and the vine, of sunshine and of song. But north of the Alps I have never found open porticoes and colonnades, basilicas and Byzantine churches fresco-painted, quite at home in proximity with dark pine forests, and in the midst of snow-clad squares and streets. Some have supposed that the beautiful lies in the inherent fitness of things, and I confess that I always feel a natural harmony between the mellifluous sounds of the Italian tongue and its beauty-loving art; while, on the other hand, I find the correspondence between the harsh guttural of the German speech not in the classic columns, the porticoes, and the triumphal arches of Munich or of Berlin, but in the narrow, shady streets of Nuremberg and Augsburg. It may be said that the language of towns in Northern Europe is shadow, while in the south it is sunshine.

It has been truly observed that Munich the school, extending over only sixty years, is little more than the history of the Munich Academy That Academy has been exceptionally fortunate in the brief space of three generations to have been guided and governed by three master minds. First came Cornelius, appointed Director in 1824. Four capitals—Düsseldorf, Rome, Munich, and Berlin—have successively fallen subject to his sway; but Munich alone gives the full measure of his gigantic, yet sometimes grotesque genius. His works in the Bavarian capital, such as the classic creations in the Glyptothek and the Christian compositions in the Ludwigskirche, all bear the impress of his power; yet prolific as the productions of Giotto, Raphael, the Carracci, and others, they are far too numerous and large to have come from any unaided hand. Like the great Italian painters, Cornelius formed a school in the older sense of the word: he gathered around him pupils whose great privilege it was to aid the master in making Munich one of the wonders of the modern world. In common with other men of indomitable will, he is known to have held young minds for their good under his powerful grasp: his scholars, who followed wherever he led, were inspired by his thought and impelled by his enthusiasm. Mr. Cave Thomas, who numbered in the favoured rank of his pupils, gives an interesting account of experiences in Munich to the following effect. It would appear that Cornelius, contrary to the received opinion of him, inculcated a close and rigorous study of nature; not, however, in the way of the constant copying from the life, but more in an inquiring and scientific study. The advice given was, 'Study Nature in order that you may become acquainted with her essential forms.' Mr. Cave Thomas, describing the personal appearance of his master, says the impression conveyed was that of a man energetic and resolute. Cornelius 'was below the middle height and squarely built: there was evidence of power about his broad and overhanging brow, and in his eagle eyes and firmly-gripped attenuated lips, which no one with the least discrimination could misinterpret; and yet there was a sense of humour and a geniality which drew men towards him, and to those young artists who sought his teaching and his criticism he always exhibited a calm patience.'

Professor Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld—an artist bearing a name which oft recurs in the biographical pages of Germany—belonged to the same generation as Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit. He painted much—rather in a romantic way—for King Ludwig in the royal palace, yet he became more widely esteemed by his Bible Illustrations. Schnorr, unlike several of his associates, was little of a bigot: his sacred compositions take a broad and unsectarian view of Christianity, and his friend Bunsen writes, on the morning of Whit Sunday, 'You have in spirit made me so cheering a visit with a new series of Bible Illustrations that I cannot celebrate the Festival of the Spirit without a thankful greeting to you. The Spirit maintains youth and animation in you.' I recognise 'a faithful adherence to, and

an intelligent carrying out of, a high and fruitful life-task.' Schnorr left Rome in 1825 for Munich.

An illustration to this paper comes from the pencil of A. Feuerbach, an artist who dwelt and worked in Munich under romantic and imaginative influences. He is accredited by the biographers of his country with an ideal conception, a dignity of form, and purity of style, akin to the Greeks and to the Italian masters of the Renaissance. The *Iphigenia* here published gives a fair example of the artist's manner.

That a man as strong and self-asserting as Cornelius should provoke antagonism is

IPHIGENIA. BY FEUERBACH.

nothing more than might be expected: accordingly an opposite party long existed. However, it could scarcely be said that there occurred any break in continuity when Kaulbach, the pupil of Cornelius, was, in the year 1865, promoted from the office of Professor to the dignity of Director of the Academy. High art still remained in supremacy, and the coming change to realism and *genre*, though silently working its way, had not made itself potent in palace or picture-gallery. I shall have occasion to speak again of Director Kaulbach, who by turns passed from styles classic and Christian to manners romantic and *genre*. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure, while now reviving experiences in Munich, of describing a visit which I paid to the artist's studio. My first call proved inopportune: a model, probably more or less

nude, was sitting, and Kaulbach, with palette in hand and cigarette in mouth, half opened the door cautiously, and, with genial smile and twinkling eye, postponed the visit for an hour. I found in an hour's time a studio spacious and lofty; it was hung with a miscellany of pictorial properties befitting a broad acreage of history as well as the bye-ways of *genre* painting. A large cartoon, which was being rapidly peopled from the painter's prolific pencil, he expounded in its aim and its *dramatis personæ*. Illustrations in monochrome on an easel, awaiting a few finishing touches, betrayed the voluptuousness into which the master's last manner degenerated. Kaulbach I found crowded with commissions as usual, the works were executed under pressure, and strewn in disorder on the floor lay rolls of pictures, fragments of first thoughts, painting materials, plaster casts, books—proofs of restless imaginings and fugitive study. The painter stood as the personal embodiment of his art: he talked as he designed, with voluble enthusiasm, and the utterances became now and again pungent with caustic words. The man, like his art, was many-sided—he passed rapidly from grave to gay, from the grand to the grotesque. He moved to and fro in his spacious studio constantly, as if creative ideas struggling for exit from an excited brain allowed rest not even to the body. Perhaps for relief from nervous tension, one hand played with a brush, while the other toyed with a cigarette; the latter went out at least half a dozen times under gusty and peripatetic discourse. He calmed down under praise, to which he was evidently responsive, though in his time he must have had almost too much of it; and then, with some modesty, he would dwell with excusable complacency on the aim he had held before him, and at the same time he expressed regret as to the change towards naturalism in the Munich school, which placed him in comparative isolation. When I then saw Kaulbach he was touched with age, his head was weather-beaten, his intelligent face furrowed, his scanty hair as thinned by time gave prominence to his well-developed forehead; yet his keen eye rekindled with its former fire and a genial smile played among his mobile features, especially when he happened to speak of friends and pupils whom he held dear. Kaulbach, while yet he had good work in him, died in Munich of the cholera in 1874, at the age of sixty-nine.

On the death of Kaulbach the Munich school entered on its third and present phase, when Carl Piloty became Director of the Academy. The new chief had issued from the schools of Cornelius and of Kaulbach; here again, fortunately, was no break in continuity. Piloty followed for the most part in the footsteps of his precursors; the guiding principles had been already firmly established; the students had been trained to accuracy and severity of drawing; antique sculpture had been rightly used as a means to a certain ideal rendering of nature. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the teaching had tended to the exaltation of the conception, or the idea, at the expense of manipulation and of colour. Director Piloty, while in no way reversing the somewhat ultra-academic training, made his own personality and opinions felt. He told his students plainly that it was not enough to have a fine conception, and that even the power of drawing should be used as a means to an end. The charge had not unfairly been made that Cornelius and Kaulbach did not paint pictures, but merely gave colour to bas-reliefs. Piloty led on to the present phase. While he did not dissever painting from the parent arts of architecture and sculpture, he restored its specific character: he made it something more than a bas-relief or an abstract idealism; he gave to it a concrete realism, not a shadow but a substance; he added to its surface texture, so that a stone wall or a sandy foreground might not only be seen by the eye but felt by the finger. Hence Piloty has been designated 'the Realist,' but he was something more; realism was for him but the appointed means of expressing inward thought. Colour, in like manner, was made subordinate to higher aims. I remember to have met Piloty in Venice. The interchange in commerce and the intercourse in art between that city and the German territory, of which Nuremberg and Munich are the capitals, dates back more than three centuries. Albert Dürer, in his letters to his friend Pirkheimer in

Carlo Piloty, pinx. Fr. L. Meyer, sc.

GALILEO

Nuremberg, speaks in warmest admiration of the Bellini, and other masters in Venice, and such pictures as the *Feast of the Rose Garden* respond to the warm colouring in which the 'Queen of the Adriatic' has been traditionally clothed. It was suggestive of speculation here to see Piloty, the head of the German school of the 19th century, as Dürer, on the same spot, had been representative of the school of the 16th century. The Director of the Munich Academy had around him some half-dozen pupils, who, after the good manner of the olden times, followed in their master's footsteps. The later pictures of Piloty, such as *The Triumph of Germanicus*, which made no small sensation in the International Exhibition of Vienna, specially show the spell of passionate painters like Titian and Veronese. Yet German genius, cold, calculating, and above all 'philosophic,' makes surrender even to passion with caution and discretion. Hence Piloty has never, in his most ardent moments, transgressed the boundaries of moderation. His colours are arranged on the strict principle of equations and equivalents; they obey the nicest laws of the scientific intellect, accordingly they do not come seething as from a cauldron fired by Titian or Rubens.

The practice and teaching of the present Director of the Munich Academy may be summed up briefly as follows:—First, the choice of a subject noble in thought; second, the theme selected to be suited to pictorial treatment. This canon strikes at a common error, that what is good in poetry must be equally good in painting, whereas the two sister arts come into the world under different conditions. Lastly, the theme having been suitably selected, it remains for the artist, by means of form, by effect of light and shade, and by all possible power of *technique* and *éclat* of colour, to exalt its import to the uttermost. It may be added that Piloty's colour is, after the manner of the Germans, sobered down by tertiaries, and that his handling, though usually energetic and occasionally breaking into bravura, follows close upon the thought. Numerous have been the recipes—that, for example, of the Carracci—for the making of pictures. Of these, some have become obsolete. It strikes me that Piloty has met the needs of the times. As distinguished from Overbeck, he does not go backwards but forwards. It is said of Nature, that, while working according to immutable laws, she never repeats herself; and so with creative Art, she cannot do the same thing twice, otherwise there is no longer life but certain death. Perhaps the example set by Piloty may bring terms of accommodation: the world has had about enough of the high and the dry. It is acknowledged that throughout Europe all schools are in transition. In Munich as in other capitals Art is seeking, through the knowledge and precision of Science, to approach closer to Nature.

Among the chief pictures by Piloty may be named the following: the *Death of Wallenstein*, which, when placed in the new Pinakothek, where I wondered over it twenty years ago, at once decided the painter's position, not in Munich only, but throughout Europe. The painting might in some sense have been accepted as a prophecy; it foreshadowed the coming future—that future which since has had its fulfilment. The work proclaimed the principles of the dawning school; the subject was historic, the situation dramatic, the *technique* so studiously realistic, that even to this day it remains a problem how the diamond in the finger-ring of the dead Wallenstein assaults the eye, not as paint, but as a real diamond. The startling result is gained by the laying on of white bodily, not in basso-relievo, but in absolute alto-relievo. This is a realism which becomes verily appreciable to the sense of touch. Other great pictures are *Nero walking over the Ruins of Rome*, which served as the programme of the Munich school in the London International Exhibition of 1862. Here, again, realism was rendered by absolute relief: 'the Ruins of Rome,' in their bricks, marble, and mortar, would have done credit to any stonemason. The effect gained was astounding. Other great pictures are *Rienzi*, *Columbus*, *Marie Stuart*, the *Triumph of Germanicus*, *Galileo in Prison*, and the *Death of Cæsar*. It might almost be said of Piloty, as was once stated as a stigma against Paul Delaroche, that he holds the post of painter extraordinary to the decapitated monarchs of the world. I have to

thank Director Piloty for permission to publish the chief illustration to the present paper, *Galileo in Prison*, the engraving of which has met with his approval. The picture seems to me to manifest in a simple way the enunciated principles of the school. I have recently seen in the Duomo of Pisa the lamp which, suspended from the lofty roof, is said by its oscillations to have suggested the rotary motion of the earth. It will be remembered that Galileo, when recanting his heresy, said *sotto voce*, 'But still it moves.' Since those days Italy herself has moved a little onwards, and now in the Museum of the Capitol, among the multitude of busts which date back to the time of Socrates, appears not 'Galileo in Prison,' but Galileo as the representative of the free thought which came as the dawn of day into the midst of the darkness of night. And this I venture to say for the Munich school, that, firstly, with Cornelius came freedom; it was with him Art always for art's sake, and above all, freedom. Then with Kaulbach was asserted a like emancipation of the mind. And now, lastly, under Piloty, it is shown how in great epochs of history Humanity has battled for her rights.

Whenever I have had the privilege of meeting Herr Piloty in Munich or Venice, it seemed to me that he was one of those rare characters, of whom Raphael may be taken as a typical example, who draw all men unto them. And I should say, judging from his bearing, that he is not unduly oppressed with the idea of a mission, or of having made a figure in Europe, but simply that day by day he goes to work striving, according to the strength given, to do his best. A man of this sort, stamped by nature with a bodily structure and a brain developed for command, is formed to have a following; and that all the more because he does not assert himself individually, but lives and labours for his art simply. I have seen him in the midst of his pupils, who, in a certain student and unassuming aspect, catch the spirit of the master. Among disciples may be named Herren Makart, Max, Lietzen Meyer, Flüggen, Miss Osborn, Herr Wagner, Mr. Folingsby, and the younger Kaulbach. The last worked at the express desire of his father in the *atelier* of Herr Piloty. These disciples, together with their master, still live; and thus the Munich school in its latest phase is still a power.

Munich asserts herself as a city of 'processes:' fresco-painting was there revived, or rather introduced into Germany for the first time. And the mural pictures executed by Cornelius, Hess, Kaulbach, and others, though not absolute successes, compare favourably with the works to which they led in our own Houses of Parliament. The experiments in Munich prove, that for the most part frescoes under shelter stand well, while in the open air they do not bear the trials of the climate. Then came the time for other processes, such as the wax medium, a revival of the early method; subsequently Kaulbach, Piloty, and others, adopted the '*wasser-glas*,' water-glass, or 'liquid flint,' medium, which, at the suggestion of the Prince Consort, was tried by Maclise at Westminster. Much has been and might still be said of these various processes; however, now it is only needful to add what Director Piloty has done. He states that he has never painted in fresco, believing 'wasser-glas' superior, especially in permanence; he thinks it will resist all influences of climate, and further states that a water-glass picture at the top of the Munich Academy remained exposed to the weather for more than six years without injury. The Director, who has kindly given me his experiences, says, that he finds the process easy and agreeable, that he likes working in it. He states that he does not use the silicate on the palette, but simply mixes his colours with distilled water: thus the process differs from tempera and encaustic, and allies itself to painting in water-colour. The picture when finished is rendered impervious and 'imperishable' by the 'liquid flint' squirted over the surface. The squirt, &c., is engraved in the Parliamentary Reports of our Royal Fine Arts Commission. The 'liquid flint' when thus laid on gives a superincumbent and protective surface, which may be compared to a plate of glass: yet, as in the antiquated process of fixing pencil-drawings at school with gum, the surface should stop short of showing polish or varnish. Director Piloty is of opinion, that the reason why the large wall-paintings by Maclise at Westminster have clouded or chilled is that too much of the preparation was thrown on: thus, instead of being absorbed into the cement

it came out as a cloud, which did not reveal but obscured Nelson and Wellington. Piloty further states that there have been certain improvements in this discovery, which was first worked out with singular devotion and enthusiasm by Professors Fuchs and Schlotthauer. The ameliorations, as might be naturally expected, were chiefly in the colours and in the ground. I have seen the ground as laid down in Berlin for Kaulbach; it was a complete triumph for the plasterer: no cartoon paper could have been more inviting to a painter. Herr Piloty urges that this surface of cement can be made more firm and smooth than the 'intonaco' of fresco, so that greater permanence and a higher finish may be secured. Also, he urges as an advantage over fresco the facility for correcting and repainting, and further states that he finds water-glass in no way inferior to fresco in transparency and luminosity; the effect gained is so much alike in both processes that one might easily be mistaken for the other; in fact, as in pictures generally, more depends on the artist than on the instruments he uses. Director Piloty adds, that I am right to inquire into the matter, because he is convinced that a great future is opening for these new processes.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

Rome, April 1878.

SCIENCE AND LETTERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES AND AT THE PERIOD OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

With this volume M. Lacroix concludes his laborious task of condensing and completing his original work on the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The original work had to be terminated prematurely, and consisted of five volumes instead of six: the new work, which M. Lacroix considers at once less extensive and more complete, is contained in four volumes. All the lithochromes are new, and most of the wood engravings.

It is no disparagement to those who have worked hard upon the literary part of the enterprise to say that the illustrations are the most valuable part of the whole. The only one of his former *collaborateurs* whom the Director names in his preface is the late Ferdinand Seré, who 'struck the right vein with regard to the illustrations of this magnificent book, in which were to be reproduced so many unpublished records of the art of drawing.' †

Apparently M. Lacroix has had no *collaborateurs* in revising his work; on the other hand he has been aided, and perhaps embarrassed, by the number of special works which have appeared since the publication of his first treatise. A compiler who has to be succinct is often apt to become vague, especially when he is resolved to steer clear of controversy. For instance, it is difficult to combine the latest researches of M. Paulin Paris with those of M. Léon Gautier in the chapter of Romance, without a good deal of detailed criticism; and a chapter on Popular Songs may be a little incomplete, even after incorporating a good deal of M. Ampère's work on that subject. The 'Song of the Sword' is almost the only representative of popular songs in any language but French, and this is perhaps natural in a compilation addressed in the first instance to a French public. It is more puzzling why, in the extracts from national poems, we sometimes have the original text, sometimes a version in modern French prose, broken into lines; sometimes with, and sometimes without, an English translation. It is a natural accident that the chapters on Romance, and Languages, and History, and Poetry, should overlap, to a certain extent, even in the final

* By Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob). Bickers and Son.

† Perhaps the last word may be hardly extensive enough for the meaning of the original, and the translator, in the course of a long and monotonous task, has certainly fallen more than once into Gallicisms which might perplex a reader ignorant of French: for instance, we read of opinions '*reproved* by the Church,' and of 'the family of Maccabeus, dear to the Lord,' who 'did not hesitate to *affront* their enemies.' For a still more perplexing slip part of the responsibility must rest with the printer, who always puts 'épodes' where an English reader would expect to find 'epics,' and a French reader to find '*épopées*.'

form of the book. Froissart, of whom M. Lacroix gives an interesting portrait, and the 'Romance of the Rose,' and the 'Song of Roland,' appear again and again, as Roger Bacon appears in the chapters on Science, Occult Science, and Geography. Besides, there are some curious slips in chronology; as when we read that the history of the University of Paris begins with Abelard in 1057, nine years before the Norman Conquest, and that fifty years later Henry II. offered to lay his dispute with Archbishop Becket before the clerks of all nations who were studying there. Many readers will be equally surprised to find that M. Lacroix never omits an opportunity of deploring the effects of the Reformation upon culture; and certainly, if one compares the condition of the parts of Europe which accepted the Reformation with that of the parts of Europe which rejected it in the middle of the 17th century, Protestants might see reason to revise some of the inferences which they are apt to draw from a comparative view of the condition of Europe in the 19th century. It is not merely that the countries which accepted the Reformation happened to be backward compared with the countries which rejected it, in most cases they were less backward relatively at the beginning of the 16th century than in the middle of the 17th. M. Lacroix does not think it necessary to defend his position by this argument or by others; he regards discussion as a much greater fault in a 'vulgariser' (he accepts the name) than what might pass for paradox. He tells us the most astonishing things as a matter of course: for instance, that Abelard's object was to support the authority of the Church by the authority of reason, or that the genius of Rabanus Manus, though less brilliant perhaps than that of Johannes Eugene, was infinitely more solid and serviceable.

More, perhaps, will be disposed to adopt the equally doubtful appreciation of the comparative scientific claims of Tycho Brahé and Copernicus. The latter, in a posthumous work, had the merit of a plausible statement of an hypothesis to which he shrank from committing himself, leaving the principal difficulties of that hypothesis untouched, and adding nothing to the existing knowledge of the phenomena which had to be explained; the former, during a long life, perfected men's knowledge of the phenomena, and improved the instruments of research. The complicated and ingenious modification of the traditional hypothesis, in the interest of which he worked, had at any rate the merit of fitting the phenomena more exactly than any other till Kepler arose to utilise Tycho Brahé's observations for the construction of the theory of the planetary orbits, which has since prevailed. It can hardly be said upon the whole that Tycho Brahé was overrated by his contemporaries, or that the contemporaries of Copernicus were to blame for deferring the recognition of his merits to a late posterity. Indeed, in all his treatment of science during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, M. Lacroix is influenced by the tradition of the 18th century, to a degree which is remarkable in a writer so loyal to the past. For instance, when he speaks of geography and natural history, he is continually finding fault with mediæval scholars for trusting to books more than to observation, and contrasts them from this point of view very unfavourably with the Arabs. Of course this implies that mediæval scholars had a choice, but the career of Roger Bacon, whom M. Lacroix certainly does not underrate, proves exactly the reverse: he made some experiments and discoveries, but in the main he was reduced to clamour to the Pope for assistance in a work which was quite beyond his private resources, or those of any individual. The Arabs did a great deal in geography, simply because travelling in the East was, for political and economical reasons, easier than travelling in Europe; they did a good deal in chemistry, because they came in contact with many new mineral and vegetable substances; and one doubts whether M. Lacroix would find many scientific authorities to join him in rebuking all mediæval physicians for basing their practice upon Galen rather than upon Hippocrates. He is, perhaps, better entitled to complain that Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa were charlatans when each was in possession of really important scientific discoveries. But scientific discoveries, which have little or no connexion with the previous knowledge of the discoverer, or with the traditions and training which, in common with his contemporaries, he has inherited from the past, are almost enough to

overthrow the balance of the strongest mind, and the risk is greater when the discoveries are so concrete as to remain a mystery to the discoverer; to know the 'that' without the 'how' or the 'why,' is to be more bewildered than enlightened if the 'that' is wonderful: the excitement leads first to mysticism and then to imposture. Cornelius Agrippa, to be sure, like Mr. Home, was laudably zealous in exposing the malpractices of the brethren of his craft, although, as he

OLD MAID WITCH. FROM A WOODCUT ATTRIBUTED TO HOLBEIN.

still wished it to be thought that the craft had genuine secrets, he was obliged to hint that his vows prevented his speaking out.

The Rosicrucian order, with its mystical mummery and its few empirical arcana, was after all a child of the Renaissance; one might almost say, it came into being to compensate the

HOW ALEXANDER ENGAGED IN COMBAT WITH MEN HAVING HORSES' HEADS. FROM A MS. OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

discovery that alchemy at bottom was only a device, and a very uncertain and costly device, for giving base metal a wash of gold or silver. Witchcraft and magic, on the other hand, which figure along with alchemy among the occult sciences, were a recrudescence of all kinds of obsolete religions—Celtic, Teutonic, Roman, Gnostic, and Jewish—which came to light again whenever the official religion showed signs of decrepitude: in Catholic Europe the great witch epidemic was at its height in the 15th century, in Protestant Europe during the 17th. Perhaps it may be added, that in both cases the epidemic never affected its two classes of victims equally at the same time; the mania for feeling bewitched went on growing after the mania for attempting

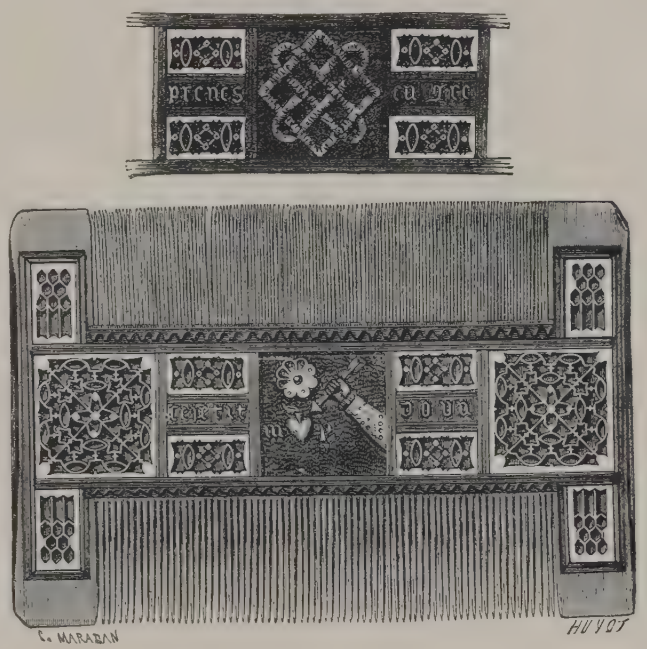
to bewitch others was beginning to subside. Holbein's witch, if she be Holbein's, is sincere enough, but the devil's litanies which she mutters as she culls her herbs have no more meaning in her ears than a cry of inarticulate spite: her predecessors who, in the time of the Carlings, worshipped Frau Holda, were nearer to knowing what they were about, and nobody was afraid of them. Their practices were prohibited, but so were the practices of men who turned their skin and changed themselves into all manner of animals, especially wolves; and it is tolerably clear that this delusion at any rate affected the alleged werewolves as strongly, at least, as any one else. In the time of Giraldus Cambrensis it had retired to Brittany and Ireland; by the 14th century men monsters were pretty well banished to the remote regions described by the elder Pliny, and the yet remoter fairyland which was the scene of the fabulous campaigns of Alexander the Great. M. Lacroix has given us so many interesting illustrations of these, that one wishes he could have found space to tell us a little of the contents of the Manuscript Chronicle from which they are taken. We could better have spared the picture of the Vow of St. Ignatius Loyola and his companions, introduced in the chapter on Geographical Science, because the Jesuit missionaries did a good deal for geography; or the unfortunate conjecture that the nobles who were proud of the title of 'Advocates' of some rich church, assumed it because they honoured the profession of the Bar.

Some of the anecdotes in the chapter on Civil and Religious Oratory are a little trivial, and we do not quite understand the superiority claimed for the military eloquence of Henry IV. above that of other commanders who succeeded as well in rousing their troops; but one gets in compensation for this tediousness a careful facsimile of Lionardo da Vinci's weird portrait of Savonarola, and some interesting engravings of the preaching of the first Christian teachers after Fra Angelico and others, which are charming in sentiment though quite unhistorical in detail, so that it might have been as well not to cite the crowds depicted in the 15th century as proofs of the eloquence of the preachers of the first. There are also some quaint and rather pathetic extracts from 'La Vanité des Choses mundaines,' with a supplicant who in one illustration appears upon her knees before three Job's comforters, in the shape of Doctors of Law, Medicine, and Theology. Theology appears in another light as the Queen of Sciences, in a quaint castle, in seven stages, almost exactly like the representation of the Tower of Babel at p. 347; only, instead of the external staircase, the accepted representative of each science looks out over the battlements, so that Peter Lombard looks down upon Aristotle and Pythagoras, rather less mockingly than the ladies in the Castle of Love, a subject of which M. Lacroix gives us more than one version, though they are not very charming. The only illustrations which give one a sense of a charm like Chaucer's are those of the Arthurian legends: Merlin, in the guise of a student, is being enchanted by the Lady of the Lake, or Lancelot is pleading his love to Guinevere, whose 'imperial moulded form' shows well beneath the quaint strait mediæval drapery. Such scenes give one a higher notion of the mediæval sense of beauty than the elaborate descriptions of the romances, where the most prominent items are long thin arms and a pink-and-white complexion. But perhaps the truest expression of the romantic yearnings of the Middle Ages is to be sought rather in the sphere of faith than in that of romance. The lovely miniature of the Queen of Heaven, with angels and saints around her (page 442), is as sweet and intense in feeling as the Lay of the Blessed Damosel, and it is impossible to imagine higher praise; while the picture of the King of Navarre meeting Marguerite de Valois in the Gardens of Alençon, which is chosen for the frontispiece, is as insipid as most modern romances in real life, in spite of the pretty motto.

Mottoes were obviously a strong point among the last Valois, who may have learnt it from Catherine de Medici. Nothing can be prettier in its way than her device in her widowhood, with the broken lance and the quaintly transposed legend. Charles IX., unlucky in most things, was unlucky in the conceit of representing Piety and Justice, both very much twisted out of the perpendicular, as the united pillars of his imaginary throne; but Henry the Third's device of the two crowns of Poland and France upon earth and another crown in the clouds, with the legend, '*Manet ultima cælo*' ('My last crown waits in heaven'), is truly sublime in

its simple audacity; while Leo the Tenth's yoke, with the scroll '*Suave*' twined round it, is full of suggestions of a shrewd voluptuousness in the well-balanced intricacy of its smooth and sober curves. Generally speaking, mediæval mottoes are more interesting than mediæval proverbs. It is significant that court jesters were commonly half-witted vagabonds, who could be allowed to say everything, because most of what they said was nonsense. The comb which we extract is as pretty as a comb can be, and the device of the hand and heart is on a much more suitable scale than similar emblems in a modern valentine; but the legend shows a paucity of invention which is surprising when we turn to the elaborate rebuses of printers, who disguised their name and address in order to stimulate the curiosity of readers.

A comb is hardly the illustration we should expect in a chapter on proverbs, and this is not the only specimen of the perplexities of a compiler who has to use his materials as he can. Of course, a work on the Middle Ages would be incomplete without a chapter on Heraldry, and as the volume upon War and Weapons was already complete, heraldic science, with the knights and barons who make blazons of their windows, figures in the same volume as Metaphysics, and Magic, and Medicine, and the Hôtel Dieu. There is the same overflow of military illustration in the chapter on History and Memoirs. The battle between Maccabæus and Bacchides is too good to be left out altogether, and the numerous illustrations from the 'Vigiles du Roi Charles VII.' are interesting, especially those where the national troops of France wear the cross,—as if they were engaged in a crusade (?) But it cannot exactly be said that they throw much light on mediæval methods in history; nor do the numerous outlines of scenes in Terence, from a tenth-century MS., throw any real light upon the mediæval drama—one of the best chapters in the volume. They are obviously copied from older MSS., and have no relation to any contemporary mediæval art. The same criticism does not apply to the coloured miniature of the ancient theatre, from the Terence of Charles V., where a motley crowd surrounds actors who are already half-way to the familiar pantaloon and harlequin upon an open stage, while 'Calliopius,' under a canvas screen, enacts the part of prompter. With thanks for this entirely satisfactory performance we take leave of M. Lacroix and his admirable undertaking.



A COMB MADE OF CARVED WOOD OF THE 15TH CENTURY, UPON ONE SIDE ARE THE WORDS 'PRENES EN GRE,' AND UPON THE OTHER 'CE PETIT DOUN.'

MR. WILLIAM HUNT'S 'TALKS ABOUT ART.'

THIS little volume is of American origin, but an English edition has been recently published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It contains 124 pages of detached sentences and paragraphs, expressing opinions on the practical study of art, not written by Mr. Hunt, but spoken by him to his pupils, and taken down immediately by a lady, Miss Helen Knowlton, who superintended Mr. Hunt's female class. For this purpose Miss Knowlton

made use of anything that came to hand—the back of a canvas, or a scrap of drawing-paper, just as it happened. She afterwards preserved these jottings, and at length obtained Mr. Hunt's permission to publish them.

Mr. Hunt is a well-known American artist, who lives in Boston, and it is natural that his style of thinking and expression should remind us of that part of the world. It does so, not unpleasantly. A student of art may get from these pages the same kind of impulsion and stimulus that a student of literature and philosophy receives from the sentences of Emerson. There is no preoccupation in Mr. Hunt's mind about the danger of contradicting himself; his sincerity is so absolute that he leaves to the hearer the task of reconciling opposite statements, or of accommodating them in his mind if they cannot precisely be reconciled. The good effect of such teaching as this is not the making of critics, but the helping of students. Like most practical artists, Mr. Hunt has a dislike to critics, and sees little or no use in the work they do. 'John Ruskin's receipts make a book, but never made a painter, and never can make a picture!' 'It takes a painter to make a painter! It takes a painter to make a picture! It takes a painter to appreciate a picture!' This being so, we wonder why Mr. Hunt so earnestly recommends his pupils to read Taine, who is not more practical than Mr. Ruskin, but very much less practical. M. Taine is a Professor, and nothing else; Mr. Ruskin is a Professor, and half an artist into the bargain. Mr. Hunt has a special quarrel with the author of 'Modern Painters' for his definition of 'finish,' which (as the reader may remember) is 'added truth.'

'Ruskin calls finish "an added truth." I wish him joy and a long life! He confounds it with death and the judgment-day!'

'Finish is *leaving off anywhere on the outside, after having filled the interior!* Stopping before you or others are tired out!'

A long essay might be written upon this question, and we have not space to enter into the argument now. Perhaps the best explanation of 'finish' (it did not pretend to the neatness of a verbal definition) was given by Theodore Rousseau, when he put several thicknesses of tissue paper on a picture, and said, as he removed them one by one, that the successive appearances of the picture through the decreasing impediments to vision resembled what ought to be the successive stages of progress in a painting. Finish, in Rousseau's view, was therefore a gradually increasing clearness of definition over the whole work; but at the same time he strongly objected to mechanically equal finish (like that of the photograph) all over the canvas, and many 'added truths' would have seemed to him as remote from real finish as the addition of modern facts and instances to a dialogue of Plato.

Mr. Hunt has an intense sense of the value of instruction in art:—

'You can't get too much showing. As soon as you leave your class nobody is going to be interested to show you how to do anything. Your friends will criticise and turn up their noses, but they won't show you.'

'I've been painting thirty years. Under instruction I could, in ten years, have learned all that I have learned—no, not all! but I could have followed any one in whom I had confidence. I went abroad to follow what I thought was the true method of painting; but I've told you more this winter—yes, sometimes more in one week, than *I* was ever told in my whole life!'

'Not one person in five thousand can find out anything for himself. I've seen boys come out of Couture's *atelier*, and go farther in three months than others would in three years. *They took the method at which he had arrived!* And mind, that *abroad they don't tell you!* They neither show you nor tell you. Couture would say, "That's horrid! If you can't do better than that you'd better stop."'

These extracts will give some idea of Mr. Hunt's sincere and familiar manner of talking to his pupils, but there are many other sentences which we should like to quote, and we may recur to the volume at a future time. Meanwhile we recommend it as practical and inspiring, and containing a great deal in a small space. It gives the results of thinking, the conclusions of experience, but not the tedious processes by which the teacher arrived at his convictions.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

V.—Carl Haag.

'Danger in the Desert.'

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

INCIDENT pictures ought always to tell their own story, and to stand in need of no further explanation than a word or two in the title. The present subject, by Mr. Carl Haag, does this so effectually that it would be superfluous to say much about it. A Bedouin crossing the desert with his wife and child and a camel is suddenly threatened with an attack from two rovers on horseback, armed with long lances, and riding towards him at full speed. The woman and the little boy hide themselves behind the camel, the husband stands resolute with a long gun in his hand, ready to receive the enemy, but prudently reserving his fire, as his weapon is neither a Remington nor a Martini-Henry, but an old-fashioned Oriental musket, which it will take some time to reload. Possibly the horsemen may sheer off when they see that a determined reception is in store for them, and the woman may feel safe again with her lord. The subject is interesting, not only for itself, but for the wide extent of its applicability. Whenever a man is defending his wife and family by his courage and energy against the threatening perils of life, against poverty and the evils which follow in its train, there Mr. Carl Haag's picture is repeated, though not always, or often, in so picturesque a form.

The name of this artist is so well known to all who have visited our London exhibitions during the last twenty years or more, that it is unnecessary to recall the special characteristics of his style, his strong and sometimes even startling representation of figures, costumes, and accessories, his powerful rendering of texture, and his brilliant colour. Such vivid representation is the result of the closest personal familiarity with the subjects which the artist has illustrated. His desert scenes, for example, are not imaginary; he knows the real desert as well as a Londoner knows Hyde Park; and although desert-life may seem to most of us terrible rather than charming, it has always attracted Mr. Carl Haag by a poetical and artistic charm strong enough to overcome all repugnance to its discomforts. He has travelled in many lands of the greatest possible artistic and historical interest—in Italy, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine; he has painted the ruins of Athens, of Baalbec, and Palmyra, and views of almost all the holy places in Palestine: but his warmest enthusiasm has always been for the life of the desert Arab. To gratify this artistic passion Mr. Carl Haag has lived with the Arabs in their camps, and crossed the deserts with them in their perpetual migrations. After travelling in this manner over five different deserts he began to paint a series of pictures illustrative of Arab life, 'representing,' to quote his own words, 'its hardships as well as its delights.'

Mr. Carl Haag was born at Erlangen, in Bavaria, in 1820, and began his artistic education at the Academy of Nürnberg in 1837, afterwards continuing his studies at Munich and in Rome. In 1847 he settled in England, and being much struck with admiration for the perfection of

English water-colour painting, he abandoned oil and adopted water-colour in preference.* In 1850 he was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water-colour, and ever since then has been a contributor to their exhibitions, the subjects of his earlier pictures being chiefly from the Tyrol, Dalmatia, and Montenegro. In 1853 Mr. Carl Haag was introduced at the English Court by his kind friend the late Prince of Leiningen, and Her Majesty gave him many commissions for sketches of life in the Highlands of Scotland, and also for important pictures, such as *The Royal Family ascending Loch na Gar; Evening at Balmoral—the Stags brought home; The Queen and Prince Consort fording Pool Tarff*, and others, which were exhibited and have been since engraved.

Besides his membership of our own Water-colour Society, Mr. Carl Haag is an honorary member of the Société Royale des Aquarellistes at Brussels. He received the Royal Bavarian Cross of Merit in 1872, and the Order of Mejidi in 1874.

The picture of *Danger in the Desert* was at the International Exhibition of Vienna in 1873, where it obtained the Art Medal. It is now to be seen among the English water-colours at the Paris Exhibition.

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

I.

THE ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere-else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the new town with the old—that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the winds—and watch the trains smoking out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-tops! And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts, they can scarce tell how; so that, even if they broke loose and said farewell to her for ever, they would feel something at their hearts as soon as her name was mentioned, and find themselves haunted in far lands by the thought of her fantastic outline, printed in black upon the tarnished green, or in blue upon the smoky orange, of November sunsets.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires.

* In December, 1848, Mr. Haag met with a severe accident, which might have ruined his artistic career. A powder-flask exploded in his right hand, and tore it asunder between the first and middle fingers down to the wrist, the thumb being wrenched from the joint, and remaining attached by the sinews only. It seemed scarcely possible to save the hand, but the case was treated by Mr. Prescott Hewett in so masterly a way that after the lapse of only two months Mr. Haag was again able to handle the brush. The first two pictures which he painted with his restored hand are still in Mr. Hewett's collection, and a warm friendship has ever since subsisted between the artist and the surgeon.

The rest may have admirers; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. She is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags. In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. But the same curiosity may offer many successive points of interest. It is not merely that the Pharaoh, whose winding-sheet we are shown by the collector, ruled millions of men in Egypt, or lay for centuries in a pyramid; but that his mummy was sold by mediæval doctors as a medicine against strange diseases. It is not merely that this dagger is handsomely mounted, nor that it belonged to Cæsar Borgia; but that you bought it yourself among the Apennines from an Italian bandit: one interest centering with another, and the personal episode putting a point upon the rest. And so it is not merely in the past that the Edinburgh voluptuary finds the flavour characteristic of the place, and that intellectual atmosphere which a man breathes in from his surroundings and assimilates into the constitution of his soul. It is not merely that association has grown upon association in a congenial theatre; it is something deeper and more lively that catches our affections in the city of St. Giles; for over the ashes, and among the monuments of the picturesque and turbulent Past, the Present still parades with something of a family resemblance, and the city still flaunts among cities with some of her old queenly prerogatives and trappings.

The Palace of Holyrood, peopled by so many grim and romantic memories, has been left on one side in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and quiet among workmen's houses, breweries, and gas-works—a lone place in a poor suburb. In Holyrood House crowned kings once lorded it with the best, and at least one famous queen has listened to the lute; there Prince Charlie held his phantom levées, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours; and still, from time to time it is revisited by a feeble shadow of the old festivity; and once a-year the courts bustle with the week-long mimic sovereignty of the Lord Commissioner; a coach-and-six, with all the circumstances of royalty, stages at the gate; the windows are lighted up at night; and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the sound of the palace music. And in this the palace is typical; for somewhat as there, so in all quarters of the city, there are still some live embers of its former greatness: there is still a little bustle of decayed importance; and if the kings and the great commanders have all gone by and disappeared into the past, the sorry tail of that illustrious procession still defiles before the eyes of the inhabitants, and keeps alive in that city some tradition of national supremacy. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the wild note of bugles and the sound of drums. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations, and the feet of suitors and advocates make a brisk stir of a morning in the lofty outer hall. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon; and there goes a *posse* of thoroughly-respectable citizens in masquerade, muddy boots and heather-mixture trousers miserably appearing from under the tabards of a mediæval ceremony—*desinit in piscem mulier formosa:* these are the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two score boys, and thieves, and hackney-coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the spring-time—or say one morning rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street; and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk

will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the parliaments of Churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

Again, meditative people will find a charm in a certain consonancy between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; for the narrow ridge of the old town commands the modern quarters that have grown up and covered the slopes for miles around, somewhat as Montmartre, from the north, commands the pretentious capital of the Second Empire. Gay people sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the old town flutter in the breeze at its high windows; and the same gust that flaps the banners on the hotels of modern Athens dries the unseemly linen of Auld Reekie. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder; while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art. But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico; and as the soft northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of nature in the most intimate sense; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living work, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of every-day reality, connected by railway and telegraph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers, and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper. By all the canons of romance, the place demands to be half deserted and leaning towards decay; birds we might admit in profusion, the play of the sun and winds, and a few gipsies encamped in the chief thoroughfare: but these citizens are altogether out of key with their cabs and tramways, their trains and posters. Chartered tourists, they make free with historic localities, and rear their young among the most picturesque sites with a grand human indifference. To see them thronging by, in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd, is not the least striking feature of the place.

And the story of the town is as eccentric as its appearance. For centuries it was a capital thatched with heather, and more than once, in the evil days of English invasion, it has gone up in flame to heaven, a beacon to ships at sea. It was the jousting-ground of jealous nobles, not only on Greenside or by the King's Stables, where set tournaments were fought to the sound of trumpets and under the authority of the royal presence, but in every alley where there was room to cross swords, and in the main street, where popular tumult under the Blue Blanket alternated with the brawls of outlandish clansmen and retainers. Down in the palace John Knox reproved his queen in the accents of modern democracy. In the town, in one of those little shops plastered like so many swallows' nests among the buttresses of the old Cathedral, that familiar autocrat, James VI., would gladly share a bottle of wine with George Heriot the goldsmith. Up on the Pentland Hills, that so quietly look down on the Castle with the city lying in waves

around it, those mad and dismal fanatics, the Sweet Singers, haggard from long exposure on the moors, sat day and night with 'tearful psalmns' to see Edinburgh consumed with fire from heaven, like another Sodom or Gomorrah. There, in the Grass-market, stiff-necked, covenanting heroes, offered up the often unnecessary, but not less honourable, sacrifice of their lives, and bade eloquent farewell to sun, moon, and stars, and earthly friendships, or died silent to the roll of drums. Down by yon outlet rode Grahame of Claverhouse and his thirty dragoons, with the town beating to arms behind their horses' tails—a sorry handful thus riding for their lives, but with a man at the head who was to return in a different temper, make a dash that staggered Scotland to the heart, and die happily in the thick of fight. There Aikenhead was hanged for a piece of boyish incredulity; there, a few years afterwards, David Hume ruined Philosophy and Faith, an undisturbed and well-reputed citizen; and thither, in yet a few years more, Burns came from the plough-tail, as to an academy of gilt unbelief and artificial letters. There, when the great exodus was made across the valley, and the new town began to spread abroad its draughty parallelograms and rear its long frontage on the opposing hill, there was such a flitting, such a change of domicile and dweller, as was never excelled in the history of cities: the cobbler succeeded the earl; the beggar ensconced himself by the judge's chimney; what had been a palace was used as a pauper refuge; and great mansions were so parcelled out among the least and lowest in society, that the hearthstone of the old proprietor was thought large enough to be partitioned off into a bedroom by the new.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

III.—MUNICH—*continued.*

IT has been before said, that Munich claims to be the only city in which the arts have been developed in logical sequence. This, though fine in theory, is disadvantageous in practice. I am reminded of certain political systems, built on the abstract, resting on the rights of man, drawn out in the evening and put into action next morning. These logical constitutions —such, for example, as the first and second French Republics—though they look nice on paper seldom work well. And so it is with the theoretic structures set up in the interests of art by German professors and philosophers. In England our method, both in politics and art, has been not theoretic but practical. The growth of our much-admired Constitution has not been systematic but irregular, and it works well. And so with the constitution and the development of our national arts. In architecture take as an example such historic cities as Canterbury, Chester, and Bristol, with their old walls, old towers and churches; with streets running hither and thither, up-hill and down; with roofs, gables, dormer windows, and chimneys, all without symmetry, yet of utmost picturesqueness. But what do we find in Munich, and in scarcely a less degree in Berlin? Cities laid out like American towns, on the square: the ground-plan geometric, the elevations mathematical, perpendicular lines crossed at ruled intervals by courses horizontal—all defined by strict law. Thus towns designed like Munich are wanting in accidents, incidents, surprises. Old cities have grown up in accord with nature: the ivy-mantled tower, the pointed spire, the zigzag street, the overhanging roof, are in keeping with the shadow of a rock, the slope of a hill, the sweep of a stream. But in towns built on a system, in place of the wildness of Nature is the regularity of a Dutch garden. Such infelicitous conformations exist in Munich under the development of the arts according to logical principles.

A rapid summary will indicate how modern Munich has grown up. Architecture being the parent art, a first word may be fitly bestowed on the master-builders. Leo de Klenze, born in 1784 at the foot of the Hartz mountains, had by nature and training that facility and fecundity which the time and the situation called for. He had received a liberal education, he was versed in literature, and acquainted with languages: he published works on

architecture, and was even a painter of landscapes. His genius and career are akin to those of Schinkel: the one did for Munich what the other accomplished for Berlin. The principal works by Klenze are the Glyptothek, the Pinakothek, All Saints, the King's Palace, the Theatre, and the Walhalla on the Danube, also the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It has been rightly objected that his style lacks purity: it is sometimes classic, sometimes Byzantine, often mongrel; it evinces more ambition than knowledge; the mouldings are weak and wanting in shadow, accordingly the aspect is that of card-board and veneering, rather than of solid structure and material. This is a fault common in Munich. Yet it cannot be doubted that the favoured architect of King Ludwig was endowed with imagination and invention, his conceptions were grandiose; thus he proved himself fitted to take the lead in a school of experiment and innovation. Another architect, to whom merit cannot be denied, is Gärtner, born at Coblentz in 1792: he designed the Ludwig Kirche, the University, and the Library—the latter, in the palatial style of Florence, is a most successful revival. Ziebland, born at Ratisbon in 1800, deserves to be remembered for the Basilica, true to the historic type and satisfactory. Neither can be forgotten. Ohlmüller, born in Bamberg in 1791; his chief work is the pretty little Gothic church of Sta. Maria Hilf. A young Austrian, Herr Haüberisser, residing in Munich, has given a free reading of what may be termed the modern Gothic of Germany in the Rathhaus—a building which for import and true art-treatment has few equals in Europe within the last half century. Lastly, must not be overlooked Herr Friedrich Bürklein, the architect of Munich's latest and most gigantic folly, the Maximilianeum.

I will offer briefly some observations, made during successive visits, on a few principal works: full descriptions are not needed when the originals are so well known. First in chronology of style comes the small chapel of All Saints. The painter Hess, in 1826, received from the King a commission to decorate the interior in the Byzantine style, accordant with the primitive spirit of Christianity. The grounds are of gold, and all the colours are forced up to correspondent pitch, and yet so well balanced as to seem subdued. The success as a piece of polychromy I have always felt as little short of absolute. Moreover, in the glory of the colour there is sanctity, and a sense consonant with religious reverence. Yet, as for the figures, they are painfully feeble—destitute of action, they seem on the point of falling to pieces. Whether the painter strove thus to be true to the old Byzantine art, or whether he could not do better, charity forbids me to determine. Hess found a vocation in designing for glass. He has been fitly compared with Luini: the two artists are alike in moderation, quietism, and religious sentiment. I may add that these frescoes are in perfect preservation.

The Basilica of St. Boniface is the happiest imitation I know of the ancient Basilicas, churches formed in early Christian times from Roman courts of justice. I am writing in Rome after a visit to the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, which is usually accepted as the finest example of Christian Basilicas; and in its long-drawn aisle, supported on either side by classic columns taken from ancient temples, and in its array of picture mosaics on the walls supporting the roof, as well as in the vault of the glorious apse clothed with golden mosaic, I recognise the elder sister of the Basilica of St. Boniface in Munich. As to materials, it is to be observed that in the Bavarian capital, where the expenditure has been far indeed from niggardly, scagliola was substituted for marble and fresco for mosaic. It is a little remarkable that throughout Germany, as far as I remember, no attempt has been made to revive the art of ancient mosaic. In this Basilica the frescoes, which still remain well preserved, were intrusted to Hess; and, though poor individually, they are impressive collectively, and especially effective as parts of a decorative whole. Mrs. Jameson pronounces the series as 'executed with great care in a large, chaste, and simple style;' and one of the number, on account of English associations, *The Embarkation of St. Boniface from Southampton*, is engraved in her volumes.

When last I visited the Munich Basilica I was more especially struck with its 'polychromy.' The rest might be passed over as mediocre, but the harmony of many colours made strong appeal to the eye, and, through the eye, to the religious sense. The whole

colour, as before said, is wrought up to the pitch of gold, and the climax is reached in the arch of triumph and the coved apse beyond, which shine as a sheet of burnished gold. Figures float over the triumphal arch, and on the apse appears Christ, larger than life, in a vesica, surrounded by the Madonna, saints, and angels, with intervening palm-trees, as in the old Basilicas of Rome and Ravenna. This blaze of colour has been carefully kept down by cool tones, especially in the floor of grey mosaic patterns copied from Roman churches. In England we have used gold, at least till recently, sparsely. Munich teaches how it can be employed lavishly; how, as a background, it may fill the heavens; and, above all, how it may be used to isolate and remove sacred and poetic figures and compositions out of the sphere of the natural and the mundane. Gold grounds favour the abstract, the absolute, and the ideal.

The Church of St. Ludwig is chiefly remarkable for the *Last Judgment* by Cornelius. It were late in the day to enter on a criticism of a work so famous. I may, however, say, that after the interval of years I am more than ever impressed with the grandeur and power of this astounding achievement. Taking into account its amazing size, the number and scale of the figures, and the severe and patient study involved, it has the distinction of being the most arduous work executed within the last three centuries. I may also add that the colours remain fresh to a fault, and that there are no signs of blistering or of peeling away of the surface.

The fourth and last church calling for a word is that of Sta. Maria Hilf, a Gothic structure in brick, simple in style and in good taste. I shall limit my remarks to the windows, which are the best examples of Munich painted glass. It need not be said there are two opposing parties as to the merits or demerits of the style. Those who side with the mediævalists prize most highly a gem-like lustre in colour, and prefer subjects small enough in size to admit of a jewel or mosaic-like treatment: these, which are the qualities sought by our Gothic revivalists, certainly cannot be found in the Munich glass. But then the question may be fairly asked, whether other and distinctive qualities are not also good after their kind. In this church one thing is at any rate evident, that the painted windows serve as pictures: they are needed for decoration; the interior has no colour besides. I think the objection is not quite fair that these windows look like painted blinds to screen the light. It is true, however, that this surface-painted glass has an opacity which does not belong to what is technically termed 'the pot metal,' and the translucent surface enamel of the older method. Still, opacity and transparency are comparative terms, and it cannot be denied that the glass in Sta. Maria Hilf transmits enough light to illumine the church. But throwing all preconceived theory aside, it would seem to me sufficient to say that the effect gained is pre-eminently agreeable. It may not be 'architectonic,' but, what is scarcely less to the purpose, it is pictorial. These windows correspond to the pictures of the religious schools of Munich and of Düsseldorf, with this difference, that glass is substituted for canvas, and that the light is transmitted and not reflected. They are designed wholly or in part by Hess, and thus in style they accord with the frescoes already mentioned in the chapel of All Saints. They are composed on the same system, and pitched in a like key—the colours are not positive or violent but intermediary and blended; the light and shade too are graduated as in a highly-finished picture. The sentiment equally corresponds with the local pictorial school; it is gentle and beauty-loving. I am here, as elsewhere in Munich, impressed with the fitness of the art for the exact spot in which it is found: even as to scale these windows are in just relation to the architectural surroundings, while, on the contrary, in Glasgow, and in St. Paul's, London, the Munich glass looks out of place.

To the four churches may be added four or more museums—the Glyptothek, the old and the new Pinakothek, and that most interesting museum of Bavarian antiquities which corresponds to our Museum at South Kensington. Of the contents of the last, which is least known, an instructive account might be written. A word must be afforded to the sculptor Schwanthaler, who is identified with Munich as Rauch is with Berlin. I never enter the ill-kept garden encircled by 'the Arcades' without pausing before *La Source*, one of the most graceful and refined creations of the artist. Schwanthaler, like other of his contemporaries,

was prolific to a fault, as can be seen from a visit to his crowded studio: indeed, the city may be said to be populous with his sculpture. He modelled the colossal Bavaria; he executed single figures and groups for the King's palace, for the old and new Pinakothek, and the Glyptothek. But his genius—if so exalted a term may be justified—wanted force; his figures are inarticulate, 'his name is writ in water.' Schwanthaler's most elaborate compositions are the pediments of the Walhalla. This modern version of a Greek temple—worthy of a pilgrimage to Ratisbon—is as lovely in its situation as in its design: from the crown of a wooded hill it looks down upon the Danube sweeping across a broad plain bounded by distant hills. The silence and the solitude of the spot aid the impressiveness of the scene.

Munich has of late years obtained further extension for her specific arts in the projection of the Maximilian Strasse—a scheme which reaches a climax in the Maximilianeum, a huge government fabric something between a Manchester warehouse and a monster hotel—the crowning folly of a *dilettante* dynasty. Director Piloty has decorated the exterior with wall-pictures, which are barely discernible from the road and the bridge below. This new quarter, with its handsome array of shops, hotels, and public buildings, though a fair specimen of Munich magnificence, is barely equal to a Paris boulevard. The façades are wanting in relief and shadow-casting mouldings; they are thin, flat, and forceless. This, the final outcome in architecture, is nothing less than disastrous. The best buildings in Munich are the earliest, those in which some old historic work was taken as a model: others, which aim at originality, verge on extravagance or inanity. And now, at last, it may almost be said that Munich is left destitute of any distinctive architecture to which she can attach her name.

It is well-nigh wearisome to have to mention more wall-paintings; yet the present King inherits that vaulting ambition which flies into so-called high art. The Bayerischer Museum, a comparatively recent project, comprises in its pictorial propaganda little short of one hundred and fifty wall-paintings, some no less than thirty feet long, and presenting a total area of sixteen thousand square feet. The compositions chiefly chronicle the glories of war in the annals of Bavaria. Among the artists of the day, the most noteworthy are Andreas Müller, Alexander Wagner, and Ferdinand Piloty; the last is brother of the Director. These copious readings from history may be compared to Macaulay's brilliant and lucid narratives, yet the realism of the school peeps out in trenchant touches which might have fallen from the caustic pen of Thomas Carlyle. These blatant wall-paintings enforce with a vengeance all that can be spoken of the change now passing over the art of Munich. Nothing remains of the grandiose manner of Cornelius or of the subjective spirituality of Overbeck—little of the classic idealism of Kaulbach but, instead, much of the force and even of the nobility of Delaroche, somewhat of the melo-drama of Gallait, and a great deal of the bravura and bombast of Horace Vernet. Thus, in the present day, does the school of Munich, in common with all others, tend to cosmopolitan phases. But through whatever vicissitudes it may pass, still, for the painting of history, it is likely to retain the recipe: just as experienced novel-writers know how to arrange characters in groups and to wind up narratives to a plot in the third volume, so have Munich painters learnt how within a hundred square feet of wall-space, to marshal their forces.

The illustrations to this paper all come from the school of Director Piloty, who fell under notice last month. The chief plate is taken from Herr Flüggen, an artist born and educated in Munich, and favourably known in Europe generally by paintings of romance and of historic *genre*. Among his popular productions are, *Elizabeth of Hungary taking Refuge with her Children in a Ruined Hut; Milton dictating Paradise Lost; The Countess Margaret taking leave of her Children;* and *The Landlady's Daughter*. The composition *Familien Glück*, here engraved from the collection of Mr. Henry Wallis, exemplifies the beauty, poetic feeling, and harmonious tone, for which the artist is esteemed. The two woodcuts are from Herr Liezen Mayer, a Hungarian by birth, but trained in the school of Piloty, and a resident in Munich. The pictures I have seen by this painter, of which the most famous is *Maria Theresa of Austria nursing the poor Woman's Child*, tend to scenic and melo-dramatic styles. The situations are striking, the contrasts strong: this is the decorative side of the Piloty

Flüggen.pinx

FAMILIEN GLÜCK

school. The subjects which accompany this engraving are two out of fifty cartoons illustrative of 'Faust.' These cartoons, which were seen in London last season, received high encomium and reward when first exhibited in Munich a short time since, and they have been engraved and published in a handsome and attractive volume.*

Munich scarcely forms an exception to the rule that periods given to high art and to the study of the figure are negligent of landscape. Still, King Ludwig in his love for the human form did not overlook the beauties of nature. With the happy knack which belonged to him of putting the right man in the right place, Herr Rottmann received a commission to paint the sites of historic cities in Greece. The views taken, twenty-three in number, are now shown to much advantage in a Salle of the New Pinakothek. I have always deemed it a happy thought thus to enable the modern Athens of Germany to realize the surrounding landscape, the sky, and the local habitation, pertaining to the ancient arts she sought to revive. The same idea has been carried out in the new Museum, Berlin, and might with advantage be tried, at least experimentally, in our British Museum. Thus the walls would give pictorial representations of the sites on which the classic marbles were found. Rottmann was an artist fitted for his mission—he had a broad scenic way of squaring out his subject, he caught inspiration on the spot, he entered into the spirit of Nature in her most sunny mood, in light and colour he reflected Oriental radiance. The late Mr. Bridell fell under the spell of Rottmann. The two artists were in response with the poetic spirit of Nature.

A change has of late, almost of necessity, come over landscape art, as may be seen by comparison of large ambitious compositions in the New Pinakothek with the more modest canvases exhibited now-a-days by Lier, Braith, Voltz, Munthe, Lindenschmidt, Eberle, and other living men. The transition from high art to *genre* is found to be accompanied, not only in Germany, but in Italy, France, and even in England, by a corresponding transmutation in landscape-painting. The noble figures and the stately modes of composition habitual to high and historic art induce a kindred treatment of outward nature. Under such conditions, as exemplified in the two Poussins, landscape-painting assumes symmetric forms and almost architectonic proportions: trees and rocks placed at measured intervals almost perform the part of figures, while in the sky rise mountains as in heroic action. But when Munich descended from high art to *genre*, she forsook the mountains and the glaciers for the lowly valleys and the tranquil streams — not necessarily that high art became low art, for the lowly have ofttimes the birthright of the skies—rather it was that nature was no longer held afar off as something too great and grand for daily food, but was brought near to the human heart at cottage doors. The change which has come over landscape in Munich may be compared with the altered style in poetry between the time of Milton and of Wordsworth. A like mutation occurs in painting between the dramatised nature of De Loutherbourg and the simple sylvan scenes of Gainsborough.

A visit to studios is always of interest, from the insight obtained into the personality of contemporary art. In Munich painters and sculptors for the most part give themselves ample territory, space being superabounding in this rambling and widely-distended city. The doors of painting-rooms often open pleasantly from a garden—somewhat of a wilderness of tangled creepers and crowded weeds, flowers and vegetables. A vine supports the lintel of the door or looks in at the window, and the sun glancing across the floor reveals an interior which might have attracted the eye of De Hooghe or of Teniers. The studio is often in negligent disorder; on tables, walls, and even on the ground, lie scattered sketches, scraps, jottings, and half-finished pictures; while pedestals and niches are occupied by plaster casts, terra-cottas or bronzes. A lay figure with distended arms, as of a windmill, raises its gaunt anatomy in the corner, and a dog and a cat are comfortably reposing near the stove. The artist receives his guests with a ponderous politeness truly German. Simplicity used to preside over the conception and growth of the painter's compositions: the studios of Kaulbach and of Piloty, though ample in size, were

* Faust, illustrated by A. Liezen Mayer, with 13 steel engravings and 85 woodcuts. Munich: Theodor Ströfer. London: Hachette and Co.

in decoration plain; they served more for utility and hard work than for ostentation or indulgence. But with the increasing luxury which is creeping into German homes, studios

MARGARET AT THE CONFESSIONAL. BY A. LIEZEN MAYER.

are becoming more ornate. A local phase of Orientalism reflected from Venice has of late years come over the Munich school, and accordingly studios are clothed in colour, and otherwise made consonant with a life of æsthetic enjoyment. Also recent affinities to morbid sensibility

and sensationalism find response within the painting-room. The mental conditions may not be wholly healthy, accordingly the study of anatomy and of vital functions is made from the

THE JEWEL CASKET. BY A. LIEZEN MAYER.

side of pathology rather than of physiology, from a subject under disease rather than in health. It has even been surmised that 'Burkites' or 'Resurrectionists,' once in the service of schools of anatomy in England, bring from death-beds and sepulchres subjects suited to spasmodic and

sensational art. The public display made in the Munich cemetery of bodies after death and before burial is likely to harden the finer sensibilities. I remember to have seen placed on view a heart-rending group—a mother and her infant:—the mother, in the full flush of youth and beauty, had died suddenly in childbirth. In England the super-sensuous art of Fuseli and of Blake was fed chiefly from the imagination, but in Germany, under dominant realism, the subject must be laid out bodily.

Of late years the products of the Munich school have been pretty widely diffused throughout Europe. It is obvious that, so long as her artists painted on walls, their works must have remained fixed to the freehold just wherever it happened to stand, and the inquiring public were compelled to come to the pictures, inasmuch as the pictures could not travel to them. But with the renunciation of monumental art all is changed; easel-paintings as distinguished from wall-paintings are itinerant, and, accordingly, not an international, and scarcely even a private exhibition, is held in Paris, London, or Vienna, in which Bavarian art does not take a part worthy of the position of the kingdom in the political history and the geographic map of Europe. The pictures produced in Munich at the present moment, when brought into competition with those of other countries, show a fault to which the antecedents do but naturally lead. The magnitude of scale is apt to be out of all proportion to the subject. A school which measures itself with Michael Angelo has a difficulty in dwarfing itself to the limits of Meisonnier. It has been said that Michael Angelo could carve a figure on a cherry-stone, but this is just what a Munich artist cannot do. The objection I venture to raise as to scale might apply to general treatment—to the lighting of a picture, for example. Munich men like to usher in their subjects with a dazzling flash, as if portentous of a miracle, but on approach to the canvas the spectator may find nothing more than an old woman mending a stocking. If a hackneyed proverb can be pardoned, '*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*' These *genre* painters might find the lesson they need before Sir David Wilkie's composition, the *Reading of the Will*, which undoubtedly is the best picture of its kind in the New Pinakothek. Notwithstanding these strictures, I incline to think favourably of the future of *genre* painting in Munich: it is sound in its *technique*, and it is even superabounding in knowledge. That it descends from a higher sphere ought not to be wholly to its disadvantage. And if I may be allowed to put the matter in a merely commercial point of view, I should say that by no people can good work be turned out of hand at a more moderate cost than by simple-living Germans.

The number of artists resident in the Bavarian capital, is in round figures said to be one thousand, and I found in an International Exhibition held in the city, that as many as seventy might be deemed worthy of notice in our English journals. Count Razynski, writing forty years ago, is more liberal in his percentage of celebrities, for in his lists he names sixty-two historic painters, eight battle-painters, eighteen painters of interiors and architecture, seventy-four landscape-painters, forty-five painters of *genre*, and twenty-seven sculptors. Present tendencies have, of course, altered these relative proportions; *genre* painters now outnumber all others, while historic artists are gradually dying out from want of the means of earning a living.

The Munich school under Cornelius commenced with unity, it has now reached variety. With utmost impartiality it depicts a pothouse as well as a palace, a village festival as willingly as a fête to the Madonna. The dream—call it the delirium—of former years has passed into the light of common day. But all is not gone: a great example has been set—the good done lasts, the ill may readily be forgiven. Something more remains than memories and vain regrets: walls of palaces and of churches tell to coming time that in an age avowedly material art could live for an idea.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

Rome, May 1878.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 67.)

THE famous work, the 'Rivers of France,' which in its latest edition was called *Liber Fluviorum* by Mr. Bohn, the publisher, was at first issued in three successive years under the title 'Turner's Annual Tour.' It was published 'for the proprietor' by Moon, Boys, and Graves, but before the work was completed the title of the firm had changed to Hodgson, Boys, and Graves. The title-page of each year's issue was adorned with a vignette, and the three vignettes are amongst the most beautiful which Turner ever produced. The drawings engraved in the body of the work are all oblong, and the engravings generally measure five inches and a half by rather less than four inches. The proportion may be noticed for its avoidance of the long panoramic form, which is very tempting for its convenience in the representation of river scenery in lowland countries. How far this choice of shape may have been Turner's decision, or that of his publishers, who would naturally like a shape going conveniently into a book, I am unable to inform the reader, but the matter is of more importance than at first sight may appear. The nearer a shape approaches to the square form, the more a landscape-painter is tempted to exaggerate the height of things to fill up his composition and get things in, on each side; the more, on the contrary, the shape of the drawing is extended in horizontal length, the less this temptation will be felt.

It is said that Turner was associated for three successive seasons with Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who wrote the letterpress which now accompanies the illustrations to the 'Rivers of France,' but that their tastes were very dissimilar in everything except art, so that they travelled very little together. All that Mr. Ritchie had to say about Turner's ways of work was, that he noticed his wonderful exaggerations; for example, that he would elevate the stunted cone of a village church into a tall steeple when it suited his purpose. If Mr. Ritchie had known Turner's habits as we know them, this would not have excited his surprise. He used to banter Turner about it afterwards in London, but without offending him, for the landscape painter had his retort about literary license. Mr. Ritchie had attempted to identify Gilles de Retz with Blue Beard, by insisting that his beard was so intensely black as to have a shade of blue. 'This,' said Mr. Ritchie, 'tickled the great painter hugely, and his only reply to my bantering was, his little sharp eyes glistening the while, "Blue Beard! Blue Beard! Black Beard!"' This is all we learn from Turner's travelling companion about his ways of work on the French rivers, and it is not much.

The reader may remember Lord Byron's letter in answer to Mr. Bowles about artificial things in poetry, in which he so stoutly maintained that artificial things have a poetry of their own. Thomas Campbell had written a vivid account of his emotions on witnessing the launch of a ship of the line. Bowles asserted that Campbell's ship derived all its poetry, not from art, but from nature, and was dependent for it upon the waves and winds. To this Byron vigorously replied, that the ship of the line conferred its own poetry on the waters and heightened theirs; after which, extending the argument from ships to other artificial things, he went on to speak of buildings on land as increasing the poetry of the land.

'Am I to be told,' he asked, 'that the nature of Attica would be *more* poetical without the art of the Acropolis? of the temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical—the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? the columns of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? the rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown.'

I am not aware that Turner ever expressed opinions such as these in *words*, but there are a thousand evidences in his numerous drawings that he agreed heartily with Byron in looking for the poetry of his subjects much more to man and man's works than to nature. Few landscape-painters have drawn so many buildings, and few painters of water have been so much disposed to crowd it with ships and boats. I will not go so far as to say that pure nature had no interest for him, but I think there is abundant evidence that it was unsatisfying to his mind. It would be easy to give rather a long list of compositions by Turner, in which there is no landscape whatever, but there is scarcely a single drawing or picture by him which does not contain either a boat, or a building, or a figure. One of the first things that strikes us on looking through the 'Rivers of France,' is how much less Turner seems to have cared for the rivers themselves than for the human works which are connected with them. The following analysis may throw some light upon his taste.

There are sixty plates in all, without counting the vignettes, and amongst these sixty plates I find fifteen with castles or châteaux in them, fifteen with cathedrals or important churches, twenty-two with at least one bridge, and of these there are six with two bridges. There are, also, half-a-dozen subjects of sea-ports with shipping and boats in abundance. You may even find that number of compositions without either water or landscape, the river being out of sight and the land all covered with buildings. The Boulevard des Italiens, for example, is given as an illustration of the Seine, which is like giving Regent Street as an illustration of the Thames. At Orleans the place near the Cathedral is preferred to the Loire, and in several other towns the artist willingly leaves the river for the streets. In the whole of the sixty plates there is not one without a building of some kind, and there is not a foreground without figures, nor a reach of water without boats. Men and their works are indeed so constantly predominant in these designs, that, to find the refreshment of pure nature, we must quit the encumbered earth and take refuge in the clouds of heaven.

Now, the theory of Byron and the practice of Turner assert a truth, which is that man's work may be poetical, but they assert it too strongly in assigning to natural beauty an entirely inferior position. There is such a thing as the real landscape instinct, which is quite closely connected with poetic emotion, and there is a rich abundance of beauty in pure nature for its satisfaction. It is this instinct which is not satisfied with Turner's selection of subjects on the French rivers, for they do not always flow through towns, under bridges, by castles and cathedrals. They pass through leagues and leagues of the sweetest rural scenery, where he who is indifferent to landscape beauty will find nothing whatever to interest him, but where the true lover of nature will be quietly gratified by a constant succession of beautifully grouped trees, or varied forms of shore, changing from the mountains of the Upper Loire to the *coteaux* of the vine lands and the flat Dutch-looking distances of the plains. After floating for hours through these great spaces of rural France, when you are beginning to weary a little of river, and trees, and sky, you catch sight of some town in the distance with its old church, or, in rare cases, its cathedral, and then a fresh reach of the river discloses a bridge of many arches and a jumble of roofs and chimneys half hidden by the trees of the public walk. It is *then* that you feel the value of the town as an ornament to the river, and when you have been all day alone with nature you are not sorry to communicate again with humanity, to see the groups of people about the wharf and boats, and gratify your love of architecture or your feeling for the picturesque by a hunt after the remains of the middle ages. Such are the pleasant experiences of artists who love the water; they see nature, and they see cities also, but they see them in due proportion. Now it seems on looking through these sixty plates from Turner as if, instead of leading us from town to town along the broad, beautiful water-way of the river, he had got into a diligence in one town and out of it at the next, like a traveller 'doing' the principal localities. Daubigny, who had not Turner's magnificence of conception, loved nature with a more intimate affection, and passed days and nights on the Seine in a combination of hut and boat, rudely enough contrived, yet a treasure for a student of river scenery. He was not a

great genius like Turner but he really loved the river, and in return for this simple devotion he was rewarded by an insight into its own natural beauty, which was wanting in the illustrious Englishman.*

What Turner cared for was the picturesque aspect of a French town, taken as a whole, with its bridge, and towers, and multitudinous roofs. I cannot think that he took any very deep and serious interest in architecture for itself, though he liked it as an element of the picturesque. The front of Rouen Cathedral is very magnificent and impressive, and it is the most favourable example of architecture in the volume; but in other subjects, such as the castle of Amboise, the inaccuracies are of a kind which convinces me that the artist was thinking only of his poetical effect, and did not really care about architectural construction. As nothing is more unprofitable than generalities in criticism, we will direct our attention more especially to Amboise. In the first of the two subjects, the two big round towers, for which the place is celebrated, are greatly exaggerated as to height, which deprives them of much of their massive character. It is plainly impossible to drive a carriage up the inside of Turner's towers, but it can be done in one of the real ones. In the reality, there is an old palace apparently built on the top of a very strong feudal castle.† Turner has been faithful to the idea just so far as this, but all his architectural details are wrong, even big details—wrong every one of them; and this inaccuracy is still more evident in the illustration called the *Château of Amboise*, where the architecture is conspicuous, and required care. What surprises me, even yet, after long familiarity with Turner's ways of work, is his disdain, not of the ugly truths which artists often avoid, but of the beautiful truths which the artistic temperament usually delights in. The real Château of Amboise is not only different from Turner's, but certainly more beautiful than his, and far more picturesque.

The reader may remember that in my criticism of Turner's Kilchurn Castle,‡ I pointed out his omission of important architectural features, such as the corbelled turrets at the corners. In the Château of Amboise it is not so much omission that one has to complain of, as wilful or involuntary misrepresentation. I can give a parallel instance from literature. M. Louis Énault says that the English inscribe in letters of gold on the front of their museums, 'A thing of art is an endless joy.' Of course we recognise what he means; he means, the immortal verse of Keats, which was inscribed at one end of the Art Treasures' Exhibition at Manchester; and the Frenchman's line contains a sort of muddled reminiscence of everything in the original, but on the whole the English reader may still prefer, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Well,

* The following quotation from Mr. J. L. Molloy's 'Autumn Holiday on French Rivers' gives an excellent idea of what I mean. It is rather long, but so good and true, and so strikingly *àpropos* of our present subject, that the reader will thank me for not abridging it:—

'Then, far ahead, in a haze of sunset, rose up the indistinct outline of Blois.

'It was at such times we realised how grand was the Loire—the river of ancient cities. Beautiful as the Seine was—in many respects far more so than the Loire—it fell far short of the latter in expanse. Here was something of the breadth and distance of the sea. I feel the difficulty, the impossibility even, of describing the effect it produced on us.

'*To come out of the solitariness of the river, let the boat drift with the tide, and turn round to watch the gradual unfolding of these cities, was in its way akin to the feeling of hearing for the first time one of the great symphonies of Beethoven.* And there is nothing fanciful in this comparison; it is the simple expression of the thought which occurred at the time. Many will understand how things, apparently opposite, and without any material connexion, will, under certain influences, recall and suggest one another. Weber, from only seeing the tables, chairs, and benches of a *café*, piled up to the ceiling, composed one of his grandest triumphal marches. On days when the rain fell thick and heavy he wrote his most joyous music, on sunny days the saddest.

'I remember one of us saying that evening, as we looked at Blois, that it was like a peal of old bells, when they clang all together.

'Most of our readers will probably have seen all these towns and many parts of the Loire. But it will have been by diligence or rail—shooting suddenly from a tunnel into the heart of the city, and with passing glimpses of the river: for no steamers can ascend above Tours—and Gien, Orléans, Beaugency, Blois, and Amboise, are accessible by land only (except in small boats). *In no way but the way we travelled is it possible to see what these places really are, and how they are inseparable from the river.*'

† It is really built upon a rock, encased in walls with towers.

‡ See PORTFOLIO for 1876, page 122.

Turner's drawing of Amboise produces exactly that effect upon me. It may be an improvement, but I cannot help preferring the real thing.

I will mention two instances more. In the view of the Pont Neuf, at Paris, the tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie is brought in at the left by a permissible violation of strict topography which would have kept it out of the drawing. As the artist had gone somewhat out of his way to adorn his subject with the tower, it is natural to expect that he would look at it, yet his drawing gives evidence of the most perfect indifference to its architecture. It is rather a large object in the drawing, it is a very important object, it is quite near enough for its general character to be seen plainly and its details mysteriously, yet neither character nor detail is given, and a grossly commonplace piece of nineteenth-century Gothic is substituted for one of the most perfectly beautiful, one of the most exquisitely elegant masterpieces of the middle ages. Not much is seen of the towers of Notre Dame, but the little we do see abounds in architectural errors. A draughtsman so careless about noble architecture was not likely to pay more attention to that of streets and houses, and, provided that he got an effect of quantity and mystery, he attempted little more. Still, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of surprise at Turner's indifference to blocks of building which have an especial picturesque interest. Trees grow now on the point of the island between the two halves of the bridge, and hide the houses at the Place Dauphine from the point of view in Turner's sketch; but when he drew it, either there were no trees at all, or else he removed them on purpose. In either case one is surprised at his neglect of the houses, because, as every Parisian artist knows, they are quite remarkably picturesque, with their cumbrous roofs overburdened with dormer windows and chimneys. Of course the houses *were* there in Turner's time, and long before, according to the poet:—

> 'Ces deux maisons, Ventre Sainct Gris!
> Je les cognois, dict Henry Quatre,
> Icelles sont du vieulx Paris!'

Another of the Parisian subjects affords a good opportunity for testing the draughtsmanship of the artist, because the materials in it are familiar. In the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Pont d'Arcole* we have three well-known buildings—1. Part of the old Hôtel de Ville—2. The Church of St. Gervais—3. The Pump in the river. The absence of refinement, of truth, and of precision, in Turner's representation of these buildings is decisive, and settles the question. If the reader will compare Turner's *Hôtel de Ville* with a photograph of the real one, he will see that the landscape-painter's interpretation entirely loses the elegance of the original. The Pump was a very picturesque object (a tower between two wings, the whole erected on a great intricate wooden scaffolding, through which the water flowed), and it was etched by Méryon with great delicacy and truth. If the reader has an opportunity for comparing the etching with the engraving after Turner he will see the difference. I should not find fault with minor inaccuracies if truth of character were preserved; but it is not preserved, in these instances. The elegance of the tower of St. Jacques and the Hôtel de Ville is as much sacrificed as their details. The real Pump was picturesque, with a certain purity and stateliness which Méryon gave; Turner made it picturesque in quite another way, and a much coarser and ruder way.

These remarks having, of necessity, been unfavourable, I regret that a month must elapse before I shall have space to say what ought to be said in favour of the *Rivers of France.*

P. G. HAMERTON.

(To be continued.)

Drawn after J. Breton

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

VI.—Jules Breton.

'The Gleaner.'

ETCHED BY L. F. DUPONT.

THIS is one of the most important rustic pictures in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878. Though only a single figure, it represents very completely not only the tendencies but the achievements of what may, we believe, be truly considered the central one of the three rustic schools of France. It may perhaps seem an arbitrary proceeding to divide the rustic painters into three schools, but the reader will find such a classification convenient as an aid to memory, and not likely to lead him wrong in any way. The classification may be effected as follows.

1. The rustic painters who refine greatly upon nature, giving peasant-women the complexions and cleanliness, with some of the graces, of the drawing-room. If the reader will turn to the PORTFOLIO for March, 1875, he will find a very charming figure by Bouguereau, a girl carrying a lamb and followed by the ewe, which is a good example of this school. The figure is, in its way, as sweet and modest as it is possible to be, and we can imagine a peasant-girl like that; but after a little critical reflection we begin to perceive a refining spirit everywhere, the keynote of this refinement being given in the lady-like hands that hold the lamb, whilst it is carried out consistently in everything else. The reader will observe that this is not by any means the highly artificial rusticity of the eighteenth century, when fashionable ladies amused themselves by pretending to be shepherdesses; it is a different thing, it is real nature, but nature polished by a delicate urban taste, and really far more suitable for a picture-gallery in a rich man's house than the crude reality could ever be.

2. The second or central class of rustic painters, represented by Jules Breton, idealise nature also, but not by giving it the refinement which men learn from watching ladies in capital cities. Jules Breton idealises Nature in her own direction. What are the qualities most valued by the peasantry themselves in the girls of their own class? Not grace, delicacy, gentleness, like the delicacy and gentleness of Bouguereau's girl carrying the lamb, but strength, and vigour, and robust health. The peasants have no other notion of beauty than that. They call the finest girl the prettiest, just as they call the most productive country the most beautiful. Jules Breton takes up this idea, and chooses for his model, not the prettiest peasant-girl, but the strongest. Then he idealises a little (sometimes more than a little) in the direction indicated by Nature herself. Here, for example, he has met with a model who suggested the idea of unwearied strength and a certain majestic grace, and we see how he has carried it out. The sun is setting. The girl has been working in the burning field since three o'clock in the morning, in the full blaze of the southern sun, with the scorching heat rising from the ground to her face like fire. She has been bending

down all day in the most tiring of positions, and here she is, now that the day's work is nearly over, fresh and unwearied, ready to go and dance an hour or two in the moonlight. Pray observe the perfect dignity of her carriage, the serious face, almost stern, and saying as plainly as possible that she is not a person to take liberties with; the arms as strong as a man's arms. Here is a true story about just such a girl as this, which may enliven the tiresomeness of art criticism. An intimate friend of the writer of this note happened to be crossing a bridge near a country-town in France, when he noticed a fine strong, peasant-woman coming in one direction, and a smart-looking little soldier in the other. The soldier thought he would like to give the woman a kiss, which he did just when she was half-way over the bridge. She seized him by his belt, swung him over the parapet by an effort of her powerful arm, and held him suspended over the water, coolly telling him that if he did not apologise she would drop him into the river. He apologised in that alarming and slightly ludicrous situation, on which she replaced him where he was before and let him go his way.

Another difference between Breton and Bouguereau is, that Breton seeks for no pleasing variety in costume. There is no approach to toilette here; nothing but a working dress, good for the hot weather, and leaving the body its fullest freedom. Still, this dress, notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, is as good as any dress can be for the purposes of art. It would be quite acceptable even in sculpture. Paul Dubois would certainly accept it, and make it grand without any departure from the truth, beyond the arrangement of one or two simple folds.

The third class of French rustic painters consists of the realists who seek for no grandeur at all and add no refinement. I do not mean the lovers of ugliness, who make Nature uglier than it really is, but the plain truth-tellers, represented by Pierre Billet. A characteristic picture by him was reproduced in the PORTFOLIO for February, 1875, wonderfully true, and only true, pure nature, and nothing but nature, except that there is just a little composition to make a picture of what would else have been a study.

There is plenty of room in modern art for these three methods of dealing with rustic subjects, and it is good that there should be variety enough to make us appreciate such art as that of Jules Breton at its full value. It is rich in truth, yet not without the elevating ideal element, and its ideality is of that genuine kind which is in perfect harmony with reality.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

No. IV.—DÜSSELDORF.

DÜSSELDORF is well situated geographically as a centre of art. It is placed on the Rhine, a river which from earliest times has been for Germany the great artery for commerce and civilisation. It is within easy reach of such olden cities as Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Hildesheim, and its northern position has in recent days made it the training-school for the kingdoms of Scandinavia. Now more than ever it is made of easy access from all sides by a network of railways, and accordingly the Düsseldorf school, in the midst of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, has assumed a cosmopolitan character. All nationalities congregate and work together. I have there met, not only pupils from adjacent and distant provinces in Germany, but also students from Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm, as well as from England and America. In the sequel it will be seen that the art products are, as the component personalities, many-sided.

The natural scenery in the midst of which Düsseldorf has been planted is not inspiring to high or sacred art. A few years ago I made notes on the road with the purpose of seeing whether the outward landscape could have led up to the imaginative height, the spiritual

exaltation, which have been identified with the school. The banks of the Rhine about Cologne become so uninteresting that travellers mostly leave the boat at Bonn, and the river in passing onwards to the sea traverses a broad alluvial deposit as level as the pasture-lands of Holland. On leaving Cologne by rail for Düsseldorf I found the country flat, yet fertile. It was the middle of June; crops lay heavy on the ground, and the corn was already golden. The hay was being gathered in, and the carts were attended by highly coloured figures; the women in red petticoats and white sleeves, not uncongenial subjects, it must be confessed, for the naturalistic art of present days. The whole plain was highly tinted and richly carpeted: for the most part it lay in pasturage, yet among alluvial crops I reckoned up potatoes, beans, flax, lupins in golden yellow flower, and wide tracts of corn intermingled with red poppies. The sweep of the country had the wide circuit of a continent, broken here and there by a hedge or a clump of trees, a hamlet, a village spire, or low distant hills. The prevailing and somewhat monotonous horizontal line was relieved by rows of monumental poplars, with the feathery acacias decorating the plebeian landscape. Then the scene would change into pretty pastorals, willows of grey green leaves shadowing the streams, green tracts grazed by sheep, and ponds of water wherein cattle cooled their feet in the heat of day. Evidently the land of Paul Potter lies near on the other side of the frontier. The signs of habitation are not enticing to the sketcher, and yet the artist's eye may be attracted by a windmill on a common or a brick-kiln in the midst of clay. Stone is scarce, and courses of ornamental bricks, which in these districts assume the importance of terra-cottas, ornament the houses in country and in town. The steep red roofs tell in fine contrast with the bright greens of midsummer; but the trees are stunted and insignificant—nowhere do they rise to forest growth. The whole land, in fact, is for industry, and not for art: such a territory few sketchers would choose for a summer holiday, and yet, strangely enough, here the school of Düsseldorf has grown and flourished long. But, perhaps, no people have keener longing for the mountains than the dwellers in the plains. Certainly the landscape-painters of Düsseldorf rush away in summer time to the grandest scenery in Germany and Scandinavia, while the spiritual side of the school may trust to the inward light, and to occasional communion in distant cities with Fra Angelico and Perugino.

The Christian phase of modern German art, finding its chief seat in Düsseldorf, claims more consideration than space will allow. It may be well to remember that this spiritual school took its rise in Rome between the years 1810 and 1820, under the inspiration of Overbeck, and that it came into the world as a revival or new birth of early Christian art as represented by Fra Angelico, Gentile da Fabriano, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. This great movement became specially patent in Düsseldorf when Friedrich Wilhelm Schadow, one of the sacred brotherhood, was chosen Director of the Academy. It may be interesting for a moment to glance at the philosophy which at this time underlaid the teaching of art professors. Referring to German writers, I find that the pictorial style stands in close relation to 'the subjective philosophy,' the 'idea' of Plato serving as the germ whence spring the local metaphysics and the contemporary art alike. The mystic philosophy, too, of the Port Royalists, a body known for ardour and devotion, made itself felt in the new school. I also see reciprocity of feeling between spiritual painters of the period and that spiritual yet rationalistic mystic Jacob Böhm—an author found in the libraries of the old Quakers, a sect which in past generations mingled spiritualism with rationalism in undefined quantities. How all these divergent elements could coalesce in the same personalities and paintings it is not very easy to understand, but I well remember years ago, when an ex-Quaker, editor of the 'Tablet,' thanked God that in youth he had been nurtured in the most spiritual of religions next to that which in mature life he had adopted. 'The Friends,' I have found, have tender feeling towards spiritual poetry and art.

Returning to these German devotees, the faith promulgated was that all painting should be 'soul painting;' that, as of all created things, the spirit of man is the noblest and the most enduring, so in true art soul and spirit ought to animate the body and dominate over flesh. Outward form, sinew and muscle, rich draperies with pomp of colour, pertain but

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to things perishable, and leave the thirst of the soul for the infinite and the absolute unquenched. Accordingly, the religious painters of Düsseldorf sought to animate the body, to inspire it by spirit, and thus to render outward form sensitive to inward motion. They wished to be the chroniclers of indwelling thought, and long before a picture became a thing visible and tangible it had dwelt, unencumbered by gross bodily form, as a shadowy conception in the chambers of secluded meditation. When devotees such as Overbeck knelt in church or chamber, as did Il Beato di Fiesole, when he walked in solitude along the silent cloister, these 'thought pictures' dwelt within his mind; and as with the prophet of old, so with the prophet-painter of our day, the supplication would arise, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' Thus was born a 'soul picture.' Vision-seeing artists, such as Blake for example, live in close communion with the world of spirits: thin are the partitions which lie between the seen and the unseen, and moments come when the heavenly portals seem to be thrown open, and rays of light and truth are poured down abundantly on him who waits and watches for the divine conception. Pictures thus fashioned in the inward chambers of the mind before they are seen by the bodily eye in studios, though necessarily frail in physical structure, are, perhaps, the nearest approach to disembodied thoughts possible to pictorial forms. Frederick Schlegel was in literature the apologist for this school, for which I confess some sympathy. Yet, in conclusion, I am tempted to quote Heine's satire: 'Schlegel takes his survey from a lofty point of view, but the high position he assumes is invariably within the belfry of a Catholic church, where his speech clashes with the jingling of the bells, and mingles with the croaking of the ravens that haunt the old weathercock.'

The purest and fullest manifestation of the Düsseldorf school, on its spiritual side, is found in the small chapel dedicated to St. Apollinaris on the Rhine. The present Gothic edifice, designed at the request of Count Furstenberg by Herr Zwirner, the architect employed in the completion of Cologne Cathedral, is, like the Giotto chapel in Padua, expressly fitted to receive the frescoes with which its walls are clothed. In the year 1837 the Count commissioned Herr Schadow, the Director of the Düsseldorf Academy, to select from among his pupils those most competent to carry out the proposed mural decorations. The choice fell upon Ernst Deger, Franz Ittenbach, Karl Müller, and Andreas Müller, young and ardent painters who recently returned from a prolonged pilgrimage to Rome, and being imbued with the spirit of the early Italian masters were ready to enter on the work heart and soul. It has been my privilege on successive visits, after the lapse of years, to walk somewhat in the spirit of a pilgrim up the hill on which the chapel of St. Apollinaris stands. The path lies circuitously around vine-clothed hills, rising above the swift river, in one sweeping panorama towards the Drachenfels and the neighbouring Rhine scenery. On entering the chapel I could well understand the fervour aroused throughout Germany when these frescoes were displayed as the consummate issue of the Düsseldorf school on its spiritual side. My first visit to Remagen was made in 1856, my last in 1867; in the former year, in course of execution was Deger's grand fresco of Christ seated in judgment, surrounded by prophets, apostles, and martyrs, all above life-size, and painted on gold ground. I mounted the scaffolding to examine the manipulation, which I found so smooth and so studiously blended that the joinings in the plaster were barely discernible. Thus was accounted for a unison in the general effect which belongs more to oil-painting than to fresco; hence also the lack of severity complained of by some critics. German frescoes as a rule are harsh and hard, as if pertaining to ancient centuries; these, on the contrary, are mellow, as if belonging to modern periods.

The scheme for the pictorial decoration of the Remagen chapel is as follows: the north walls are given to scenes from the history of Christ, the south to events from the life of the Madonna, while the transepts in part are devoted to passages from the legend of St. Apollinaris, to whom the church is dedicated. The style, as might be anticipated from the antecedents of the four painters employed, is eclectic: five centuries have evidently elapsed since Giotto painted the Arena chapel, yet the first impression is that Carlo Dolce and Sasso Ferrato

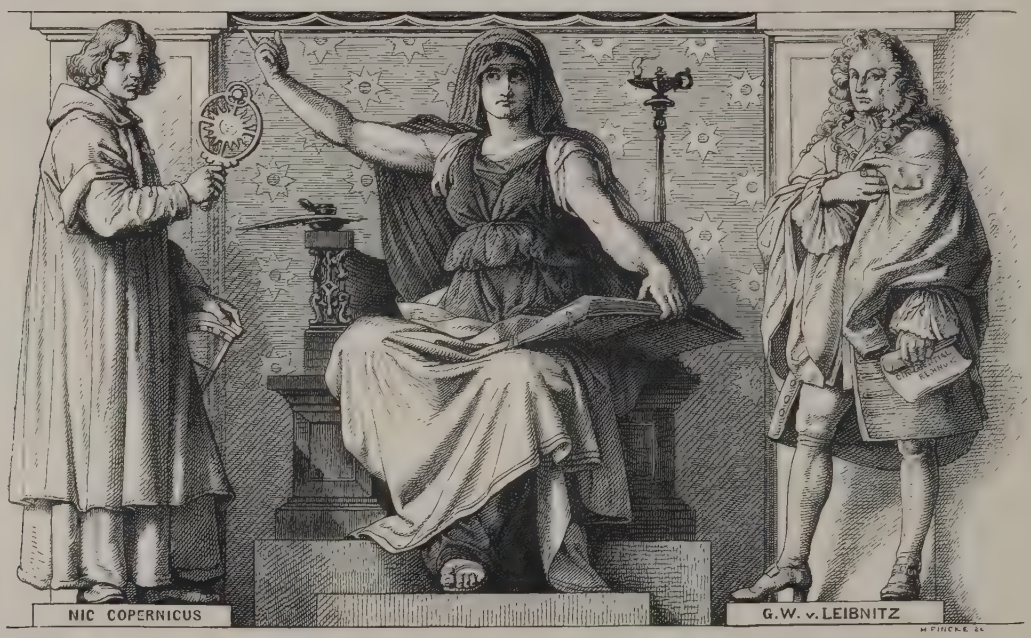
may have had a hand in the work. A further impression made is a prevailing sense of beauty—a beauty the apt clothing of goodness and purity—manifest supremely in Karl Müller's lovely group (size, 21 feet long by 12 feet high) representing the typical women from the Old Testament. Such beauty has been held to be akin to holiness, the outcoming of a balanced life wherein no angry passions mar the serenity of body or of mind, the soul possessing itself in peace. Sometimes it must be confessed that the placidity passes into feebleness—a want of positivism which amounts to inertness and negation. But the general feeling induced is that of a dream—a trance—the situation being removed from earth and yet somewhere within the glimpses of the moon. The Düsseldorf school is most learned—I may say, that it is almost scientific in draperies: the folds are cast after the classic type, yet a gentle flow of line, undisturbed by accident or action, responds with the peace reigning in the figures beneath. This chapel, judged from the Düsseldorf and Munich point of view, leaves little to be desired. The colours are wrought up to the high pitch of gold; the glories round the heads of saints are gold in relief, an expedient which, though employed by Crivelli and other old masters, is almost too non-natural for our times. The system of polychromy excludes primary colours, and trusts to the pervading and not unpleasing general effects gained by the quiet, hazy, and atmospheric blending of secondary and tertiary tones.

On revisiting this shrine of the Düsseldorf spiritual school after an interval of eleven years I was glad to find my first impressions confirmed, if not strengthened. It seems generally acknowledged that the emotions aroused are religious and conducive to worship. It gave me special pleasure to find that these frescoes, though subject every winter to the assaults of cold and ice, remain untouched by decay. I have since visited the most northernly of frescoes in Europe, those in the apse of the Cathedral of Upsala, painted, like the frescoes at Remagen, by a pupil or pupils trained in Düsseldorf. These works, though much tried by winter, are in perfect preservation. The Düsseldorf school has obviously the secret of painting frescoes in permanence. Such examples enhance the regret that fresco-painting was in England so ill understood, at least as to materials and manipulation. I may add that two of the painters engaged on the chapel on the Rhine, Ittenbach and Karl Müller, have within recent years been favourably seen on the line of our Royal Academy; but for this phase of Düsseldorf art to be fully appreciated, a pilgrimage must be made to Remagen.

The antipodes to the spiritual school is reached when Ludwig Knaus comes upon the scene. The artist was born at Wiesbaden in 1829, and entered the Düsseldorf Academy in 1846; about ten years later he went to Paris, where he exhibited in the Salon, among other successful pictures, *The Consecration of a Village Church*, *The Gipsy*, *The Golden Wedding*, and *Baptism*. About the year 1861 he made Berlin his head-quarters. I first was enabled to form an estimate of this *sans-culotte* genius when I came in contact in Düsseldorf with *The Thief in the Market*, under hot pursuit by a rabble crowd. The world had never seen on canvas such an agglomeration of ragged, dirty rascals, gamins of the street, the pests of society. Even the trees were rugged, jagged, and ill-to-do; the painter stood out as an exceptional phenomenon, even in a naturalistic period. But a change came over the spirit of the dream; the artist's wild oats had been sown, and then, in the International Exhibitions of Paris and of Vienna, appeared a rich and varied harvest of better seed. Knaus, with the free charter of a naturalist—a true and intelligent student of nature—passed from a grotesque, never vulgar, to pastorals and idyls never weak in over-sentimentality. Known in every shop-window in Europe is *Springtime*, a little girl up to her waist in the exuberant growth of the fields, gathering an apron full of flowers. In this most popular of pictures—as in others—one secret of success is that the eye becomes immovably set on the little girl as the central object: she, though a dot, is magnified into a heroine—and the flowers and the landscape, though lovely in extreme, fall into due subordination. The logical mind of the Germans leads to such rationalistic relations. But there are other compositions by the master more complex, such, for example, as the *Juggler in the Barn*. Here, again, the secret lies mainly in focussing the principal character, the

necromancer, around whom gathers a motley crew, kept in subordination, yet speaking out in a by-play which carries the eye to the extremest corners of the composition. I will not venture to compare this greatest of German *genre* painters with Hogarth, mainly because the two stand so wide asunder, and yet they are similar in satire, in shrewd insight into individual character, as well as in their sympathy with Nature in her unsophisticated forms. German critics, who, it is said, never trouble to look at the pictures they write about, because they can evolve absolute truth from their inward consciousness, have discovered a whole cosmos in Knaus. Yet willingly I accept what they say in praise of the painter's colour, light, and shade; in his broken outlines, in his darkness visible, and in his sudden apparitions of light, I should think he had given intelligent study to Rembrandt. Among his recent phases is the illustration in this paper, *The Madonna and Child*, executed by the chief of German etchers, Herr Unger. Knaus is well represented in the present Paris Exhibition.

Eduard Bendemann, who furnishes two subjects to this article, is supposed to have been



FROM A FRIEZE BY BENDEMANN.

of Jewish extraction, yet as with Disraeli, his faith is not quite pronounced in his works. He was born at Berlin in 1811, and left for Düsseldorf in 1828, in company with Th. Hildebrandt, C. Sohn, Lessing, and his brother-in-law, J. Hübner. The history of a mind evidently planned by nature for command, deserves to be traced in brief. Leaving out minor details, it may be said that the first mission of Bendemann was to indite the history of his countrymen—the children of Israel—in their sorrows and their joys. *The Captive Israelites mourning by the waters of Babylon*, here published, has been deservedly known throughout the world. Of like direful character is *Jeremiah lamenting over Jerusalem*. The town of Düsseldorf has among its chief mural paintings a frieze, whence one of the illustrations to this paper is taken. It would seem to me that Bendemann, placed by birth beyond the polemics of Düsseldorf creeds, asserted for art the universality of human nature and of religion. I once had the privilege of conversing with Professor Bendemann at the house of his sister, Madame Hübner; the painter's brain was very large, the character one to be revered.

Düsseldorf has been long known as the chief centre for the publication of Romanist prints,

issued at small cost and disseminated widely over the Christian world. I have several hundreds of these compositions, following the usual course from the Nativity to the Resurrection; and I remember to have seen in the studio of Overbeck, thirty years ago, lovely designs in charcoal executed expressly for engraving in Düsseldorf. The chief Society for the publication of these cheap but delicately executed engravings from leading pictures of the 'Christian School' is the Verein zur Verbreitung religioser Bilder, in Düsseldorf. Identified with the Düsseldorf Academy is the praiseworthy Kunstverein für die Rheinländer und Westphalien, an Association which has worked in the interests of art somewhat after the schemes of the British Institution, of the Dilettante Society, and of the London Art Union. The good work done is indicated by the statement that more than nine hundred pictures have been distributed by lottery, and that nearly forty paintings, altar pictures and others, have been secured for museums and for Protestant and Romanist churches. Among the monumental works thus fostered were Rethel's frescoes of the history of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle; also Overbeck's impressive oil picture in the Cathedral of Cologne; likewise the largest line engraving ever executed, that by

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON. AFTER BENDEMANN.

Professor Keller from Raphael's *Disputa.* The London Art Union has done good service for art, but the specialty of the Rheinlande Kunstverein is that it selects for publication pictures from the Old Masters.

Düsseldorf since the removal of the Boisserie collection to Munich has not possessed museums or other collections worthy of its repute as an art centre. Yet still may be seen works of renown by Cornelius, Overbeck, Sohn, Karl Müller, Ittenbach, Deger, Molitor, Leutze, Köhler, Röling, Hasenclever, Th. Hildebrandt, Lessing, Knaus, C. Hübner, Vautier, Salentin, Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, A. Weber, &c. &c. To these may be added Scandinavian painters, such as the Norwegian Tidemand, in whose studio I had the privilege of seeing his most ambitious picture, the *Baptism of Christ.* A few years after I found the same composition in its resting-place, in the apse of a Protestant church in Christiania. The opinion on the spot was that the painter, in departing from his appointed sphere of naturalism and of *genre,* had failed to reach to high art and spiritualism. It is impossible, within brief limits, to give the notice deserved by the above painters; but it may be mentioned that Vautier and Salentin, and many others, represent the now dominant party in Düsseldorf,—a company of artists who, having thrown aside spiritualism, asceticism, and the like, cast themselves sympathetically into the

sorrows and the joys of life, especially among the poor, where, according to Crabbe and Wordsworth, is found indwelling, though obscured, that true spirit of humanity which God first breathed into man. These German pictures, however, come out as rather heavy and opaque renderings of great and essential truths.

Düsseldorf sustains several literary, artistic, and social associations; such, for example, as the Pen and Pencil Club, wherein, as in other countries, are produced and criticised poetic effusions and pictorial impromptus. I have never had the privilege of partaking of the true German 'Æsthetic Teas,' but if they are anything like the social gatherings elsewhere, all wise men who have work to do in the world will do well to stay away from them, and leave the teapot in the hands of the ladies. Yet it is stated that in Düsseldorf æsthetics of the true transcendental sort find entrance into select coteries. Therein it is conjectured inspiring thought takes pictorial form, and hence the School of Düsseldorf is supposed to be animated by leading minds, such as that of Humboldt, a writer whose discursive intellect passed from science into art, and gave, especially in the 'Cosmos,' to landscape-painting the assurance of unlimited progression in the future.

The Düsseldorf school cannot die. It represents territories no less than principles, territories touching the northern confines of the great German empire, and extending still northward into the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. When travelling in those countries I have observed that the chief painters were trained in Düsseldorf. And it seems to me that the Düsseldorf school may be likened to the German empire, a monarchy consolidated out of dissevered states and divers peoples, a sphere wherein genius and art life can obtain free development. Goethe has truly said, the artist is always free.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

II. Old Town—The Lands.

THE Old Town, it is pretended, is the chief characteristic, and, from a picturesque point of view, the liver-wing of Edinburgh. It is one of the most common forms of depreciation to throw cold water on the whole by adroit over-commendation of a part, since everything worth judging, whether it be a man, a work of art, or only a fine city, must be judged upon its merits as a whole. The Old Town depends for much of its effect on the new quarters that lie around it, on the sufficiency of its situation, and on the hills that back it up. If you were to set it somewhere else by itself, it would look remarkably like Stirling in a bolder and loftier edition. The point is to see this embellished Stirling planted in the midst of a large, active, and fantastic modern city; for there the two re-act in a picturesque sense, and the one is the making of the other.

The Old Town occupies a sloping ridge or tail of diluvial matter, protected, in some subsidence of the waters, by the Castle cliffs which fortify it to the west. On the one side of it and the other the new towns of the south and of the north occupy their lower, broader, and more gentle hill-tops. Thus, the quarter of the Castle overtops the whole city and keeps an open view to sea and land. It dominates for miles on every side; and people on the decks of ships, or ploughing in quiet country places over in Fife, can see the banner on the Castle battlements, and the smoke of the Old Town blowing abroad over the subjacent country. A city that is set upon a hill. It was, I suppose, from this distant aspect that she got her nickname of *Auld Reekie.* Perhaps it was given her by people who had never crossed her doors: day after day, from their various rustic Pisgahs, they had seen the pile of building on the hill-top, and the long plume of smoke over the plain; so it appeared to

them ; so it had appeared to their fathers tilling the same field ; and as that was all they knew of the place, it could be all expressed in these two words.

Indeed, even on a nearer view, the Old Town is properly smoked ; and though it is well washed with rain all the year round, it has a grim and sooty aspect among its younger suburbs. It grew, under the law that regulates the growth of walled cities in precarious situations, not in extent, but in height and density. Public buildings were forced, wherever there was room for them, into the midst of thoroughfares ; thoroughfares were diminished into lanes ; houses sprang up story after story, neighbour mounting upon neighbour's shoulder, as in some Black Hole of Calcutta, until the population slept fourteen or fifteen deep in a vertical direction. The tallest of these *lands*, as they are locally termed, have long since been burnt out ; but to this day it is not uncommon to see eight or ten windows at a flight, and the cliff of building which hangs imminent over Waverley Bridge would still put many natural precipices to shame. The cellars are already high above the gazer's head, planted on the steep hill-side ; as for the garret, all the furniture may be in the pawn-shop, but it commands a famous prospect to the Highland hills. The poor man may roost up there in the centre of Edinburgh, and yet have a peep of the green country from his window ; he shall see the quarters of the well-to-do fathoms underneath, with their broad squares and gardens ; he shall have nothing overhead but a few spires, the stone top-gallants of the city ; and perhaps the wind may reach him with a rustic pureness, and bring a smack of the sea, or of flowering lilacs in the spring.

It is almost the correct literary sentiment to deplore the revolutionary improvements of Mr. Chambers and his following. It is easy to be a conservator of the discomforts of others ; indeed, it is only our good qualities we find it irksome to conserve. Assuredly, in driving streets through the black labyrinth, a few curious old corners have been swept away, and some associations turned out of house and home. But what slices of sunlight, what breaths of clean air, have been let in ! And what a picturesque world remains untouched ! You go under dark arches, and down dark stairs and alleys. The way is so narrow that you can lay a hand on either wall ; so steep that, in greasy winter weather, the pavement is almost as treacherous as ice. Washing dangles above washing from the windows ; the houses bulge outwards upon flimsy brackets ; you see a bit of sculpture in a dark corner ; at the top of all, a gable and a few crowsteps are printed on the sky. Here, you come into a court where the children are at play and the grown people sit upon their doorsteps, and perhaps a church spire shows itself above the roofs. Here, in the narrowest of the entry, you find a great old mansion still erect, with some insignia of its former state—some scutcheon, some holy or courageous motto, on the lintel. The local antiquary points out where famous and well-born people had their lodging ; and as you look up, out-pops the head of a slatternly woman from the countess's window. The Bedouins camp within Pharaoh's palace walls, and the old war-ship is given over to the rats. We are already a far way from the days when powdered heads were plentiful in these alleys, with jolly, port-wine faces underneath. Even in the chief thoroughfares Irish washings flutter at the windows, and the pavements are encumbered with loiterers.

These loiterers are a true character of the scene. Some shrewd Scotch workmen may have paused on their way to a job, debating Church affairs and politics with their tools upon their arm. But the most part are of a different order—skulking jail-birds ; unkempt, bare-foot children ; big-mouthed, robust women, in a sort of uniform of striped flannel petticoat and short tartan shawl : among these, a few supervising constables and a dismal sprinkling of mutineers and broken men from higher ranks in society, with some mark of better days upon them, like a brand. In a place no larger than Edinburgh, and where the traffic is mostly centered in five or six chief streets, the same face comes often under the notice of an idle stroller. In fact, from this point of view, Edinburgh is not so much a small city as the largest of small towns. It is scarce possible to avoid observing your neighbours ; and I never yet heard of any one who

tried. It has been my fortune, in this anonymous accidental way, to watch more than one of these downward travellers for some stages on the road to ruin. One man must have been upwards of sixty before I first observed him, and he made then a decent, personable figure in broadcloth of the best. For three years he kept falling—grease coming and buttons going from the square-skirted coat, the face puffing and pimpling, the shoulders growing bowed, the hair falling scant and grey upon his head; and the last that ever I saw of him, he was standing at the mouth of an entry with several men in moleskin, three parts drunk, and his old black raiment daubed with mud. I fancy that I still can hear him laugh. There was something heart-breaking in this gradual declension at so advanced an age; you would have thought a man of sixty out of the reach of these calamities; you would have thought that he was niched by that time into a safe place in life, whence he could pass quietly and honourably into the grave.

THE CASTLE.

One of the earliest marks of these *dégringolades* is, that the victim begins to disappear from the New Town thoroughfares, and takes to the High Street, like a wounded animal to the woods. And such an one is the type of the quarter. It also has fallen socially. A scutcheon over the door somewhat jars in sentiment where there is a washing at every window. The old man, when I saw him last, wore the coat in which he had played the gentleman three years before; and that was just what gave him so pre-eminent an air of wretchedness.

It is true that the over-population was at least as dense in the epoch of lords and ladies, and that now-a-days some customs which made Edinburgh notorious of yore have been fortunately pretermitted. But an aggregation of comfort is not distasteful like an aggregation of the reverse. Nobody cares how many lords and ladies, and divines and lawyers, may have been crowded into these houses in the past—perhaps the more the merrier. The glasses clink around the china punch-bowl, some one touches the virginals, there are peacocks' feathers on the chimney,

and the tapers burn clear and pale in the red fire-light. That is not an ugly picture in itself, nor will it become ugly upon repetition. All the better if the like were going on in every second room ; the *land* would only look the more inviting. Times are changed. In one house, perhaps, twoscore families herd together ; and, perhaps, not one of them is wholly out of the reach of want. The great hotel is given over to discomfort from the foundation to the chimney-tops; everywhere a pinching, narrow habit, scanty meals, and an air of sluttishness and dirt. In the first room there is a birth, in another a death, in a third a sordid drinking-bout, and the detective and the Bible-reader cross upon the stairs. High words are audible from dwelling to dwelling, and children have a strange experience from the first: only a robust soul, you would think, could grow up in such conditions without hurt. And even if God tempers his dispensations to the young, and all the ill does not arise that our apprehensions may forecast, the sight of such a way of living is disquieting to people who are more happily circumstanced. Social inequality is nowhere more ostentatious than at Edinburgh. I have mentioned already how, to the stroller along Princes Street, the High Street callously exhibits its back garrets. It is true, there is a garden between. And although nothing could be more glaring by way of contrast, sometimes the opposition is more immediate ; sometimes the thing lies in a nutshell, and there is not so much as a blade of grass between the rich and poor. To look over the

THE OLD CITY FROM SALISBURY CRAGS.

South Bridge and see the Cowgate below full of crying hawkers, is to view one rank of society from another in the twinkling of an eye.

One night I went along the Cowgate after every one was a-bed but the policeman, and stopped by hazard before a tall *land*. The moon touched upon its chimneys, and shone blankly on the upper windows ; there was no light anywhere in the great bulk of building ; but as I stood there it seemed to me that I could hear quite a body of quiet sounds from the interior ; doubtless there were many clocks ticking, and people snoring on their backs. And thus, as I fancied, the dense life within made itself faintly audible in my ears, family after family contributing its quota to the general hum, and the whole pile beating in tune to its timepieces, like a great disordered heart. Perhaps it was little more than a fancy altogether, but it was strangely impressive at the time, and gave me an imaginative measure of the disproportion between the quantity of living flesh and the trifling walls that separated and contained it.

There was nothing fanciful, at least, but every circumstance of terror and reality, in the fall of the *land* in the High Street. The building had grown rotten to the core ; the entry underneath had suddenly closed up so that the scavenger's barrow could not pass ; cracks and reverberations sounded through the house at night ; the inhabitants of the huge old human bee-hive discussed their peril when they encountered on the stair ; some had even left their

dwellings in a panic of fear, and returned to them again in a fit of economy or self-respect; when, in the black hours of a Sunday morning, the whole structure ran together with a hideous uproar and tumbled story upon story to the ground. The physical shock was felt far and near; and the moral shock travelled with the morning milkmaid into all the suburbs. The church-bells never sounded more dismally over Edinburgh than that grey forenoon. Death had made a brave harvest; and, like Samson, by pulling down one roof destroyed many a home. None who saw it can have forgotten the aspect of the gable: here it was plastered, there papered, according to the rooms; here the kettle still stood on the hob, high overhead; and there a cheap picture of the Queen was pasted over the chimney. So, by this disaster, you had a glimpse into the life of thirty families, all suddenly cut off from the revolving years. The *land* had fallen; and with the *land*, how much! Far in the country, people saw a gap in the city ranks, and the sun looked through between the chimneys in an unwonted place. And all over the world, in London, in Canada, in New Zealand, fancy what a multitude of people could exclaim with truth: 'The house that I was born in fell last night!'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 96.)

THE last chapter was in great part composed of criticism showing Turner's neglect of architectural truth. There was not space in last month's PORTFOLIO for a full explanation of what is to be said to excuse this neglect or disdain of architecture.

By the common consent of humanity a fault is half excused, and more than half excused, when it is known to be general. If all Cretans were liars, a Cretan of ordinary virtue would have been a liar like the rest of his countrymen; and for a Cretan to tell the truth he would have needed, not ordinary commonplace virtue, but that exceptional virtue of the saint or hero which we admire when we meet with it, but expect from no ordinary mortal. To be quite fair towards Turner we ought to take into account the general state of the art he practised. Of the accomplished artists of his time, Turner was, I quite believe, the most inaccurate, and the most ready to shut his eyes to truths which did not interest him; but if you examine the work of his contemporaries with any strictness you will find the same indifference, in minor degrees, without the compensation of that exquisite charm which has made Turner's work immortal. If the reader should happen to have the opportunity of comparing an engraving from Stanfield's Verrex in the Val d'Aosta with Harding's drawing of the same place (both exactly from the same point of view), he will see to what extent those artists considered themselves at liberty to treat buildings as they pleased, for one, or both, must be wrong in every detail.* Turner's carelessness of architectural truth goes farther, no doubt, but it is the same thing in principle. It has been said that picturesque drawing and architectural drawing are so distinct that the one disqualifies for the other, and when inaccuracy has become a habit it cannot be cured at a moment's notice, merely because the artist happens to be drawing some very beautiful object, like the tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. But the true philosophy of the subject goes deeper than this practical side of the question. It has been stated by Joubert, in one of his profound sentences:—'The poet's subject,' he says (and a painter like Turner is just as much a poet as any maker of verses), 'should

* A very able artist, who has drawn architecture in Italy, France, and elsewhere, for half a century, wrote to me as follows about the drawing of Venetian architecture by Turner, Stanfield, and Prout: 'However charming and talented their works may be in a picturesque sense, they are all, and without one exception that I can now call to mind, clumsily, heavily, and incorrectly drawn so far as architectural form and beauty are concerned.' Architects, I believe, are unanimously of this opinion.

present to his genius a region of fantasy which he can expand or contract at pleasure. *Places that are too real*, and persons that are too historical, imprison his mind and confine his movements.' Such an object as the tower of St. Jacques, or a wing of the Hôtel de Ville, is too real to be dealt with by so poetic an artist as Turner, because he must either think of *its own* beauty too much, or else represent it unsatisfactorily. I do not think that a faithful representation of the tower of St. Jacques would have spoiled that particular drawing, but I am quite convinced that the objective spirit which would have enabled Turner to draw architecture faithfully would have destroyed in him that imaginative spirit which produced the Turnerian world of dreams. It is true that Méryon was a poet in his way also, and that he saw very clearly, and was on the whole a fairly faithful draughtsman, but the cases are quite different. Méryon's gift was a sensibility to emotion in the presence of certain buildings, and a power to communicate that emotion by a very clear representation of them, in which his own passion betrayed itself more by subtle modulations of line and by a certain morbid intensity of perception than by any very manifest unfaithfulness; Turner's poetry was not in clearness at all, but in confusion and mystery, and the *object* at all times had less hold upon his memory and imagination than the effect.

To understand the impossibility of an accurate Turner, the reader has only to realise to himself what accuracy really is. It involves the complete suppression of feeling and imagination in the artist, and no imaginative artist will do anything so suicidal as to suppress his own imagination. Again, to require of Turner that he should be accurate in his representations of architecture, would be to require of him the subordination of his own art to another art, the effacement of himself in the presence of any builder who happened to have erected a church steeple. The slightest reflection will convince us that a genius like Turner's is far too strongly personal for such humility as this. Again, we are much too apt to associate memory and imagination together in our minds, as if one never weakened the other. We forget Pope's doctrine, which is the true one:—

> 'Where beams of warm imagination play,
> The memory's soft figures melt away.'

The imagination substitutes fresh images for those which a good memory, without imagination, would retain.

Since the whole influence of common custom amongst artists, and of Turner's own imagination, made him a glaringly inaccurate architectural draughtsman, it may be asked why he drew really existing architecture at all. Why did he not confine himself simply to pure inventions like the architecture in his Carthages, which never existed in any country under the sun, and which no builder will ever be extravagant enough, or so misguided, as to erect in stone and mortar? The answer is of a double character. In the first place, Turner felt a certain emotion in the presence of architecture which operated upon his mind, and tempted him to make drawings in which the buildings which he admired occupied a very important place. Besides this, Turner was a keen man of business, and he knew that the sale of a set of engravings was much safer when they bore the names of places that tourists had seen, or might possibly hope to see; places not avowedly in dreamland but actually mentioned in the map. As for his inaccuracies, they might puzzle a solitary traveller now and then, but people are usually so wonderfully unobservant that they cannot detect them. Before the invention of photography the most absurdly inaccurate engravings and lithographs of public buildings were bought in thousands, and carried away contentedly by travellers, who were satisfied so long as a tower did not look like a dome, nor an obelisk like a factory chimney.

It would be of little use to enter into an elaborate dissertation on the colouring of the drawings for the 'Rivers of France,' but I may make a few brief observations, founded upon a close acquaintance with the country itself.

Every land has certain special characteristics in its colouring, and we may judge, to a great extent, of an artist's affectionate intimacy with his subject by the fidelity with which he recalls these special characteristics. Now I do not recognise this kind of fidelity in Turner's colouring of French scenery. It seems to me that he coloured according to his own general conceptions of what would be harmonious, with little or no reference to the natural quality and effects of French landscape. The drawings are brilliant, and often crude in their brilliance; they are never simply natural. Here, again, as in the matter of architectural form, the intensely strong personality of the artist subordinated truth to imagination, and led him to substitute what he imagined for what he saw. The drawings were seldom, it is believed, coloured in the presence of nature; Turner's more usual custom having been to sketch from nature in pencil and dash the colour on his sketch afterwards: but however this may have been, we know the result, which is rather the play of a man of genius with his materials than the sober endeavour to render the real aspects of the country. If the reader will imagine Turner as a supremely clever executant in water-colour, who played with his orange and purple, his red and green, his washes of cool grey to refresh the eye, and his touches of burning scarlet to excite it, just as a musical composer will combine the effects of the various instruments in an orchestra, he will, I sincerely believe, not be very far from a just appreciation of his work. I will go even a little farther and venture upon the assertion that it is only the minor colourists who are quiet-minded enough, or humble enough, for fidelity. All the splendid colourists, the men who dazzle and astonish and win great reputations for their colour-power, are utterly audacious in their manner of dealing with the truth of nature. They go beyond it to play their own mighty music. We all know the Rubens colour, with its regular set scale of tints, so admirably and truly analysed by Fromentin. Turner was more various but not less personal, and if I were asked whether his colour reminded me of France, I should answer, No, not of France, but of Turner. And if the inquirer pushed his examination so far as to ask whether the Turnerian colour seemed to me a compensation for the colouring of nature, I should answer that the two appeal to different sentiments, that Turner's work is a display, an exhibition of power and dexterity, calling for admiration, whereas the comparatively humble artists who touch our hearts by reminding us of the scenes and effects we thoroughly and intimately know, make little display, and are seldom extolled for genius, but find their way to our affection. The reader will please remember that I am speaking here of colour, and, for the moment, of colour only. Well, in two words, the drawings for the 'Rivers of France' seem to me astonishing curiosities.* No one but their author could have done them, but they are simply the play of a consummate artist with the materials in his colour-box. This free way of playing with chromatic elements is the true sign of a great colour-faculty, and the only way to produce splendid results, but though originally suggested by nature, it leaves nature out in the cold.

After having denied the truth of Turner's architecture, and the truth of his colour also, I may be suspected of saying favourable things merely by way of compensation, and to reconcile myself in some measure with English public opinion, which left him to sell his drawings for a few pounds each and now purchases them at the rate of twenty guineas the square inch. Be this as it may, the truth must be told on both sides. After all the deductions of criticism the charm of the work remains. It is with these drawings as with the romances of Sir Walter Scott: a time comes in the life of every intelligent reader when he perceives that Scott was not, and could not be, really true to the times he represented, except when

* In the chapter on Turner's studies I went into the subject of his colouring, and explained how he coloured with a view to obtain certain chromatic results rather than truth to nature. It is, unfortunately, not possible to maintain any argument about colour by giving examples, because if reproductions were given an opponent could answer (probably with truth) that the reproductions were not like the originals. If the reader could be with me with the originals before us I would soon show him what I mean. Turner as a colourist was splendid and powerful, but utterly unfaithful.

they approached very near his own; but a student of literature would be much to be pitied who was unable to enjoy 'Ivanhoe' after this discovery. So when we have found out the excessive freedom which Turner allowed himself; when we have discovered that he is not to be trusted for the representation of any object, however important—that his chiaroscuro, though effective, is arbitrary, and his colour, though brilliant, is false; when we have quite satisfied ourselves, in a word, that he is a poet, and not an architectural draughtsman, or an imitator of nature; is that a reason why we should not enjoy the poems? There is a wide difference, I grant, between the pleasure of real belief and the pleasure of confessed imagination: the first belongs to imaginative ignorance, and is only possible for the uncritical; the second belongs to a state of knowledge, and is only possible for those in whom the acquisition of knowledge has not deadened the imaginative faculties. Show the 'Rivers of France' to a boy who has the natural faculties which perceive beauty, but who is still innocent of criticism, he will believe the drawings to be true, and think as he dreams over them that a day may come when he will visit these enchanting scenes. Show them to a real critic, and he will not accept for fact a single statement made by the draughtsman from beginning to end, but he will say, 'The poetic power is here,' and then he will yield to its influence and dream also in his own way—not, like the boy, in simple faith, but in the pleasant make-belief faith which is all that the poet asks of us.

'Who believes me shall behold
* * * * *
Only believe me. Ye believe?
Appears
Verona . . . . . '

The worst passages in Turner, as in Milton and Wordsworth, are the matter-of-fact passages, where the poetic faculty has not acted with sufficient energy to fuse the material. In landscape-painting this danger is greatest in proximity to the foreground, and in the 'Rivers of France' the foregrounds are often prosaic and unpleasant when the material is of an inconvenient kind, such as angular steps, logs of wood, and pieces of barren shore which had to be covered with figures to hide their want of interest. The distances are always poetical, full of exquisite invention of distant detail, and of minute beauties in which the spectator is constantly making fresh discoveries. The town subjects, in which there is little or no distance, are the least satisfactory. The *St. Julian's, Tours*, in which all the material is matter-of-fact—a church quite near, a diligence with horses and people—is a subject unsuited to Turner's genius, painfully exhibiting his deficiencies as a draughtsman; the distant view of Rouen, with its vastness of extent and mystery of distance, full of minute indications, all of which set the imagination to work immediately, is, on the contrary, precisely one of those subjects in which he has had no rival. Some of the finest things in the volume are amongst the simplest; the *Clairmont*, for example, with its chateau perched on a rocky height with a fine hollow of wooded land behind it. All is simple in this composition; the land is in large masses, the boats are few, and there is a single star in the calm evening sky. In every instance where a long sweep of river has been attempted the result is a striking success, that being one of the characteristics of French scenery by which Turner was most powerfully impressed. His drawing of the forms of land, coteaux and plains, is always beautiful, though the height of the coteaux is generally exaggerated, and nothing can surpass the exquisite sense of mystery with which Turner finds the outline of a remote rise of land and loses it again. His use of cloud, of smoke or steam from chimneys or boats, is admirable, both near and in the distance, and he avails himself of it in the most cunning manner to lighten masses which might otherwise appear heavy or monotonous. Sky and water, under very varied effects, are never less than exquisite. The system of light-and-shade, as usual with Turner, is delicate and subtle, but arbitrary. He will observe most minute distinctions of tone and rely far more upon them than on vulgar oppositions of black and white; but

at the same time he will not be bound by scientific truth. Shadows are cast just where he wants them, whether there is any luminary to cast the shadows or not, and when the luminary is there it generally throws the shadows in quite impossible positions.

Turner understood some aspects of French scenery with peculiar sympathy and felicity, but there is much in French landscape character which lies outside of Turner's range, and has been discovered gradually by the affectionate explorations of the native painters. The chief distinctions between his work and theirs may be expressed as follows. He was interested chiefly in towns and in landscape distances; they avoid the towns (with a few exceptions) and attach themselves to rustic subjects, the main interest of which lies either in the foreground or in the middle distance. They have also a certain simplicity and earnestness of sentiment which were generally wanting in Turner, who loved elaboration, quantity, and brilliance. Turner's view of France is the view rather of a traveller than a resident. The view taken by the French landscape-painters themselves has, in almost all cases, been curiously (if I may use the word in this uncommon application) *residential.* One of the best of them, who lives within a morning's drive of one of the finest parts of the Loire, never paints the Loire and its magnificent distances at all, but confines himself to the little rustic bits within a mile of his own house, which is in a retired part of the country, buried in dense woods. This is what I call the residential spirit in an artist. It acts, to the letter, on Longfellow's advice,—

'That is best which lieth nearest:
Shape from that thy work of art.'

P. G. Hamerton.

(*To be continued.*)

BRIEF NOTICE OF ART PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Wedmore's 'Studies in English Art.'*—'Of these Studies in English Art,' says Mr. Wedmore, in his preface, 'half are issued with revisions from the magazines and weekly papers in which they first appeared; the rest are new, and those that have been printed in the serials were meant from the beginning to be chapters of a book.' The artists whom Mr. Wedmore has studied are Gainsborough, Morland, Wheatley, Reynolds, Stothard, Flaxman, Girtin, Crome, Cotman, Turner, De Wint, Mason, and Walker. Each artist occupies one chapter, and although the chapters cannot have much connexion with each other, the similarity of plan and style gives unity to the whole. We have read all of them with interest, but have naturally been most interested in the less known men, for it is hardly possible now to say anything very new of artists so familiar to us as Gainsborough and Reynolds. Mr. Wedmore does not strive painfully to be original, but willingly adopts and incorporates the results of criticism, which have now become a common property. This does not prevent him from lighting up a subject with touches of his own. Mr. Wedmore's style is careful, well finished, and readable. His essays are too short for much elaboration, but they convey many facts as well as opinions, and are welcome as an addition to an Art-library.

* 'Studies in English Art,' by Frederic Wedmore. Second Edition. London: R. Bentley and Son. 1876.

Vicomte Flameng, sc

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

VII.—Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

A Convocation.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

M. FLAMENG'S etching is not from the picture itself but from a finished study in water-colour by Sir John Gilbert, which remains the property of the painter.

The oil-picture was painted in the years 1870 and 1871. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1871 and sold, but Sir John soon regretted having parted with it, and bought it back from the purchaser for the price originally given. Having once recovered possession of the work, the painter determined never to let it go out of his hands again; but when he was elected Academician he presented it to the Academy as his diploma picture, a gift which did not involve complete separation, as he could go and see it in the diploma gallery whenever he felt inclined. Besides this, there was the consolation that the favourite work had found a permanent home.

The subject of the picture is simply what its title expresses, 'A Convocation.' The painter had not any particular historical event in view, but simply set himself to illustrate the idea of a meeting of dignitaries of the Church; preferring the Church of Rome, in all probability, for the sake of the picturesque magnificence of the ecclesiastical vestments, which afford opportunities for colour very rarely met with in the Protestant communities. An earnest monk, with an ascetic face, keen eye, and animated gesture, is defending some point of doctrine from a volume which, whether it be the Bible or some lesser light, is evidently an accepted authority for his hearers. Their faces and attitudes are all careful studies of expression, and especially successful in their apparent self-forgetfulness, though in reality every movement is so arranged by the artist as to serve his purpose in the composition. An especially successful contrast is that between the eager attention of the Cardinal who has risen to his feet, and the senile tranquillity, somnolence perhaps, of the dignitary with the venerable beard.

The tapestry hangings in the background represent a triumphal procession of the Church; the Latin inscription, part of which may be read at the bottom of the tapestry, is from St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, chapter ii. verse 15, and stands as follows in the English translation of the Bible:—'And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.'

This quotation was simply selected as being appropriate to an ecclesiastical hall of conference, but it does not specially refer to the Convocation which is the subject of Sir John Gilbert's picture.

Readers who have no opportunity of seeing the original work may be glad to know something of its colour. It is painted very solidly, but is transparent in parts, and its prevailing tones are rich, deep, and extremely sober, with much deep dull brown and dull red. The

colour leaps out into brightness in the dresses of the Cardinals, and in the copes and mitres of the Bishops in the foreground.

It is unnecessary to say anything about M. Flameng's etching, except that it has all the liberty and directness of Sir John Gilbert's own style, and that the painter himself has expressed his approval, and recognised this artistic sympathy. The work which we present to our readers may therefore be taken as a more than commonly adequate representation of Sir John Gilbert's power as an artist, since the picture is a favourite work of his, and the etching is accepted by him as a fair translation of it into black and white.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

V.—DÜSSELDORF—*continued.*

THE term 'School' often occurs in these papers. What constitutes a School? The answer is found in Düsseldorf. In that town exists a well-organized Academy, with a Director and professors expressly appointed for the teaching of art. Also are drawn together a large number of scholars, who not only pass through a definite course of study, but who form among themselves a kind of body corporate, and constitute a public opinion. Germany, where the faith is strong that an artist, like any other product, may be made to order, naturally abounds in schools, and of these none is greater or more influential than that of Düsseldorf.

The Academy of Düsseldorf dates over a period of one hundred years, and is therefore synchronous with our Royal Academy in London. At first it slumbered ingloriously under dogmas high, dry, and conventional, and not till the directorate of Cornelius, whose father had been keeper of the Town Gallery, did the Düsseldorf Academy emerge from obscurity into notoriety. There is nothing very distinctive in the curriculum of study, drawing from the antique and from the life belongs to all schools alike. However, under the leadership of Cornelius was domiciled in the Rhine Provinces high and monumental art, and specially fresco-painting, after the example of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Vatican. Henceforth the small town on the Rhine became identified with a great revival, and among many works thence proceeding may be mentioned the Cartoons by Cornelius for the frescoes in the Glyptothek, Munich; also from the same art-creating centre radiated the mural paintings in Coblentz, Bonn, Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Castle of Heltorf. These, with many other frescoes, especially those at St. Apollinarisberg, seemed to transplant the art learnt by Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, and Schadow, in Rome, to the banks of the Rhine, where it survives and flourishes even to the present day.

Cornelius, as Director in Düsseldorf, took a decisive part in the war raging between the Classicists and the Mediævalists—between the disciples of Winkelmann, led by Goethe at Weimar, on the one side; and the followers of Tieck, Novalis, and of the two Schlegels, on the other. Cornelius was too wide in his range over art and nature to make himself the tool of any exclusive party. He wisely gave freedom to art, and in the main threw the Düsseldorf Academy into the new direction which responded to the national aspirations. Among his adherents were Kaulbach, Götzenberger, Stilke, Sturmer, Eberle, Herrmann, and Företer. In fact, the whole Academy is a community for study and work, a guild vigilant for the welfare of the painter and his art. It has made itself a powerful producing force, and that in some degree by the close fellowship which subsists between a master and his scholars. A professor may have around him pupils of all ages, sometimes the stripling in his teens, at others the married man with children.

A change came over the spirit of the Düsseldorf school on the appointment of

F. W. Schadow as Director. Power then passed into the hands of the Spiritualists and Purists. Yet the fame of the Düsseldorf Academy was so far established that pupils flocked in from all parts. The secret had been discovered whereby high art could be manufactured, but the supply became in excess of the demand, so that little grist was brought to the mill. The strength of the new Director, as his pictures indicate, proved unequal to the situation: he was accused of being the partizan of a narrow and priestly clique. A severe struggle ensued, the outcome of which was that Schadow had to surrender his directorate into the hands of the opposing party, who, in accordance with the spirit of the age, demanded for art literal study of nature, the light and the colour of nature, with a vigour of execution which should strike vehemently the bodily senses. The sequel has been, and will be, further exemplified.

Karl Friedrich Lessing, born at Wurtemberg in 1808, came at the age of nineteen to Düsseldorf, and found the Academy, under the direction of Schadow, in the hands of the Spiritualists. The day had arrived when modern modes of thought stood in revolt against mediævalism, and Lessing, the man for the time, rose into power. Opposition met him at the outset: he and his friends were charged as Infidels and Socialists. The answer came, 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' and endowed with energy and a sense of a mission, Lessing did for art what Luther achieved for religion. Such pictures as *Huss before the Council of Constance*, *Huss Preaching*, *Huss at the Funeral Pyre*, and the *Death of Friedrich II.*, are exponents of a faith no less Christian than that exemplified in Holy Families and Assumptions of the olden time. I had the advantage of seeing in Düsseldorf in 1856 the sketch for the picture of *Huss Preaching*. The composition, as might be supposed, had strong purpose throughout; in the attitudes were energy and action, in the countenances thought and emotion. However, the arrangement of the figures is wanting in harmony, and the lines are abrupt. It seemed to me that the reaction against conventionalism had been pushed too far, and that the danger arose that the study of nature might exclude art. The two historic works in Frankfort, *Huss before the Council of Constance* and *Huss in Prison*, are too well known to need description, but it may be said of them that they manifest an almost unparalleled power of *mise en scène*, and of telling a story so as to take the spectator captive at the first glance. In fine, it may be said that Lessing, in these pictures, did not hurl defiance against the Church: he is the artist of no Church, because he is the champion merely of the free intellect.

Lessing's naturalism led him, almost of necessity, into landscape. Some critics indeed, of whom I am not one, consider him greater as a painter of landscape than of history. I think, however, as is usual, that his practice of high art gave him a broad and intelligent comprehension of the scene before him, so that his landscapes, at a glance, take strong hold of the mind. One composition in the Düsseldorf Gallery I recall, which evinces the master's power of subordination and concentration. The foreground is a churchyard occupied by troops; the sky is black and lowering, for a tempest gathers in the heavens as well as on the earth. An invading army has already set into flames a distant hamlet, and soldiers have entered a golden cornfield. The landscape with its incidents is, in fact, a history, and therefore comes well from a painter of history. In the artist's studio I have seen hung on the walls studies of rocks and foregrounds; a painter of such strength plants his foot firmly on the solid ground. On an easel stood a canvas, whereon, in outline, were mapped hills, valleys, torrents. The painter, with decisive touch, emphasized the large and emotional elements of nature: he moulded his masses with a sense of weight and substance, he meted out his materials with a feeling that mountains must rest on the earth's strong foundations, while his skies roll grandly under the strife of restless atmospheric forces. Those landscapes, though much regarded in Germany, can never become popular in France or in England, a chief reason being a certain repellent quality in the colour inherent to the German school.

The position held by Lessing may be compared somewhat with that of Locke, the author

of the 'Discourse on the Human Understanding,' or with the attitude of Comte, the exponent of the Positive Philosophy. Lessing proclaims a propaganda: he embodies a faith; he is a Protestant in the original meaning of the term; he protests against dogmas which he holds to be in antagonism with truth and reason; he stands as a reformer, and chooses his subjects mostly from the Reformation of Huss and from the conflicts between Popes and Emperors. Lessing reads character shrewdly: he depicts it as a physiognomist; he delineates humanity with a breadth that belongs to the species and with a detail that distinguishes the individual. Yet keenly observant, and with the wisdom of the world, he scarcely attains to the wisdom

CHARLEMAGNE'S ENTRY INTO PAVIA. AFTER RETHEL.

from above: he may be wise, indeed, as the serpent, and yet not quite as innocent as the dove. He views the drama of history from the side of the intellect rather than from that of the imagination, and his works may be said to illustrate the distinction drawn by German metaphysicians between 'the understanding' and 'the pure intellect.' It has been his privilege to have extended the frontiers of the once narrow and exclusive school of Düsseldorf: he found it Romish, he made it, in the wide sense of the word, Catholic.

Alfred Rethel, who furnishes two illustrations to this paper, was born at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1816, and the spirit of the mighty Charlemagne, who lies buried in the Cathedral of the city, inspired his greatest works. At the age of thirteen he executed a design which obtained him admission into the Academy of Düsseldorf, then shared between the northern Germany of Prussia with its Rhineland, and southern Germany, having its centre at Munich.

Gabriel Max pinx.

FAIRY'S NAUGHTY

Rethel allowed himself a short episode in Italy, but at the age of twenty he took up his residence at Frankfort, and fell under the spell of Philip Veit, no higher inspiration then being possible. The artist entered on his professional career with unaccustomed impetuosity, and in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the times he threw himself into romantic themes and Rhineland legends. Yet he was a conscientious student of history; he delineated not so much the creations of his fancy as the hard facts of his intellect. But Rethel was a child of the north, weird and wild: a whirlwind passed through his brain, and nightmare was the companion of his thoughts. And in his well-known compositions, *Death*

CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE BY LEO III. AFTER RETHEL.

the Avenger, symbolising the demon Cholera on its entrance into Paris at a masked ball, and *Death as the Friend*, I recognise points of contact with the late Mr. Beddoes, the author of 'Death's Jest-book;' also with various 'Dances of Death,' about the time of Dürer and Holbein. And Rethel found the shadows of death gathering around him; he was worried in his work and complained of want of sympathy, and yet he managed to execute in the Town Hall at Aix-la-Chapelle a series of large frescoes, the best of which is the *Destruction of the Idols by the Saxons*. The style is unlike that of any other artist; it is not German and yet it is not Italian, but still may be felt the presence of Albert Dürer. The execution is energetic almost to excess, and the colour bespeaks abnormal vision. Also highly esteemed are compositions illustrative of the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, and of the life of Alfred the Great, with many other works which fill a short yet full life. But

poor Rethel felt that his power had departed: the man who had walked with elastic step in the acacia avenues of Düsseldorf sank into the confirmed misanthrope; the sanity of his mind had surrendered to diseased imagination. It is the same old story: the sword had cut into the scabbard, a meteor had blazed into the sky wildly, which, not being a fixed star of defined orbit, went into too speedy eclipse. Rethel was simply broken down on completing the last picture at Aix-la-Chapelle. He mournfully said, 'My power is extinguished, my labour must be relinquished; when I have worked I have won but a pittance, and now I must cease wholly because no further strength is left in me.' On the 5th of December, 1859, when snow lay thick upon the ground and ice hung from roof and window, the body of Alfred Rethel, followed by the chief artists of Düsseldorf, was carried to its last resting-place. The stage had long been darkened ere the curtain fell; the mind in excess of light had fallen under eclipse. Have pity! have pity! at least ye who may be his friends. On his grave was placed a laurel crown.

> 'Vex not his ghost: Oh let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.'

The high and best products in Germany are due not only to academic culture, but to the sympathetic fellowship established between master and scholar. This correspondence between mind and labour has led to a copartnership, so that, after the practice of the olden times, the scholar has asked for the privilege of joining hands with the professor in his work as an act of worship. The relation of brotherhood in Düsseldorf between professors and pupils has been compared with the equality of republics, while the constitution of other academies resembles that of monarchies or oligarchies. It has been elsewhere customary that a director should stand as an infallible power, but in Düsseldorf no one dictator extinguishes other professors. Each in his sphere has liberty of action. Thus, during three quarters of a century, Düsseldorf, though torn asunder by turmoils and dissensions, has ever given equal rights to all styles and classes, including the latest—the naturalistic; which last, by reason of its ponderosity, is lower than the French only in fantastic fancy.

Art products in our days, as especially in the golden time of the Venetians, I have ever found, whether in Rome, Paris, Munich, or Düsseldorf, to be the best outcome of the communistic life of artists and literary students. All work under a common enthusiasm. And one thing a little peculiar is, that while a stranger may hear the most savage charges of plagiarism, yet the men themselves dwell under conditions as inseparable as those of the Siamese twins. One point of community in artist circles is music. In Düsseldorf, Mendelssohn lived two years, and, conducting the 'St. Paul,' his influence has all the more survived to the present day. In Düsseldorf, as in the time of Giorgione in Venice, music is the painter's passion. And in the pleasant retreat of the Jacobi Garden, formerly a tranquil resort for poets, painters, and philosophers, now is located the 'Künstler-Verein' of nearly four hundred members; and, between tobacco and beer, the distinction of spiritualistic and naturalistic schools is nearly obliterated. In this secluded spot the summer programme is to sketch, to drink coffee, or to imbibe wine, beneath cool and shadowy trees. In the winter a retreat is naturally made to the 'Malkasten,' as the club-house is comically named, the walls of which are effectively decorated with off-hand landscapes and subject-pictures. The principles of the Düsseldorf school, though supposed to be immutably established, may be played upon at will. Here also are performed amateur theatricals, after a custom long established in Rome. It is certainly a phenomenon that Düsseldorf, though identified with sacred art, should surrender itself to practical joking, fun and frolic, of all sorts. But life in Düsseldorf, as in Rome, lends itself willingly to the free fling of the artistic impulse—what Schiller has designated 'the play' of the imagination. And Continental manners, free and easy in their way, lead artists into feasts and holidays, so that daily life mingles with the common life of nature, and becomes scenic and picturesque.

The artist's portfolio is assuredly furnished with engaging material from the surrounding territories of Düsseldorf, whether in type of peasantry, character in costume, or picturesque accessories for backgrounds. The vineyard-clad Rhine, the hills of Bavaria, the mountains of the Tyrol, together with Scandinavian fiords and pine-covered heights, have drawn the minds of Leu, Lessing, Achenbach, and many others, to depict vast territories of land and illimitable regions of atmospheric space. The landscape art of Düsseldorf must be judged after its kind; but, whatever be its merits or defects, it is distinguished by space, scale, immensity, systematic and complex composition, and by the relation of individual parts to the collective whole. A simple flat Dutch landscape may represent one afternoon in the world's making, but these Düsseldorf landscapes might seem to need the whole six days of creation.

Düsseldorf is almost less an academy than a conglomeration of studios. A comparatively small town of thirty thousand inhabitants, prettily situated on the lower banks of the Rhine, its ancient ramparts thrown down and encircled by pleasant promenades, joyous with bright villas, naturally forms a centre towards which artists congregate. I have visited the studios of Achenbach, Lessing, Tidemand, Hübner, and many others. Among these painters was one who, while burdened with at least half-a-dozen children, still devoted his easel to honeymoons or domestic scenes, with the first-born on the knee. But such conditions are so universal that they belong to no school in particular, because the themes are popular, and pay.

I have never quite known why the greatest school in Germany should have been fixed at Düsseldorf; but at least the facility of communication is great. And when I look to the studios of Kensington and of St. John's Wood—studios which over many months of winter scarcely see the light of day—I understand why painters, loving acacia-gardens, oleander-groves, and running streams, migrate to the banks of the Rhine. Studios there placed stand pleasantly into the morning light, above the grey yet shining river, with green banks foliage-clad. Others have out-looks on gardens or wild country barely redeemed from the savagery of nature, with views sweeping from the rising to the setting sun, and interludes of green fields and groves, the river reflecting the changing sky, with blue hills for the distance. On the whole, Düsseldorf is favourably situated for art work; it has been truly said that poetry and lyric music animate the wine-growing districts of the Rhine.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

Note.—It was proposed to illustrate this paper by a plate after Lessing. Unforeseen delay in the completion of the engraving, however, necessitates the transference of the Lessing illustration to a future number. The plate after the *Raising of Jairus' Daughter*, by Gabriel Max, now inserted, was intended to accompany a subsequent chapter on Vienna. To Mr. N. Lehmann, of Prague, we are indebted for permission to publish this fine and characteristic picture, which will receive due comment when the artist, Herr Max, falls under consideration.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 112.)

It is not necessary to mention every one of Turner's pictures in the course of this biography, which, if that were done, would be likely to become a catalogue. I may also be pardoned for not saying much about pictures which leave me simply indifferent, such as the *Caligula's Palace and Bridge*, which, in spite of its fine trees and bright effect of sunshine behind architecture, is too obviously artificial, too devoid of any true inspiration, for much æsthetic satisfaction or enjoyment. This picture was exhibited in 1831, and it belongs to the somewhat undecided time in which the artist's genius had not yet delivered itself from what may be called the piled-up sublimities. In 1832 the painter exhibited a much more memorable work, entitled *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (*Italy*). The conception of this picture was very broadly comprehensive. Turner set himself the difficult, yet not impossible, task of repre-

senting, in a single important work, a *résumé* of what was most characteristic in Italian scenery. Such a scheme, notwithstanding its difficulties, was far better adapted to the imaginative intellect of the artist than the representation of particular localities. It gave his inspiration free play, entirely emancipated him from even the slight restraint of his own kind of topography, and left him face to face with a problem which he was more competent to deal with than any other artist. The allusion to 'Childe Harold' refers particularly to the twenty-sixth stanza of the fourth canto, which was quoted in the Academy catalogue:

'And now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other clime's fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.'

Turner's conception of this typical Italy included a mountainous distance, the distances in Italy being very generally mountainous; an interesting middle distance, with hill and wood and water, plenty of buildings, partly ruinous, in memory of the past; and a foreground, with a stone pine which struck the artist as the most characteristic Italian tree, and figures enjoying the sweet warm southern evening, in the southern manner, with dancing and festivity in the open air. This picture belongs to a category of works which it is perfect folly to criticise; for the critical spirit, however useful and even necessary may be the services which it renders, is always a spirit of reserve, of caution, of investigation, whilst to enjoy great poems we need simply to tune our feelings into unison with those of the poet himself, and let them vibrate sympathetically as the strings of a piano vibrate in answer to the notes of a violinist. The motive of the picture was not to astonish by grandeur, but to charm by what is loveliest in landscape; and so there is in it little or nothing of sublimity except the moderate sublimity of the hill to the left whose summit is crowned with buildings, and the quiet kind of sublimity which belongs to ruin always. Soft outlines melting in the distant atmosphere; gentle curves of earth everywhere; rich masses of remoter foliage, and luxuriant vegetation in the foreground; these of themselves would suggest ideas of beauty, but they are sustained and accompanied by the tenderest, most delicate execution, and by a fortunate sureness of taste in the treatment of every detail. Unhappily, the picture is far from being in a satisfactory material condition.

Turner's disregard for the permanence of his work was simply absolute; he seems to have been simply indifferent to that most valuable of all sciences for a painter, the knowledge of pigments in their material effects upon each other. His work gained greatly in refinement as he advanced in art, but it lost in material substance, so that the heavy early pictures, the brown and grey works executed when the painter was as yet only feeling his way timidly to colour, are often the best preserved. In later life he got into a fatal way of treating oil as if it had been water-colour, with a recklessness of everything but the immediate effect, which it would be difficult to parallel in the history of the great old masters, though several moderns have been equally reckless, if reckless in other ways. Turner's technical sins may be classed in two categories: he did not care what colours he used, and he did not care about the material consequences of his manner of using them. He would employ pigments which are known to be unsafe, and he would lay his tints on the canvas without taking into consideration results which may be predicted with all the certainty of science. The art of painting a picture which shall last five hundred years is by this time clearly understood; the permanent pigments are known, and so are the fugitive and mutually destructive pigments; we are able, also, to calculate with certainty on many effects of method in painting—we know that a thin coat of paint which perfectly conceals what is beneath it when it is first laid on will in course of time

no longer do so with the same completeness; and although we may not be able to determine beforehand all the innumerable and highly complex effects of technical imprudences, we can at least avoid them. Most unfortunately for Turner, and for all who value his art, he could not endure the slight restraints which technical wisdom imposes upon a painter. He gave his genius *libre carrière*, as if pigments had required no more care in their management than washes of Indian ink; and by one of the strangest contradictions ever exhibited by inconsistent human nature, at the very time when he was beginning to form great projects for the establishment of his posthumous fame, he refused to take the simple, easy, and well-known precautions which would have secured the permanence of those very works on which his fame depended. The *Childe Harold* picture has gone to pieces. The changes in certain portions of the work are painfully evident, and although it may still be enjoyed, it is only with that melancholy pleasure that we take in spoiled and ruined things which have once been ineffably exquisite.

A picture of less importance, but not entirely dissimilar in character, *Lake Avernus, the Fates and the Golden Bough*, was exhibited in 1834, and afterwards purchased by Mr. Vernon, who bequeathed it to the nation along with the other pictures in his gallery. Here, too, we have an Italian scene, with a stone pine in the foreground, water and richly-wooded land in the middle distance, and pale hills or mountains far away. The subject is from the sixth book of the Æneid in the page following the universally known bit,—

> 'Facilis descensus Averno;
> Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.'

The golden bough was a branch which, when plucked, enabled the bearer to visit the infernal regions safely and come back to the light of the day.

> 'Latet arbore opaca
> Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
> Junoni infernæ dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis
> Lucus et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.
> Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire,
> Auricomos quamquis decerpserit arbore fetus.'

Turner liked to give a poetical association to his pictures, and in this instance he was more than usually happy, for *The Golden Bough* is as pretty a title as a landscape-painter could find, whilst *Avernus* is, at the same time, interesting for its natural beauty and curiosity, and just a little awful for its mythological attributes, even yet not wholly incredible by the cultivated imagination. The painter, however, so treated his subject that the pale blue waters of Avernus, sleeping so calmly in their deep basin, scarcely recall to us, as we see them in the picture, that dark river Acheron, from which they were believed to rise. The only motive of the painter appears to have been beauty; the beauty of a fair Italian landscape, idealised to the utmost by the power of his own genius. The pictures of this class are, I believe, the most perfect and complete expression ever given by Turner to his sense of charm and loveliness in landscape, as distinguished from his sterner delight in the sublime. No one who has not tried to paint, and tried seriously and long, can estimate justly the delicacy of tone and colour in these pictures, the exquisiteness of the transitions in the lightest passages, and the sustained refinement which could carry the artist safely over twenty or thirty square feet of canvas, when the slightest failure would have shown us an intolerable blot upon his work. If at this time of his life, when he had formed his own style, and overcome the difficulties of execution, Turner could have been wisely directed in the knowledge which ensures the permanence of a picture, and encouraged to produce an important but limited series of great works to illustrate what had most impressed him in all Europe, as the *Childe Harold* and *The Golden Bough*

illustrate the landscape of Italy, he would have left behind him the most magnificent of monuments and the best expression of his genius.

Mr. Vernon, who bought *The Golden Bough*, also bought a picture of Venice in the same Academy Exhibition, *Venice; the Canal of the Giudecca*, and he possessed another Venice of Turner exhibited in 1833. These Venices were afterwards succeeded by many others, for as Turner grew older, his increasing taste for brilliant colour led him to think more and more of that splendid city which excels all others so especially in her colouring. A city of rose and white, rising out of an emerald sea against a sky of sapphire, here, in a few words, are the chief elements of Venetian colour. It may interest the reader to see some notes by an observant writer who has lived much in Venice, but whose impressions are quite independent of Turner's, to whom he never refers, and whose work is probably all but unknown to him. M. Henry Havard, in his book on Amsterdam and Venice, has many descriptions of the city on the Adriatic from various points of view, descriptions always full of colour. Here are three or four of them.

1. *Venice from a Distance.*—Searching along the horizon, trying to penetrate the haze, we try to distinguish the marvellous city from the clouds in which she lies hidden. Suddenly above the green waters, in front of the blue mountains whose feet are lost in mist, we see her rise. She glitters in the midst of the islands which surround her. Her palaces of blue and white seem to float on the Adriatic. She reminds us of a necklace of pearls lying on a cloth of emerald velvet.

2. *A Nearer View.*—The forms do not yet appear with clearness and precision; there are no exact outlines, nothing but patches of rose and white which are relieved against a blue horizon of an exquisite softness and on the green waves which become silvery in the sunshine.

3. *Nearer Still.*—As we approach, all this delightful chaos becomes less confused; the campaniles detach their delicate profiles and the domes their obesity; the lace-like balconies and oriental roofs of the palaces are cut out more clearly, the outlines are more plainly visible, but the tones remain unchanged. The city preserves her tints of white and rose, the sky and sea their tints of green and blue.

The next description brings us within the city, and we see the great boats with their coloured sails, the stone quays, and the marble bridges, the red campaniles, the rose-coloured brickwork and the white marble, all close at hand. 'It is a marvellous concert of the richest colours, a clashing of the liveliest and most joyous tints.'

In the notes supplied by Mr. William Wyld for his biography in the PORTFOLIO, published in 1877, he gave a short description of Venice without having read M. Havard's book, and the two descriptions coincide exactly. After mentioning the advantages of splendid costume enjoyed by the Venetian painters as a daily spectacle in the public places, he went on to say:—

> 'Then they had, too, the lovely Italian skies, and the shining silvery and rose-coloured palaces glancing in the sun, which, with the emerald waters beneath, were always in readiness as backgrounds to their compositions.'

Most of Turner's Venice pictures are attempts to convey, not exactly the sensation of colour given by Venice itself, but an equivalent sensation; and although the Venices purchased by Mr. Vernon are already a wild extravagance in comparison with the sober but prosaic work of Canaletto, they were afterwards surpassed in their own direction by his latest Venices. He began to exhibit Venetian subjects in 1833, and continued, with intervals, till 1845. The whole of these pictures belong to his late manner, and some amongst them to his latest. The characteristics which they have in common are splendour of colour and carelessness of form; the colour being in most instances really founded upon the true Venetian colour as we have just seen it repeatedly described, but worked up to the utmost brilliance which the palette would allow, the forms simply sketched, exactly on the principles of the artist's own free

sketching in water-colours. To get the brilliance the painter is believed to have adopted the following method, which has been used with success in copying his pictures of this class. It is believed, and with probability, that he first blocked out the picture almost entirely in pure white, with only some very pale tinting just to mark the position of the objects, and that this white preparation was thick and loaded from the beginning. On this he afterwards painted thinly in oil or water-colour, or both, so that the brilliance of the white shone through the colour and gave it that very luminous quality which it possesses. This is simply a return to the early Flemish practice of painting thinly on a light ground, with this difference, however, that Turner made a fresh ground of his own between the canvas and his bright colours, and that the modelling of the impasto with the brush was done in this thick white. The result was to unite the brilliance of water-colour to the varied and rich surface of massive oil-painting.

P. G. Hamerton.

(*To be continued.*)

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

VI.—VAN DYCK. 'Portrait of Lucas Vorsterman.'

THE reader who has not given much attention to the engravings of Van Dyck's portraits should be careful to divide them into three classes.

1. The etchings entirely executed by Van Dyck's own hand. These are usually first states of the plates.

2. Etchings by Van Dyck worked upon by engravers, especially for the addition of backgrounds.

3. Etchings or engravings by professional engravers after Van Dyck's paintings, drawings, or sketches.

Plates of the first of these three classes passed into the second after a few proofs had been taken, because a collection of engraved portraits was made in Van Dyck's lifetime, and the engravers seem to have thought (Van Dyck himself must have thought so, too) that his simple, pure etchings, did not look laboured enough to enter into a collection of engravings by industrious workmen; so they dealt with them after their fashion by the addition of formally shaded backgrounds, which, to a lover of genuine etching, are not an improvement.

Plates of the third class are very numerous. Van Dyck had a great scheme for the reproduction of a series of portraits by means of engraving. These portraits represented many celebrated and intelligent men, with whom the painter had come into contact in the course of his short but varied existence, and he made them expressly for the engravers, always in monochrome. The originals were either painted in *grisaille* or simply drawn on paper and washed with the brush. As for the engravings themselves, though Van Dyck did not execute them, he was very careful about superintending the work. He employed only the best engravers, who worked under his direct personal influence, and he would not permit the publication of a plate until he was quite satisfied with it. There is, consequently, a great difference in what may be called authenticity between such plates as these, executed under the severe superintendence of the painter, and plates got up simply for commercial purposes.

These plates were entrusted for publication by Van Dyck himself to a publisher of Antwerp named Martin Vanden Enden, who brought out eighty-four of them. Of these

eighty-four no less than twenty-three were engraved by Lucas Vorsterman, whose portrait we have before us. This is a very large proportion indeed, for we see that Vorsterman did more than a quarter of the whole set, and yet twelve engravers were employed. This is good evidence of the estimation in which Vorsterman was held by Van Dyck.

Many of these men had been engravers of Rubens and had formed their practice under his influence. M. Georges Duplessis, Keeper of the Prints at the National Library in Paris, who has, I believe, given more study to these engravers than any one else, after speaking of Schelte a Bolswert and Paul Pontius continues as follows:—

'The manner of Lucas Vorsterman is somewhat different from those of the preceding artists. His burin is less lively but equally learned, and it renders the aspect of the pictures of Rubens by various kinds of work. He introduced more variety in the use of lines than had been known before his time, and by this means he distinguished, with an unprecedented degree of clearness, the different elements of a picture: the flesh is expressed by open lines, which follow the form and the modelling; whereas the draperies are rendered by a closer shading, which varies according to the light which falls upon them. *Susannah and the Elders*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, and several *Holy Families*, give the highest idea of Vorsterman's talent. In these plates he is one of the most careful interpreters of Rubens.'

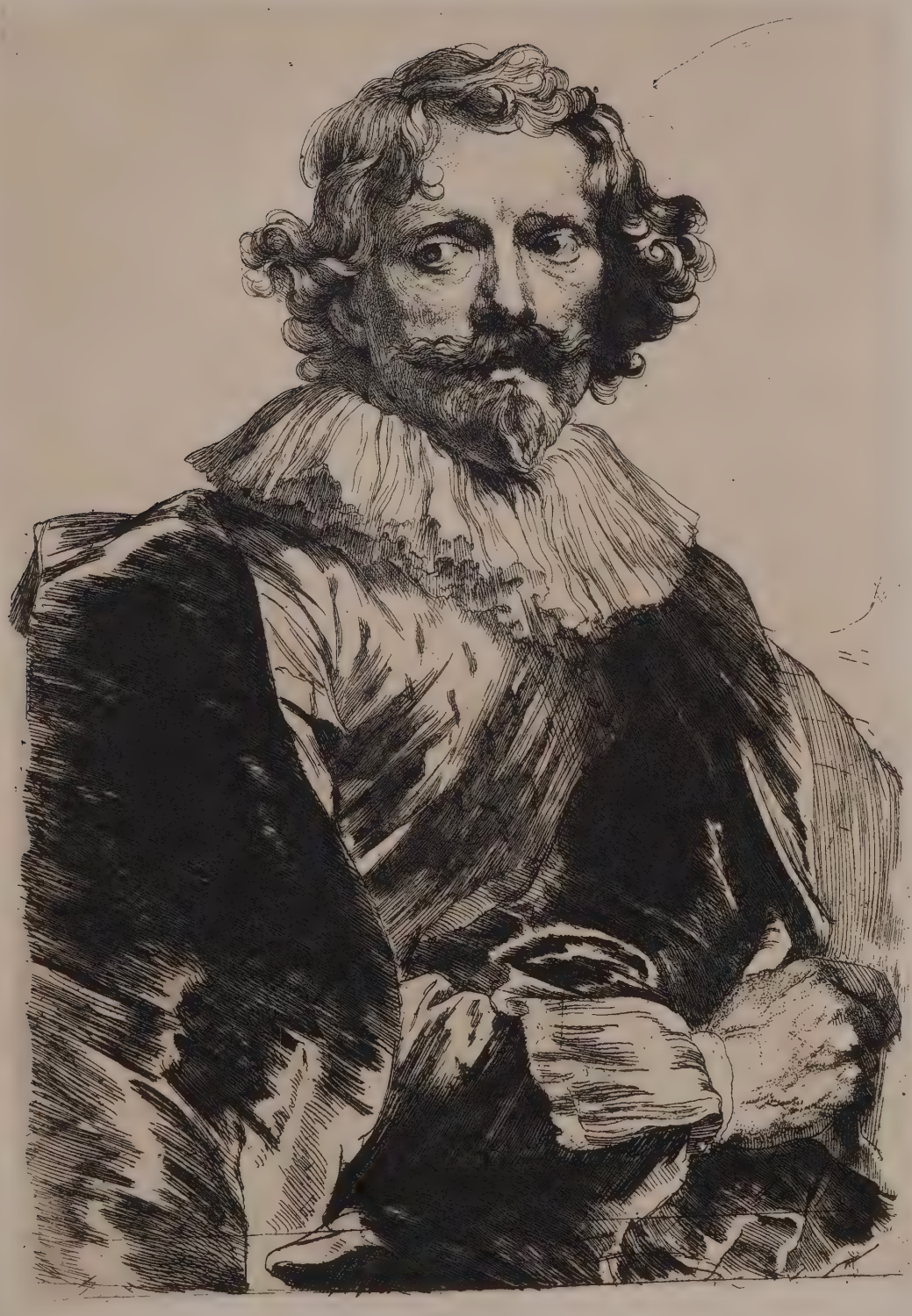
Vorsterman stayed eight years in England and engraved from various painters, quite different from Rubens in all their modes of thought and execution, including Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and others; but all his works retain the impress of the school of Rubens.

Van Dyck's own method of etching may be partly understood from the plate we publish, but there are various degrees of boldness and refinement in his etched portraits. In the present instance the etcher has evidently been in a rapid and determined temper. Judging by what Flameng has done in the way of improvised portraits, I should say that for a great master like Van Dyck there would be about three hours' work, or less, in the plate before us, which was probably executed at a single sitting, as it has all the appearance of an improvisation. This, then, is the way in which a quite first-rate artist would set to work when he got an etching-needle into his hand. Please observe how strong and wilful the work is from beginning to end, how little the etcher seems disposed for any kind of trifling, how plainly he lets us see his method of using the point throughout! His frankness goes even to the point of leaving a change of intention visible. There is a line across the plate, not half an inch from the bottom, which was the original limit of the drawing; but Van Dyck found it necessary to carry the drapery further down, yet left the line nevertheless. In all improvisations there are details which might have been better corrected. Here a fold of drapery looks, at first sight, like a badly-drawn thumb, for it occupies exactly the position which the thumb would have occupied if it had been held up; and there are two or three accidental scratches on the background, which have been bitten in as lines where they were not wanted. The left of the face (to the spectator's right) is evidently over-bitten, especially in the hair and moustache; but notwithstanding these little defects the plate is a grand one, and a fine specimen of genuine painter's etching, well worth studying in these times, when high finish seems to be more sought after than the vivacity of a freshly-expressed conception.

Five states of this plate are known; the first is that here reproduced. In the second state the portrait is surrounded by a definite line, separating it from the margin, and on the lower margin are engraved the words, 'LUCAS VORSTERMANS CALCOGRAPHVS ANTVERPIÆ IN GELDRIA NATUS. *Ant. Van Dyck fecit aqua forti.*' The third state is known by the addition of the initials 'G. H.' In the fourth the background is covered with horizontal lines, and the initials remain. In the fifth they are removed.

The initials in question are those of Gilles Hendricx, who, after Van Dyck's death, purchased many of the coppers engraved after his portraits, and all the coppers etched by Van Dyck himself. He published the plates, a hundred altogether, in a volume in the year 1645. This volume is generally known on the Continent as the 'Iconography of Van Dyck.'

EDITOR.



Imp. Armand d'Paris

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

III.—Legends.

THE character of a place is often most perfectly expressed in its associations. An event strikes root and grows into a legend, when it has happened amongst congenial surroundings. Ugly actions, above all in ugly places, have the true romantic quality, and become an undying property of their scene. To a man like Scott, the different appearances of nature seemed each to contain its own legend ready made, which it was his to call forth: in such or such a place, only such or such events ought with propriety to happen; and in this spirit he made the 'Lady of the Lake' for Ben Venue, the 'Heart of Midlothian' for Edinburgh, and the 'Pirate,' so indifferently written but so romantically conceived, for the desolate islands and roaring tideways of the Forth. The common run of mankind have, from generation to generation, an instinct almost as delicate as that of Scott; only where he created new things, they only forget what is unsuitable among the old; and by survival of the fittest, a body of tradition becomes a work of art. So, in the low dens and high-flying garrets of Edinburgh, people may go back upon dark passages in the town's adventures, and chill their marrow with winter's tales about the fire: tales that are singularly apposite and characteristic, not only of the old life, but of the very constitution of built nature in that part, and singularly well qualified to add horror to horror, when the wind pipes around the tall lands, and hoots adown arched passages, and the far-spread wilderness of city lamps keeps quavering and flaring in the gusts.

Here, it is the tale of Begbie the bank-porter, stricken to the heart at a blow and left in his blood within a step or two of the crowded High Street. There, people hush their voices over Burke and Hare; over drugs and violated graves, and the resurrection-men smothering their victims with their knees. Here, again, the fame of Deacon Brodie is kept piously fresh. A great man in his day was the Deacon; well seen in good society, crafty with his hands as a cabinet-maker, and one who could sing a song with taste. Many a citizen was proud to welcome the Deacon to supper, and dismissed him with regret at a timeous hour, who would have been vastly disconcerted had he known how soon, and in what guise, his visitor returned. Many stories are told of this redoubtable Edinburgh burglar, but the one I have in my mind most vividly gives the key of all the rest. A friend of Brodie's, nested some way towards heaven in one of these great *lands*, had told him of a projected visit to the country, and afterwards detained by some affairs, put it off and stayed the night in town. The good man had lain some time awake; it was far on in the small hours by the Tron bell; when suddenly there came a creak, a jar, a faint light. Softly he clambered out of bed and up to a false window which looked upon another room, and there, by the glimmer of a thieves' lantern, was his good friend the Deacon in a masque. It is characteristic of the town and the town's manners that this little episode should have been quietly tided over, and quite a good time elapsed before a great robbery, an escape, a Bow-Street runner, a cock-fight, an apprehension in a cupboard in Amsterdam, and a last step into the air off his own greatly-improved gallows drop, brought the career of Deacon William Brodie to an end. But still, by the mind's eye, he may be seen, a man harassed below a mountain of duplicity, slinking from a magistrate's supper-room to a thieves' ken, and pickeering among the closes by the flicker of a dark lamp.

Or where the Deacon is out of favour, perhaps some memory lingers of the great plagues, and of fatal houses still unsafe to enter within the memory of man. For in time of pestilence the discipline had been sharp and sudden, and what we now call 'stamping out contagion' was carried on with deadly rigour. The officials, in their gowns of grey, with a white St. Andrew's cross on back and breast, and a white cloth carried before them on a staff, perambulated the city, adding the terror of man's justice to the fear of God's visitation. The dead they buried on the Borough Muir; the living who had concealed the sickness were drowned, if they were

women, in the Quarry Holes, and if they were men, were hanged and gibbeted at their own doors; and wherever the evil had passed, furniture was destroyed and houses closed. And the most bogeyish part of the story is about such houses. Two generations back, they still stood dark and empty; people avoided them as they passed by; the boldest schoolboy only shouted through the keyhole and made off, for within, it was supposed, the plague lay ambushed like a basilisk, ready to flow forth and spread blain and pustule through the city. What a terrible

PLANESTONES CLOSE, CANONGATE.

next-door neighbour for superstitious citizens! A rat scampering within would send a shudder through the stoutest heart. Here, if you like, was a sanitary parable, addressed by our uncleanly forefathers to their own neglect.

And then we have Major Weir; for although even his house is now demolished, old Edinburgh cannot clear herself of his unholy memory. He and his sister lived together in an odour of sour piety. She was a marvellous spinster; he had a rare gift of supplication, and was known among devout admirers by the name of Angelical Thomas. 'He was a tall, black man, and ordinarily looked down to the ground; a grim countenance, and a big nose. His garb was still a cloak, and somewhat dark, and he never went without his staff.' How it came about that Angelical Thomas was burned in company with his staff, and his sister in gentler manner

hanged, and whether these two were simply religious maniacs of the more furious order, or had real as well as imaginary sins upon their old-world shoulders, are points happily beyond the reach of our intention. At least, it is suitable enough that out of this superstitious city some such example should have been put forth: the outcome and fine flower of dark and vehement religion. And at least the facts struck the public fancy and brought forth a remarkable family of myths. It would appear that the Major's staff went upon his errands, and even ran before him with a lantern on dark nights. Gigantic females, 'stentoriously laughing and gaping with tehees of laughter' at unseasonable hours of night and morning, haunted the purlieus of his abode. His house fell under such a load of infamy that no one dared to sleep in it, until municipal improvement levelled the structure with the ground.

COWFEEDER ROW AND HEAD OF WEST PORT.

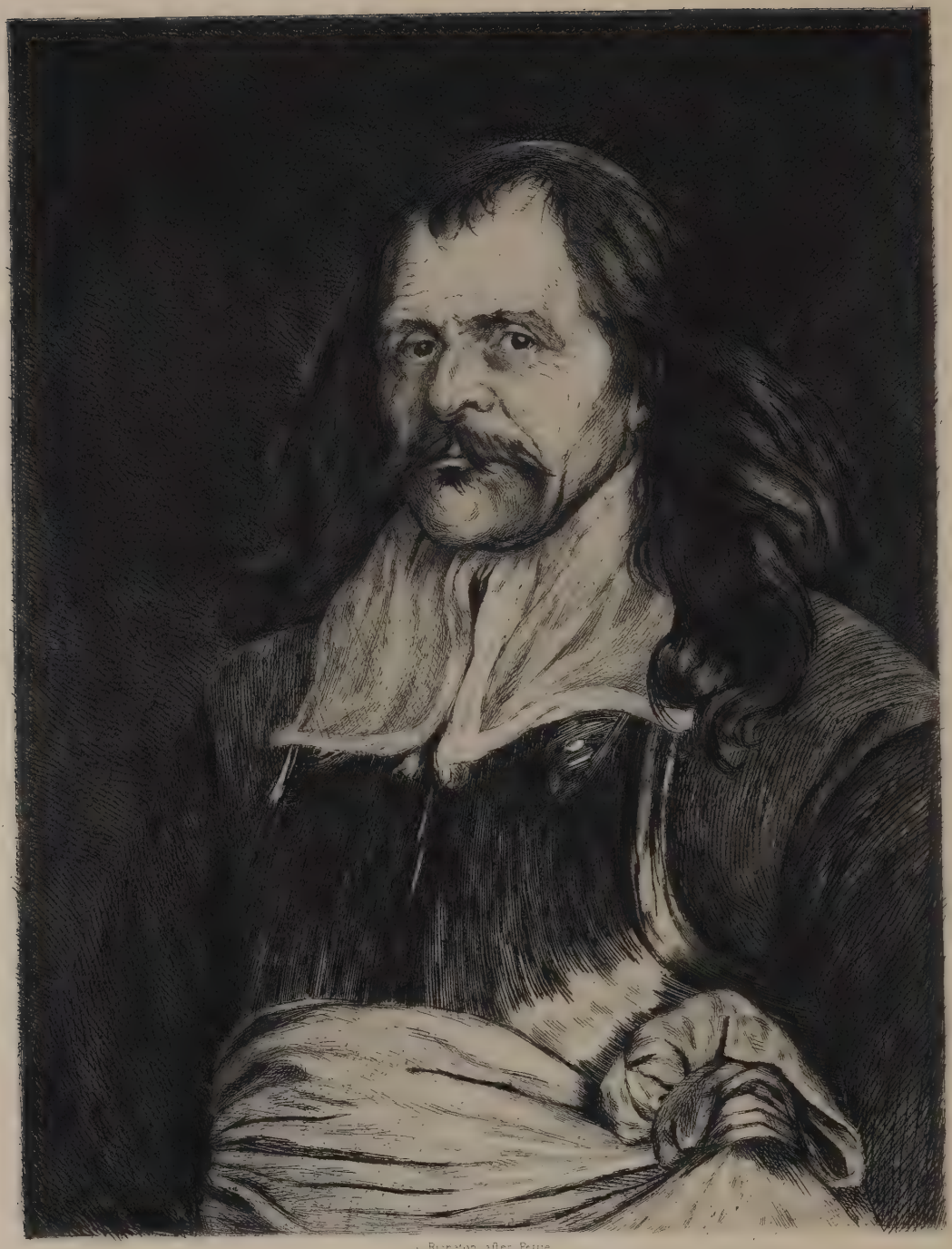
And my father has often been told in the nursery how the devil's coach, drawn by six coal-black horses with fiery eyes, would drive at night into the West Bow, and belated people might see the dead Major through the glasses.

Another legend is that of the two maiden sisters. A legend I am afraid it may be, in the most discreditable meaning of the term; or perhaps something worse—a mere yesterday's fiction. But it is a story of some vitality, and is worthy of a place in the Edinburgh kalendar. This pair inhabited a single room; from the facts, it must have been double-bedded; and it may have been of some dimensions: but when all is said, it was a single room. Here our two spinsters fell out—on some point of controversial divinity belike: but fell out so bitterly that there was never a word spoken between them, black or white, from that day forward. You would have thought they would separate: but no; whether from lack of means, or the Scottish

fear of scandal, they continued to keep house together where they were. A chalk line drawn upon the floor separated their two domains; it bisected the doorway and the fireplace, so that each could go out and in, and do her cooking, without violating the territory of the other. So, for years, they coexisted in a hateful silence; their meals, their ablutions, their friendly visitors, exposed to an unfriendly scrutiny; and at night, in the dark watches, each could hear the breathing of her enemy. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier spectacle than these sisters rivalling in unsisterliness. Here is a canvas for Hawthorne to have turned into a cabinet picture—he had a Puritanic vein, which would have fitted him to treat this Puritanic horror; he could have shown them to us in their sicknesses and at their hideous twin devotions—thumbing a pair of great Bibles, or praying aloud for each other's penitence with marrowy emphasis; now each, with kilted petticoat, at her own corner of the fire on some tempestuous evening; now sitting each at her window, looking out upon the summer landscape sloping far below them towards the firth, and the field-paths where they had wandered hand in hand; or, as age and infirmity grew upon them and prolonged their toilettes, and their hands began to tremble and their heads to nod involuntarily, growing only the more steeled in enmity with years; until one fine day, at a word, a look, a visit, or the approach of death, their hearts would melt and the chalk boundary be overstepped for ever.

Alas! to those who know the ecclesiastical history of the race—the most perverse and melancholy in man's annals—this will seem only a figure of much that is typical of Scotland and her high-seated capital above the Forth—a figure so grimly realistic that it may pass with strangers for a caricature. We are wonderful patient haters for conscience sake up here in the North. I spoke, in the first of these papers, of the Parliaments of the Established and Free Churches, and how they can hear each other singing psalms across the street. There is but a street between them in space, but a shadow between them in principle; and yet there they sit, enchanted, and in damnatory accents pray for each other's growth in grace. It would be well if there were no more than two; but the sects in Scotland form a large family of sisters, and the chalk lines are thickly drawn, and run through the midst of many private homes. Edinburgh is a city of churches, as though it were a place of pilgrimage. You will see four within a stone-cast at the head of the West Bow. Some are crowded to the doors; some are empty like monuments; and yet you will ever find new ones in the building. Hence that surprising clamour of church bells that suddenly breaks out upon the Sabbath morning, from Trinity and the sea-skirts to Morningside on the borders of the hills. I have heard the chimes of Oxford playing their symphony in a golden autumn morning, and beautiful it was to hear. But in Edinburgh all manner of loud bells join, or rather disjoin, in one swelling, brutal babblement of noise. Now one overtakes another, and now lags behind it; now five or six all strike on the pained tympanum at the same punctual instant of time, and make together a dismal chord of discord; and now, for a second, all seem to have conspired to hold their peace. Indeed, there are not many uproars in this world more dismal than that of the Sabbath bells in Edinburgh: a harsh ecclesiastical tocsin; the outcry of incongruous orthodoxies, calling on every separate conventicler to put up a protest, each in his own synagogue, against 'right-hand extremes and left-hand defections.' And surely there are few worse extremes than this extremity of zeal; and few more deplorable defections than this disloyalty to Christian love. Shakespeare wrote a comedy of 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The Scottish nation made a fantastic tragedy on the same subject. And it is for the success of this remarkable piece that these bells are sounded every Sabbath morning on the hills above the Forth. How many of them might rest silent in the steeple, how many of these ugly churches might be demolished and turned once more into useful building material, if people who think almost exactly the same thoughts about religion would condescend to worship God under the same roof! But there are the chalk lines. And which is to pocket pride, and speak the foremost word?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



J. Rennison after Petrie

MEMBER OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

VIII.—John Pettie, R.A.

A Member of the Long Parliament.

ETCHED BY LÉON RICHETON.

MR. PETTIE is so well known that it is hardly necessary to recapitulate the principal pictures which have marked the successive stages of his career. The following, however, may be useful as leading dates:—He was born at Edinburgh in 1839, and studied at the Scottish Academy under Messrs. Robert Scott Lauder and John Ballantyne from 1855 until 1862, when he came to London. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1867, and full Academician in 1874. Such is a brief account of a successful career. We hear nothing of any difficulties: the young Scottish artist comes to London at the age of twenty-three, exhibits pictures, is elected Associate in five years, and Academician just when he attains middle age. At the same time he wins considerable popularity. Would it not be to the interest of Scotland (though not to ours) if the Lord Provost and bailies of Edinburgh would find some means of preventing the migration of clever young Scotchmen southwards?

Amongst Mr. Pettie's pictures at the Royal Academy we may mention *The Armourers*, 1860; *What d'ye lack, Madam?* 1861; *Drumhead Court Martial*, 1865; *Treason*, 1867; *Tussle with a Highland Smuggler*, 1868; *Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey*, 1869; *Touchstone and Audrey*, 1870; *Scene in the Temple Garden*, 1871; *Terms to the Besieged*, 1872; *Sanctuary*, 1873; *A State Secret*, 1874; *Scene in Hal of the Wynd's Smithy*, 1875; *Portraits in the Costume of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century*, exhibited in 1875 and 1876; *The Threat*, 1876; *Hunted Down*, 1877; *A Sword-and-Dagger Fight*, 1877; and the picture from which our present etching is taken, *A Member of the Long Parliament*, which was exhibited this year, 1878, together with *The Hour*, *Rob Roy*, *The Laird*, and portraits of *Colin Hunter, Esq.* and *S. Whitehead Taylor, Esq.*

It can hardly be necessary to remind any of our readers that the Long Parliament was so called because of its remarkable duration, from November 1640 to April 1653. Of all English Parliaments it is the most remarkable, being that which fought out the great contest against Royalty, and also that in which Oliver Cromwell began to attract attention, and finally exhibited his determined spirit of domination. Although John Bradshaw said that no power on earth could dissolve the Parliament except itself, Cromwell dissolved it finally with the aid of thirty musketeers, and the whole history of that Parliament is full of important lessons for modern nations which are governed by legislative assemblies. In France there was a National Assembly after the Franco-German war which was also in its way a Long Parliament, firmly clinging to the belief (in which it was sustained by M. Thiers) that no power on earth could dissolve it except itself; and this made the French reflect, as the English had already reflected

in the seventeenth century, that an assembly which could go on legislating till it chose to stop of its own accord, might be as inconvenient a form of despotism as any. But these considerations are leading us into the interminable field of politics, and this periodical deals only with questions of art—so let us go back to our subject.

Mr. Pettie's Member of Parliament is, we suppose, on the Republican side of the House, from the simplicity of his military dress and the severity of his demeanour. Let us abandon ourselves to the deception of art, and imagine this to be a faithful likeness of one who sat through all those stirring debates and heard the voice of Cromwell. He has passed through such a Parliamentary experience as our imagination can hardly realise, and it is this which has given his face that expression of tried and saddened sagacity, with a spice of dogged resolution. Still it is not an unkindly face, for Puritanism had its two sides, and could be both stern and tender on occasion. Beneath the steel breastplate there may have been a heart at the same time pitiless for the 'malignants' and 'the man, Charles,' yet tender towards wife and children, and careful of the well-being of the Parliamentary troops.

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

IV.—New Town—Town and Country.

IT is as much a matter of course to decry the New Town as to exalt the Old; and the most celebrated authorities have picked out this quarter as the very emblem of what is condemnable in architecture. Much may be said, much indeed has been said, upon the text; but to the unsophisticated, who call anything pleasing if it only pleases them, the New Town of Edinburgh seems, in itself, not only gay and airy, but highly picturesque. An old skipper, invincibly ignorant of all theories of the sublime and beautiful, once propounded as his most radiant notion for Paradise: 'The new town of Edinburgh, with the wind the matter of a point free.' He has now gone to that sphere where all good tars are promised pleasant weather in the song, and perhaps his thoughts fly somewhat higher. But there are bright and temperate days—with soft air coming from the inland hills, military music sounding bravely from the hollow of the gardens, the flags all waving on the palaces of Prince's Street—when I have seen the town through a sort of glory, and shaken hands in sentiment with the old sailor. And indeed, for a man who has been much tumbled round Orcadian skerries, what scene could be more agreeable to witness? On such a day, the valley wears a surprising air of festival. It seems (I do not know how else to put my meaning) as if it were a trifle too good to be true. It is what Paris ought to be. It has the scenic quality that would best set off a life of unthinking, open-air diversion. It was meant by nature for the realisation of the society of comic operas. And you can imagine, if the climate were but towardly, how all the world and his wife would flock into these gardens in the cool of the evening, to hear cheerful music, to sip pleasant drinks, to see the moon rise from behind Arthur's Seat and shine upon the spires and monuments and the green tree-tops in the valley. Alas! and the next morning the rain is splashing on the window, and the passengers flee along Prince's Street before the galloping squalls.

It cannot be denied that the original design was faulty and short-sighted, and did not fully profit by the capabilities of the situation. The architect was essentially a town bird, and he laid out the modern city with a view to street scenery, and to street scenery alone. The country did not enter into his plan; he had never lifted his eyes to the hills. If he had so chosen, every street upon the northern slope might have been a noble terrace and commanded an extensive and beautiful view. But the space has been too closely built; many of the houses front the wrong way, intent, like the Man with the Muck-Rake, on what is not worth

observation, and standing discourteously back-foremost in the ranks; and in a word, it is too often only from attic windows, or here and there at a crossing, that you can get a look beyond the city upon its diversified surroundings. But perhaps it is all the more surprising, to come suddenly on a corner, and see a perspective of a mile or more of falling street, and beyond that woods and villas, and a blue arm of sea, and the hills upon the further side.

Fergusson, our Edinburgh poet, Burns's model, once saw a butterfly at the Town Cross; and the sight inspired him with a worthless little ode. This painted country man, the dandy of the rose garden, looked far abroad in such a humming neighbourhood; and you can fancy what moral considerations a youthful poet would supply. But the incident, in a fanciful sort of way, is characteristic of the place. Into no other city does the sight of the country enter so far; if you do not meet a butterfly, you shall certainly catch a glimpse of far-away trees upon your walk; and the place is full of theatre tricks in the way of scenery. You peep under an arch, you descend stairs that look as if they would land you in a cellar, you turn to the back-window of a grimy tenement in a lane:—and behold! you are face-to-face with distant and bright prospects. You turn a corner, and there is the sun going down into the Highland hills. You look down an alley, and see ships tacking for the Baltic.

For the country people to see Edinburgh on her hill-tops, is one thing; it is another for the citizen, from the thick of his affairs, to overlook the country. It should be a genial and ameliorating influence in life; it should prompt good thoughts and remind him of Nature's unconcern: that he can watch from day to day, as he trots officeward, how the Spring green brightens in the wood or the field grows black under a moving ploughshare. I have been tempted, in this connexion, to deplore the slender faculties of the human race, with its penny-whistle of a voice, its dull ears, and its narrow range of sight. If you could see as people are to see in heaven, if you had eyes such as you can fancy for a superior race, if you could take clear note of the objects of vision, not only a few yards, but a few miles from where you stand:—think how agreeably your sight would be entertained, how pleasantly your thoughts would be diversified, as you walked the Edinburgh streets! For you might pause, in some business perplexity, in the midst of the city traffic, and perhaps catch the eye of a shepherd as he sat down to breathe upon a heathery shoulder of the Pentlands; or perhaps some urchin, clambering in a country elm, would put aside the leaves and show you his flushed and rustic visage; or a fisher racing seawards, with the tiller under his elbow, and the sail sounding in the wind, would fling you a salutation from between Anst'er and the May.

To be old is not the same thing as to be picturesque; nor because the Old Town bears a strange physiognomy, does it at all follow that the New Town shall look commonplace. Indeed, apart from antique houses, it is curious how much description would apply commonly to either. The same sudden accidents of ground, a similar dominating site above the plain, and the same superposition of one rank of society over another, are to be observed in both. Thus, the broad and comely approach to Prince's Street from the east, lined with hotels and public offices, makes a leap over the gorge of the Low Calton; if you cast a glance over the parapet, you look direct into that sunless and disreputable confluent of Leith Street; and the same tall houses open upon both thoroughfares. This is only the New Town passing overhead above its own cellars; walking, so to speak, over its own children, as is the way of cities and the human race. But at the Dean Bridge, you may behold a spectacle of a more novel order. The river runs at the bottom of a deep valley, among rocks and between gardens; the crest of either bank is occupied by some of the most commodious streets and crescents in the modern city; and a handsome bridge unites the two summits. Over this, every afternoon, private carriages go spinning by, and ladies with card-cases pass to and fro about the duties of society. And yet down below, you may still see, with its mills and foaming weir, the little rural village of Dean. Modern improvement has gone overhead on its high-level viaduct; and the extended city has cleanly overleapt, and left unaltered, what was once the summer retreat of its comfortable citizens. Every town embraces hamlets in its growth; Edinburgh

herself has embraced a good few; but it is strange to see one still surviving—and to see it some hundreds of feet below your path. Is it Torre del Greco that is built above buried Herculaneum? Herculaneum was dead at least; but the sun still shines upon the roofs of Dean; the smoke still rises thriftily from its chimneys; the dusty miller comes to his door, looks at the gurgling water, hearkens to the turning wheel and the birds about the shed, and perhaps whistles an air of his own to enrich the symphony—for all the world as if Edinburgh were still the old Edinburgh on the Castle Hill, and Dean were still the quietest of hamlets buried a mile or so in the green country.

It is not so long ago since magisterial David Hume lent the authority of his example to

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

the exodus from the Old Town, and took up his new abode in a street which is still (so oddly may a jest become perpetuated) known as Saint David Street. Nor is the town so large but a holiday schoolboy may harry a bird's nest within half a mile of his own door. There are places that still smell of the plough in memory's nostrils. Here, one had heard a blackbird on a hawthorn; there, another was taken on summer evenings to eat strawberries and cream; and you have seen a waving wheatfield on the site of your present residence. The memories of an Edinburgh boy are but partly memories of the town. I look back with delight on many an escalade of garden walls; many a ramble among lilacs full of piping birds; many an exploration in obscure quarters that were neither town nor country; and I think that both for my companions and myself, there was a special interest, a point of romance, and a sentiment

as of foreign travel, when we hit in our excursions on the butt-end of some former hamlet, and found a few rustic cottages embedded among streets and squares. The tunnel to the Scotland Street Station, the sight of the trains shooting out of its dark maw with the two guards upon the brake, the thought of its length and the many weighty edifices and open thoroughfares above, were certainly things of paramount impressiveness to a young mind. It was a subterranean passage, although of a larger bore than we were accustomed to in Ainsworth's novels; and these two words, 'subterranean passage,' were in themselves an irresistible attraction,

OLD BOW-HEAD, LAWNMARKET, EDINBURGH.

and seemed to bring us nearer in spirit to the heroes we loved and the black rascals we secretly aspired to imitate. To scale the Castle Rock from West Prince's Street Gardens, and lay a triumphal hand against the rampart itself, was to taste a high order of romantic pleasure. And there are other sights and exploits which crowd back upon my mind under a very strong illumination of remembered pleasure. But the effect of not one of them all will compare with the discoverer's joy, and the sense of old Time and his slow changes on the face of this earth, with which I explored such corners as Cannonmills or Water Lane, or the nugget of cottages at Broughton Market. They were more rural than the open country, and gave a greater impression of antiquity than the oldest *land* upon the High Street. They too, like Fergusson's butterfly,

had a quaint air of having wandered far from their own place; they looked abashed and homely, with their gables and their creeping plants, their outside stairs and running mill-streams; there were corners that smelt like the end of the country garden where I spent my Aprils; and the people stood to gossip at their doors, as they might have done in Colinton or Cramond.

In a great measure we may, and shall, eradicate this haunting flavour of the country. The last elm is dead in Elm Row; and the villas and the workmen's quarters spread apace on all the borders of the city. We can cut down the trees; we can bury the grass under dead paving-stones; we can drive brisk streets through all our sleepy quarters; and we may forget the stories and the playgrounds of our boyhood. But we have some possessions that not even the infuriate zeal of builders can utterly abolish and destroy. Nothing can abolish the hills, unless it be a cataclysm of nature which shall subvert Edinburgh Castle itself and lay all her florid structures in the dust. And as long as we have the hills and the Firth, we have a famous heritage to leave our children. Our windows, at no expense to us, are most artfully stained to represent a landscape. And when the Spring comes round, and the hawthorn begins to flower, and the meadows to smell of young grass, even in the thickest of our streets, the country hill-tops find out a young man's eyes, and set his heart beating for travel and pure air.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

VI.—BERLIN.

PRUSSIA in arts, as in arms, was late to acquire an acknowledged position among the first-class powers, but never wanting in ambition, she has made Berlin the great centre of art in Northern Europe. Düsseldorf is an academy and an *atelier;* Berlin is something more; she is the residence of a Court, the legislative and administrative focus of the collective Germanic Empire; she is possessed of ornate and well-stored galleries. But Düsseldorf and Berlin at least have this in common, that each in its surrounding country is singularly destitute of the beauty and picturesqueness in which a painter delights. The intention for long has been to make Berlin a show capital. Much has been done in the way of façading; the arts are put on public parade in the streets, and are drawn up with military dignity and precision in the open squares. Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great is one of the most successful monuments of modern times. Perhaps in no other city can the systematic study of painting and the history of art generally through its monuments be prosecuted with more completeness and chronologic sequence than in Berlin.

The Academy of Berlin dates from 1699. The city, when visited by Count Raczynski in 1806, was as to Art a desert, and yet he enumerates twenty landscape painters, twenty-four painters of genre, nine portrait painters, six marine painters, six painters of city views, four flower painters, seventeen engravers, fifteen architects, and other departments in the same proportion. With the increase of population and of luxury of course these numbers are vastly augmented. The Academy has undergone usual changes in Directorship and mode of teaching. The revolution wrought among the artists in Rome between the years 1814 and 1820 passed to the northern capital on the Prussian students' return. The Academy has since again been reorganized, and is now supposed to do its duties fairly well.

The idea is that Art shall form an integral portion of human life, that it shall not only penetrate picture-galleries but permeate private dwellings. A practice much to be commended is that of surrounding national art treasures with the scenery and accessories among which they first existed, or were subsequently discovered. Thus, in the Salle Grecque of the New Museum the mural decorations serve as consonant historic backgrounds. Among the

subjects depicted by Schirmer, Biermann, Schmidt, Graeb, and Pape, are scenes from Lycia. Syracuse, the temples of Ægina, the Acropolis at Athens, and the temple of Jupiter at Olympus. Such legitimate service of landscape art was present in the capacious mind of Humboldt. Also in Berlin the art of mural painting has been turned to domestic uses; the practice is rapid and scenic, like that of the old Romans or the modern Italians, and thus in this facile and inexpensive way many a blank wall, external as well as internal, receives pleasing decoration. The eye hereby, when days are dark and cold, is carried along sunny woods and valleys unto distant hills.

Berlin, already one of the most ornate capitals in Europe, wishes still to add to her decorations. A project has been mooted for the erection of an elaborate assemblage of Museums on the so-called Museum-Insel. Every one knows that the late King entertained the ideal but somewhat impracticable scheme of grouping together the old and new Museums already erected with a projected Cathedral and Campo Santo. The elevation of the new buildings, as published in the 'Zeitschrift fur Bildende Kunst,' displays an imposing parade of columns, cupolas, and spires, which rise triumphantly from the surrounding waters. The design provides accommodation for the National Gallery, the Academy, for exhibition-rooms, studios, and other appliances needful for the culture of the arts. It is only to be hoped that this magnificent project will not prove wholly impracticable.

A change came over the pictorial art of Berlin when, about the year 1845, Kaulbach had been summoned to decorate the Treppenhaus, or grand staircase, of the new Museum. The ambitious purpose was to illustrate, after the German generic fashion and ideal mode of conception, leading epochs in the history of the world. The cycle runs as follows:— *The Tower of Babel, the Age of Homer, the Fall of Jerusalem, the Battle of the Huns, the Crusaders,* and *the Reformation.* No less than twenty-four engravings from these large and complete compositions are now before me. The pictures I watched while in course of execution, and I have seen the artist at his work. The whole series was evolved through the best years of the painter's life. Thus, as far back as the Paris Exposition Universelle de 1855, I found no less than nine cartoons for these wall paintings, while in the great French Exhibition of 1867 the cartoon for the *Era of the Reformation* gained for Bavaria its one grand prize, eight only being allowed for the whole world. Each of the six large tableaux is 30 feet long, and comprises over one hundred figures above life size. Kaulbach has ever worked hard, as witness these and other arduous undertakings.

The artist's latitudinarianism has in Germany given occasion to cavil. The apology is that the painter is exclusively the artist, that he is not the divine to teach dogmas and doctrines, but is, like Shakespeare or Goethe, the dramatic poet, to seek in the world's history noble characters, stirring actions, and grand scenic situations. Kaulbach imposed on himself the difficulty of bringing everything within geometric form, and for the most part he preferred to play out his action within a circle. Certain logicians reason in a circle, and so Kaulbach, even when he had to occupy a quadrilateral, focussed his compositions in the midst, and then made his figures rotate around. Another disadvantage under which Kaulbach laboured was, that he failed to convince the world of the depth of his convictions: he was all things to all men, yet neither the Greeks of the time of Phidias, the devout painters of the Middle Ages, nor the modern Naturalisti, would have found satisfaction in these hybrid creations. The misfortune is, that from Kaulbach's hand a Venus is a coquette; 'Pudicitia,' a courtesan; Cherubs, Cupids; Christ, an Apollo; Madonnas, Junos; Jehovahs, Jupiters. The explanation is, that the genius of Kaulbach lay on frontier lines, between classic territories, Renaissance epochs, and modern times. The most appreciative estimate I have met with of the nobly inspired artist comes from the pen of the 'Art-Student in Munich,' a pupil in the *atelier* of Kaulbach. The purport of her remarks is, that the highest merit of the master lies in a certain intensity of imagination, akin to the gift of the seer, whereby he is able to picture the fantastic past with the vividness of present reality, to

reveal 'ages lying far off in the early dawn of time,' so that 'the dead bones and ashes, buried in funereal urns, in cairns and barrows, become instinct with life.'

Kaulbach's six philosophical readings from history adorn part of a Museum designed by Schinkel, an architect to whom Berlin owes as much as London did in a former day to Sir Christopher Wren or Inigo Jones. The portico of this Museum is painted with imaginative figures also designed by Schinkel. I remember an instructive morning passed among the collections of the architect, when I came upon talent, if not genius, that had wandered wholly from the beaten track. Folio after folio was turned over, each heavily laden with architectural designs, drawings of the figure, and of landscape. In execution there was little to commend; it was the versatile invention, the teeming imagination, that overwhelmed the spectator. Of course there were façades of all sorts, but what struck me most was the scenic use made of situations, the happy knack of gaining a striking effect somehow; and above all, the faculty of bringing the habitations of man in close relationship with outward nature. Schinkel's knowledge of landscape enabled him, by slight adaptation, to make a landscape garden out of a wilderness, in the midst of which he would place his cottage or his mansion. I suppose no man ever constructed a greater number of castles simply upon paper. But I well remember noticing creations which at any rate served to inflate the imagination: a mansion, let me say—a palace of art—with belvederes, balconies, terraces with oranges and statues, a garden below, and beyond a wide sweep of pasturage and trees, with the wild hills and sky in the closing distance. It is much to be regretted that the style of Schinkel was illicit; it acknowledged no precedent, it submitted to no law, but thus was it all the more independent. It is interesting to mark that the architecture of Berlin, of Munich, and of Vienna, each stands apart distinctive in character. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the revived architecture has more originality than the resuscitated painting.

A word may be given to the polychromy which surrounds and throws up the water-glass pictures of Kaulbach. It is not, like that of Munich, Byzantine or Mediæval; it is, with some adaptations, directly Pompeian. Gold, however, is in parts applied lavishly, and the attendant figures borne out by gold backgrounds tell as usual with rich and artistic effect. They do not blind the eye by excess of light and colour, but keep their places quietly on the flat wall. This is the real test of the right application of gold. Persons with a passion for colour, such as the old Venetians, might object that the whole system is too scientific; it does not rouse an impulse or a love. The Germans are too dogmatic; they do not admit that, for the most part, Art begins only at the point where Science ends, that Poetry breaks into song only when Prose has had its plain say. The Germans are certain sure of their system, as the French are of the doctrinaire teaching of Chevreul; with them, decorative art has been reduced to the certitude of a 'positive philosophy:' hence German colouring, the product of the hard intellect, is crude, and fails to satisfy the imagination or the emotions.

In Berlin, as in Munich, the new 'wasserglas' process is used in rivalry with the older fresco method. Some artists prefer the traditional technique, others the new invention. My own observation teaches me that each mode has its specific benefits. Kaulbach's treatment in Berlin has the advantage of greater detail and finish, owing to the possibility of adding over tints on the first stratum of colour; it has, too, more of unity of light and shade, more of atmospheric distance and aërial perspective, from the facility of rubbing over the surface semi-transparent glazings and scumblings of colour. I have never, however, seen in Germany, either in fresco, water-glass, tempera or encaustic, a picture comparable in quality to a pure and simple Italian fresco of the good old time. Kaulbach's water-glass pictures have proved enduring; I have never detected the slightest traces of decay; and when I saw them a few years ago, the composition first completed was as fresh as the last. In our Houses of Parliament we have had painful experience, which makes this question of processes of almost national import. Frescoes having failed, the Prince Consort desired Daniel Maclise, R.A., to

visit Berlin, to obtain all possible information from Kaulbach, who was then hard at work on a scaffold before one of his grand compositions. Maclise, in the course of his report to the Royal Fine Arts Commission, hastily designates fresco as positively repellent to artists. He then proceeds to say, that, with the purpose of acquainting himself practically with 'waterglass or stereo-chrome,'—

'I visited Berlin in the autumn of 1858, and there I had the opportunity of closely inspecting five large and otherwise notable objects, painted in stereochromy by Kaulbach, his pupils Echter and Muhr, and with the assistance of others who were also executing in the same style a series of designs under the portico of the same Museum. The works appeared to afford marked evidence of the success of the process: a sixth work, to complete the series of the larger set, is in contemplation, and for this the cartoon is prepared. Between the larger compositions above mentioned there are colossal allegorical single figures, painted also in the new material, and owing their permanence to having been impregnated with water-glass. Of these works it may indeed safely be said, that they form a series of the noblest embellishments of one of the grandest halls which architecture has as yet dedicated to the development of a kindred art: and here, too, is to be viewed in perfection how transcendently imposing are the results when the two arts are harmoniously combined.'

The illustrations chosen for this paper are characteristic works of Kaulbach. *The Deluge* is one of those compositions which lays strong hold on the imagination, and the figures floating in the upper sky exemplify the semi-supernatural treatment of which the painter was peculiarly fond. Unfortunately, the plate is not ready, and must be deferred for a future number; as a substitute, is given a composition from Professor Steinle, who will fall under notice in the sequel. Two minor illustrations in the letterpress form parts of the ornamental friezes to Kaulbach's grand compositions in the new Museum. A pretty sportive little boy appears again and again throughout the entire story, and the tale is told that Kaulbach used to say that he should like to have for his own such a sprite of a boy. Then, behold, one moonlight night the painter's wife presented him with a nice replica.

Berlin fulfils the general law that literature leads the way to new epochs, and that then art follows. In the time of Frederick the Great, under the sway of Voltaire, the arts naturally tended Frenchwards. Then came in literature, a distinctive German revival, and again art became animated by the same spirit. And it may be justly said that in no capital save Berlin has existed so close a proximity between art creation and criticism, between art products and art philosophers. A leading position is due to the critic Kugler; his intellect was sufficiently clear, his heart was warm, intuition was his guide, the subjective philosophy his law; he was not misled by the outward show of things, but viewed a picture from within with his mind's eye. This basis of criticism is now obsolete, but with Kugler it led to deep sympathy with the early spiritual and subjective schools, and, by consequence, with their derivatives in modern Germany. Strange enough, the ultimate editing of Kugler's 'Handbook of German Art' fell into the hands of Dr. Waagen—a hard, dry writer, who, unlike Kugler, had never been guilty of eloquent utterances. Waagen I had the privilege of meeting some few times, and not to be forgotten is a morning when he guided me through the Gallery he himself had greatly formed. I soon found out that the knowledge with which he was accredited had not been overrated; moreover, that his sympathies for pictures executed before and during the life of Raphael flowed spontaneously. He was a simple-hearted, honest man, and his influence over the contemporary art of Berlin was for good.

More recently have arisen critics in Northern Germany, who swerve the stream of contemporary art. Herr Hermann Grimm, in his life of Michael Angelo, speaks prophetically of the coming of artists who, now working in secret and valued less than they deserve, will be understood only when Michael Angelo is appreciated as he should be. This manifestly points artists of the present and of the future to grand monumental art. Also Dr. Woltmann, in his admirable life of Holbein, directed the vision of the educated classes to the good old times; accordingly, heads painted after the manner of Holbein are not infrequent in exhibitions. But these reciprocities between literature and art are unfortunately exceptional. It cannot be

overlooked that for some years, while Kaulbach was painting his wall pictures, a hostile party grew from strength to strength, till at length power fell into the keeping of the Naturalisti and Mechanisti, whom historians know as the last, if not the lowest, phase of the æsthetic intellect. Art beginning with spiritualism ends with materialism. I admit that Berlin has taken a middle course; her career, deviating but little to the one side or to the other, may be compared to an imperial triumph. Before concluding this passage, the reader may be reminded that both Niebuhr and Bunsen were attached to the court of Berlin, and did much to transplant art's finest fruits into the Fatherland. But Bunsen, ignorant of art in the true sense of the term, and indifferent to all works that did not touch human interests, is known to have 'allowed for landscape-painting no place other than that of an innocent amusement and decoration, except when the figures inserted tell a story and give a sense to the whole.' But Humboldt, the greater man of the two, held illimitable faith in the progress of landscape as the reflex of the infinite cosmos—a progress assured by the wider knowledge of nature's

FROM A FRIEZE BY KAULBACH.

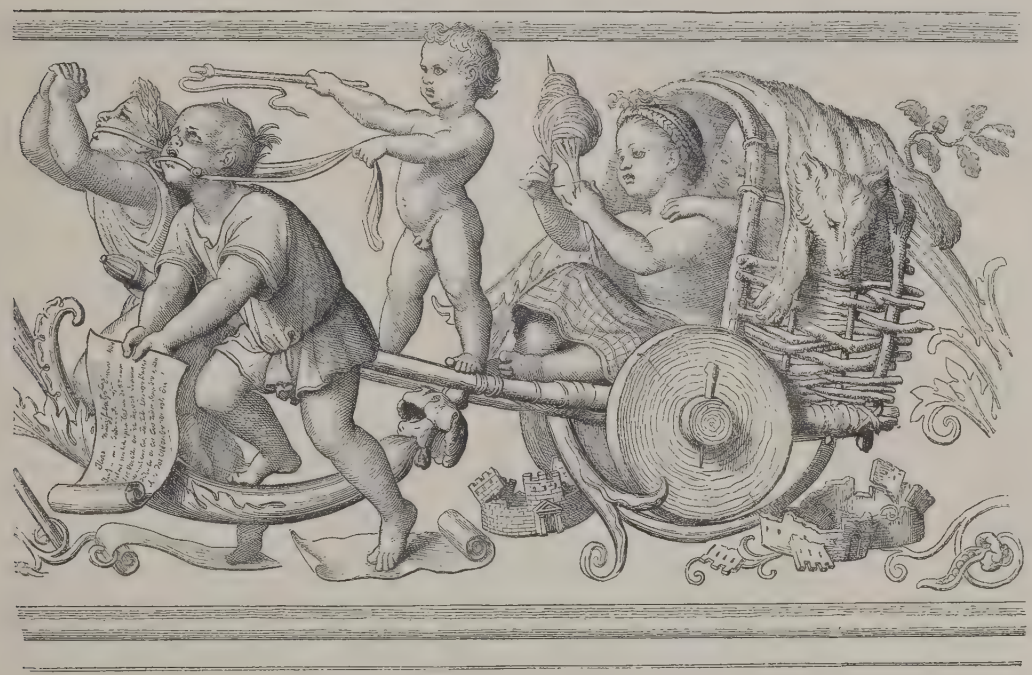
ways, and by the opening of new zones to civilisation and to art. Many painters, no doubt, rest content with farm-yards and back-doors, but the best genius of Germany is true to the inspiration of Humboldt; it loves mountain masses, a sky of tumult, dark pine-forests, and raging torrents. Such art is dramatic, grand, and soul-moving.

I hope I may be excused any apparent egotism, when I state that it has been my habit for a quarter of a century to make notes in the public and private exhibitions of Germany. In Berlin there are some minor collections which elucidate the past and present condition of the local school. Thus there is an assemblage of the large cartoons which Cornelius designed for the projected Campo Santo and Cathedral. Among the number are the four Riders of the Apocalypse, a wild and truly apocalyptic composition, which was engraved in the first of these papers. Another collection, formed by the accomplished critic, Count Raczynski, whose standard work has oft been quoted, contains the finished sketch for Kaulbach's imaginative composition, *The Battle of the Huns,* now existing in wasser-glas in the New Museum. Also in the same gallery is found the famous composition, *The Two Leonoras,* by Sohn, and *The Sposalizio,* a choice example of Overbeck. Thus it will be

seen that Berlin cherishes masterpieces of varied painters whereon she has been able to form her essentially eclectic style.

The National Gallery, which had a private origin, has specific value as elucidating the condition of the school during last century and the beginning of the present. The works evolved were for the most part of hopeless mediocrity—comparable to the pictures of Hudson and his contemporaries which provoked Sir Joshua Reynolds to the censure that he found art in England at the lowest ebb; indeed, he added, it could not possibly be lower. The Gallery has further interest in examples of Alfred Rethel, Wilhelm Schadow, Wilhelm Schirmer, Julius Schrader, Carl Sohn, Karl Begas, and that universalist, Karl Schinkel. Additions are from time to time made to this National Gallery.

I have in my hand a catalogue annotated by me of an exhibition held in the Royal Academy of Berlin as long ago as the year 1868. The total number of works was 828, and of these 286 were by Berlin artists—a large percentage. Among the most noteworthy



FROM A FRIEZE BY KAULBACH.

were 'a family portrait picture,' by Professor Karl Becker, also five portraits by Professor Oscar Begas. Portrait-painters were as prolific in Berlin as portrait-painters in the Royal Academy of London. In this year first saw the light *A Library in Rome*, by Lewis von Hagen; a quiet, student-like picture, admirably etched by Herr Unger. Paul Meyerheim, in a felicitous and romantic manner, associated figures and cattle with landscape. Likewise were present Karl Serres, also Otto Weber, now known throughout the world by his glowing landscapes, tenanted by peasantry and cattle; lastly, Theodor Weber, equally famous for his command over ocean waves.

The first International Exposition I found occasion to write upon was that of Paris in 1855, one of the most worthy of criticism, wherein some of the last generation of Germans fell under review. A more thorough manifestation of German art was witnessed in the International Exhibition held in Munich in 1869. Out of a total of considerably more than 1000 works, Berlin contributed 86. Little was added to the previous knowledge of Prussian

art, but among painters not already named appeared Ernst and Edward Hildebrandt, Augustus von Heyden, Amberg, A. Begas, Professor Max Schmidt, Professor Otto Heyden, Kraus, and Laar.

In the Vienna International Exhibition of 1873 the German Empire put forth its collective force in an aggregate of 753 pictures. The divisions into minor German nationalities was for the first time merged into the one and undivided unity of the Empire, and it struck me with some surprise that, having taken pains in former times to distinguish the differences between one city and another, here all the pictures from the divers States blended in unbroken unity. Differences there were, but the point enforced supremely in the totality of pictorial products was the essential unity of the Germanic race. Among the collective nations of Europe, the contest for the first place lay between the German Empire and France, and in this conflict France won, as she always does. Between the separate States of Germany there was a close run between Munich and Düsseldorf; Berlin followed next, producing as her credential Professor Gustave Richter's realistic and noble composition, *The Building of the Pyramids.* In Vienna it became less difficult than before to make a geographic chart of the distribution of art over the nationalities of Europe. The number of schools not stated in order of merit is:—1st, the French; 2nd, the English; 3rd, the Spanish; 4th, the Italian; and lastly, but not least, the grand generic art of Germany. I have left out Austria, as possessing little distinctive character; but the chart would be incomplete did it not find a space for the idiosyncratic genius of the Hungarians, the histrionic and scenic talent of the Poles, and the nature-loving truth of the Scandinavians. Races and religions, political institutions, climates, and even geological strata, fashion the products of nations, and it is only by some such comparison that the school of Berlin can be assigned its true place in cosmopolitan art.

In Rome, during last winter, was held in the Palazzo Caffarelli—once the residence of Niebuhr and Bunsen, and now the seat of the German Embassy—a small gathering of 95 works by German artists resident in Rome. By far the best water-colour and oil contributions came from Otto Brandt, of Berlin. Dire, indeed, has been the fall since Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit exhibited their masterpieces in the same palace, about the year 1817. At the present moment the German Empire is unworthily seen in the Paris Exposition. Pictures to the number of 159 are collected, and no less than 48 come from Berlin. Almost all the names of import have already fallen under notice. It remains, however, to pay a tribute to Adolph Menzel, who is now 63 years of age. His life has been spent in Berlin, and his studies have been devoted mainly to the history of the Brandenburgs, and especially to the career of Frederick the Great. A leading purpose seems to have been to pay worthy tribute to the military achievements and prowess of Prussia in the last half of the eighteenth century. Menzel stood aloof from every other master, and worked out his ends independently. His six specimen pictures in Paris form a dazzling group. In *The Pause in the Dance,* the artist willingly yields to the *éclat* and to the elegant frivolity of society. This gem is a most dazzling miniature wrought up to the detail of a mosaic. Menzel is manifold in his ways; he can do whatever he wills.

Count Raczynski, writing in 1841, declared that Berlin could scarcely be said to have a school. Since that time, however, and specially at the present moment, the city has gained and is gaining vastly in power and importance, the teaching in the Academy is well organized; and as an example of public patronage it may be mentioned that Makart's tremendous picture, *Catherine Cornaro,* has been purchased for the Berlin National Gallery at the price of 50,000 marks (equal to about 2500*l.* sterling). Evidence has been already given, in the super-abundant production of pictures, of great activity. All subjects and almost all styles are studied and prosecuted with zeal. The treatment has been by turns grave and gay; the execution has alternated from miniature to the largeness of scene-painting. Schinkel has adorned the city with showy architecture; Rauch is the creator of historic monuments in bronze and marble; and Paul Meyerheim and others have made a dull city joyous by pleasure-awakening pictures. The school of Berlin, as already indicated, has passed through successive periods

First came what may be termed the pre-art epoch, which extended unusually far into modern times. The second period may be said, somewhat conjecturally, to date from the closing quarter of last century, to the return of the German pilgrims from Rome in 1814. With this infusion of new and vigorous blood commenced modern modes. A third period is supposed to have dawned when Kaulbach arrived to paint his imaginative and historic cycles. Berlin had been transformed into a mongrel classic city, and Kaulbach's style accorded well with the mood of the moment. But, fourthly, another change came over public taste, or rather caprice. Kaulbach's style, as already recounted, was denounced as artificial, affected, egotistic, and contrary to nature. Even the newspapers, however worthless, were hostile. The painter, while yet working in Berlin, was aware of this revulsion in feeling, and he felt it bitterly to his last day. Finally, under this virulent reaction, came things as they now are, when each man does what seems right in his own eyes, each artist being a law unto himself; every painter under the plea of following after nature, ignoring the high mission and the immutable principles of art.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

THE success of Turner's later method of colouring, described in the last chapter, has been questioned by some critics, who seem to be especially offended by the crudeness of the whites. The following may be taken as a fair example of these criticisms; it is from an American writer who has travelled a good deal in Europe:—

'In these pictures Turner appears to have departed from all those qualities which make his water-colours so valuable. There is nothing of Nature in them. Occasionally some familiar object is suggested; but there is no certainty, even after close study, of the motive, and scarcely of the form. With many, the time chosen—especially in the Venetian pictures—is when the sunlight is strongest, and we naturally fly from its glare. If his ambition were to rival Nature's intensest light, he has, as all painters must, signally failed. The pictures present glaring white surfaces, spotted with positive colours, laid on with a dash of the brush or the fingers, with little or no attention to form; an intense blue for the upper sky, but all colour opaque, and the canvas so heavily loaded that in many places the paint has dried, cracked, and *dropped* off. . . . We want luminous and liquid air, and not plain white or blue paint, which Turner has given. His skies are spotty and hard. They do not illuminate. The bright atmospherical colours should appear of prismatic tenderness of outline and texture, as in the rainbow, arching space. Solid pigments will not express the qualities of either sky, flesh, or water.'

Is this criticism just? It is, I think, not a bad piece of criticism. The writer has something to say, and does not simply confine himself to condemnation without giving his reasons. His eyes have been really offended by the style of painting which I have just endeavoured to describe, and he states the reasons for the offence. His feeling is one which I constantly observe in people who have some taste for art, but do not easily read its strongest language. For many years such people kept etching in a state of profound unpopularity because they were offended by its strength of expression, and even at the present day they are angry at what is really the most powerful work. They look upon the fine arts as an imitation of nature, not as an utterance of human genius; and when the utterance reaches a certain pitch of intensity it seems to them a bad imitation—coarse and harsh and crude. The right theory was stated by Burger in 1863, when he said:—

'In the works which interest us the authors substitute themselves, so to speak, for nature. However commonplace the natural material may be their perception of it is special and rare. When Chardin has painted a glass it is Chardin whom we admire in the glass which he has painted. It is the genius of

Rembrandt which we admire in the profound and singular character which he has impressed upon the head, whatever it may have been, which served him for a model. We think, "Ah! did they see like that, and how simple or how fantastic it is in expression and execution!"'

Now the mistake of the American critic is to have condemned the Venetian pictures of Turner because they are not imitations of nature. The question is not whether they are close imitations of nature, but whether they have the art-power of conveying a profound impression, and that they unquestionably have.

Some years ago several eminent French etchers came over to London for the purpose of executing plates from pictures in the National Gallery. They were all men of considerable experience in art, perfectly familiar with the old masters, and with as much modern art as may be seen in Paris; some of them were painters as well as etchers, and therefore practically acquainted with the use of oil colour. Thus prepared, and eager to make acquaintance with our national collection, they went to Trafalgar Square. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect which the Turner pictures produced on their minds. It was not mere critical approbation, not merely the respectful attention usually given to a great master, it was the passionate enthusiasm with which highly educated and very sensitive persons acknowledge a new, strange, irresistible influence in the fine arts, the sort of enthusiasm which was awakened by the verses of Byron and the violin-playing of Paganini. All these Frenchmen, whatever had been their previous speciality in art—whether they had been etchers of the figure, or of architecture, or of landscape—asked to be employed in the interpretation of Turner; and the pictures which they most desired to etch were not those of what have been considered his sober, and sane, and orthodox time, but such things as the later Venices and those daring experiments in light and colour which have so often been spoken of as little better than the freaks of a gifted madman. Here, then, is evidence, if all other evidence were wanting, that these pictures have the one great power of all genuine works of art, as distinguished from simple imitations of nature, the power which excites and arouses the artistic susceptibilities.

Again, the offensiveness of what may be called technical excesses, such as excessive loading, for example, or the excessive fulness or richness of a glaze, seems to diminish in exact proportion to the artistic culture of the spectator. I mean that the partially cultivated spectator, such as the critic quoted above, will be offended by a loading, and see in it nothing but thick paint, when a trained eye like that of M. Gaucherel or M. Brunet-Debaines will not be offended at all. I believe the reason to be that the one stops at the mere paint and the other goes at once far beyond it, to the artistic conception which the paint is intended to convey.

The Venice pictures exhibited in the Academy from 1833, and now in the National Gallery, number in all eleven canvases. One of the finest of these, *The Sun of Venice going to Sea*, was etched by M. Gaucherel for the PORTFOLIO in 1874, and published in the November number of that year. The etching has the spirit of the original picture, and is an excellent reminder for those who have seen it, but it can, of course, give no idea of the brilliant colour which is the principal artistic motive of the painting, and which is concentrated in the painted sail of the fishing-boat. An etching of *The Approach to Venice*, by M. Brunet-Debaines, appeared in the PORTFOLIO for September, 1875. The subject is a view of the canal of the Giudecca, with Fusina in the distance. The reader may judge from this etching how Turner treated the materials of Venice, the spaces of the water, the boats, and the buildings. The sense of space and distance on water surface is admirably expressed in this subject; the boats are made to serve the artist's purpose in composition, both by the way he has placed them and by their reflections, and the buildings are treated in Turner's usual arbitrary manner with his disdain of architecture and topography. Some confusion has been created by giving the title *The Approach to Venice* to a drawing from which a picture was painted which is called *San Benedetto*, whilst there is another picture called *The Approach to Venice*, which is in a state of ruin from technical causes. Whilst describing the *San*

Benedetto picture, Mr. Ruskin says first that the title is a mistake as no such church could be included in the view, and then he proceeds to recognise a general truth of Venetian character in it:—

'The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses: and yet, without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Giudecca landwards at sunset—of all that I have ever seen. The buildings have, in reality, that proportion and character of mass, as one glides up the centre of the tide stream: they float exactly in that strange, mirageful, wistful way in the sea-mist—rosy ghosts of houses without foundations; the blue line of the poplars and copse about the Fusina marshes shows itself just in that way on the horizon; the flowing gold of the water, and quiet gold of the air, face and reflect each other just so; the boats rest so, with their black prows poised in the midst of the amber flame, or glide by so, the boatman stretched far aslope upon his deep-laid oar.'

In 1835 appeared Macerone's edition of Milton, in seven volumes, and Tegg's one-volume edition of the poems, in foolscap octavo. Turner illustrated the poems for these editions with seven vignettes, which are generally considered, and rightly, amongst the least successful of his inventions. There is a certain materialism in Milton himself which a critical reader has considerable difficulty in reconciling with the nature of his subject, and yet it is easier to do this in reading a poem than in looking at a drawing, for the imagination is less exacting about material possibilities than the eye. One of the most unfortunate of the vignettes was the *Mustering of the Warrior Angels*, a mixture of unaccountable astronomy and bad figure-drawing, all rendered with that entire unsatisfactoriness which is the consequence of setting every natural law and possibility at defiance. Another lamentable attempt was *The Temptation on the Pinnacle*, a most difficult subject to treat, and treated in such a manner that one cannot venture to describe the drawing as it really is. These failures are the more provoking that Milton abounds in fine subjects for an imaginative landscape-painter. How suggestive, for example, are the lines,—

'Far off from these, *a slow and silent stream,*
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth.'

And those, again, which follow almost immediately:—

'Beyond this flood *a frozen continent*
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail.'

The best of the illustrations to Milton are the St. Michael's Mount, with the shipwreck of Lycidas, and the Ludlow Castle, with the rising of the water nymphs. Here the painter was brought down to the real earth and to his native land, and gained strength accordingly.

It was a custom of the classical school of landscape-painters to take subjects from the legends of antiquity, partly, no doubt, for the practical purpose of giving titles to their pictures, and also because the legends are in themselves poetical, and lend some poetry of association to the landscape with which the craft of the painter has connected them. Claude was fond of doing this, as we all know from the Claudes in our own National Gallery, almost all of which are associated with ancient legend or history. The story of Cephalus and Procris is a good one for this purpose, because the unhappy accident which ended fatally for Procris took place in a wood, and Claude delighted in sylvan subjects. The story of Mercury and Argus is, perhaps, even more available for the landscape-painter, as the cow, Io, must be introduced, and a cow is a landscape-painter's animal. Claude painted a picture of Mercury and Argus which was one of a pair, the other being *Juno entrusting to Argus the guardianship of Io*, and amongst Claude's etchings is one of Mercury and Argus, rather a pale etching, with a temple to the right, and a distant view of a bay with hills beyond it, seen between two groups of trees.

Besides these works of Claude there are others in illustration of the same subject by the old painters; for example, Rubens painted it four times, as his taste for landscape and the

naked figure, and his skill in both, gave him an interest in putting the two together. These examples, but especially that of Claude, may have induced Turner to try his strength on the same story; and whatever may be said of the cow and figures, it would be difficult, in elder art, to find it illustrated with such poetic feeling and such a happy mixture of natural and artistic beauty. It is to be regretted that the picture, which was purchased by Mr. Naylor, is not in the National Gallery, but it is widely known through the engraving, one of the most luminous of the larger plates ever executed from Turner's pictures. This work produced such a strong impression on Mr. Ruskin that he referred to it no less than nine times in 'Modern Painters.' Like Rubens, Turner introduced a rivulet in his landscape, finding its way over the irregular ground. This stream is well described by Mr. Ruskin in a few words:—

'In coming down to us, we see it stopping twice in two quiet and glassy pools, upon which the drinking cattle cast an unstirred image. From the nearest of these the water leaps in three cascades into another basin close to us; it trickles in silver threads through the leaves at its edge, and falls tinkling and splashing (though in considerable body) into the pool, stirring its quiet surface, at which a bird is stooping to drink, with concentric and curdling ripples, which divide round the stone at its farthest border, and descend in sparkling foam over the lip of the basin.'

The picture was one of the richest and fullest of those produced in Turner's complete maturity, the quantity of detail in it was immense, but detail fused and harmonised into unity. The sun is the centre of the picture, or nearly so, and the light brilliant. Great importance is given to foliage, especially to one great tree, which has the Turnerian pear-shape. I may observe that about this time of his career Turner had a fancy for a great tree, sometimes very much isolated. He probably found it convenient to throw back the sky and distance; and, by his system of aerial perspective, which confined the extreme darks to the immediate foreground, a tree did not cut so crudely against the sky as it does in ordinary drawing or in photographs. Turner had also, as I have explained elsewhere with reference to the fir on the left in *Crossing the Brook*, certain artifices in the treatment of such material which mitigated what might have been objectionable without them. Not only was the tree generally nearer in tone to the sky than it would have been in nature, but the branches farthest from the spectator, and consequently nearest to the sky, were made still paler in proportion as a compensation for stereoscopic effect, which painting cannot render. The general result of this artifice was that, however isolated a tree may be in one of Turner's landscapes painted in his maturity, it is never by any chance like an object *appliqué* but forms an integral part of the material between the spectator and the horizon. A magnificent instance of his treatment of trees when his art was fully developed is the picture of *Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus*. I well remember how the combined grace and energy of the branch drawing in this picture seemed to me, before I knew the Forest of Fontainebleau, an idealization of sylvan beauty beyond the possibilities of nature; and how, when I came almost directly from Fontainebleau to the National Gallery, I found in the picture the power, the freedom, the elegance which astonish us in the noblest Fontainebleau trees, and give the visitor to that wonderful place an entirely new conception of what sylvan magnificence may be. It is useless to expatiate farther upon the subject, for no conception of the trees in the *Phryne* can be given without illustration, and even that, on a reduced scale, would be inadequate, as the picture itself is more than six feet high, and drawn with such delicate modulation in all its curves that every inch of it is a study. Again, the most subtle etching or engraving would fail to render adequately the play of light in the foliage and amongst the branches, not to speak of the elaborate distances which are as full of material as they can be. The *Phryne* is certainly one of the very greatest pictures of Turner's full maturity. It was first exhibited in 1838, and shows signs of over-ripeness in the figures more than in anything else.

(*To be continued.*)

L. Alma Tadema, pinx. Leopold Lowenstam, sc.

THE SILENT COUNSELLOR

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

IX.—Alma Tadema, A.R.A.

The Silent Counsellor.

ETCHED BY L. LOWENSTAM.

MR. ALMA TADEMA, who has become an Englishman by naturalisation, and who is as well known to the English public as the most popular of our native artists, was born at Dronryp, in the Netherlands, at the beginning of the year 1836. He received his artistic education in the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and completed his studies in that city under Leys. Although not yet past middle life his merits as an artist have been recognised all over the civilised world. He has won gold medals at Paris and Berlin; he is an Academician at Amsterdam, at Munich, and at Berlin; an Associate of our own Royal Academy; and a Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Besides these honours he is Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, Knight of the Dutch Lion, Knight First Class of the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria, and Knight of the Legion of Honour. It may be doubted if any artist now living has won such a cosmopolitan position. There are others, no doubt, of equal eminence in their respective countries, but is there one who has a position of recognised honour and dignity in so many different European capitals?

Mr. Alma Tadema has been the fortunate discoverer of a new vein in art, which is interesting to the educated classes of all countries. Educated people everywhere take an interest in ancient Greece and Rome, and now in these recent times that interest has been immensely heightened by modern archæological studies and discoveries. Greece and Rome had been painted by the so-called Classical school to satiety, but always in an entirely unbelievable manner. These representations were true enough to satisfy an age which had not become critical in archæology, yet not true enough for us. Mr. Alma Tadema seems to say to us, 'You want to know what the old Greeks and Romans really looked like in their every-day life, and you *shall* know; I will paint them for you as they really lived, in their own costume, in their own houses, and amongst their own furniture, so that to look at one of my pictures shall be as good as a glimpse of the real antique life itself.' The thoroughness and learning with which this intention was carried out, as well as the great technical strength and skill of the painter, attracted from the first a very general feeling of curiosity, and have since maintained the interest at first excited by the strangeness and novelty of the truth. But besides these technical and archæological merits the pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema have often possessed a philosophic element which fascinates the intellectual spectator. In the work before us, *The Silent Counsellor*, this element is very strong. A youth is reclining upon a marble bench on a terrace by the southern sea. The seat is terminated by a sphinx, and he is asking the sphinx some question which gets just so much of an answer as might

be expected from a piece of marble. One might write pages and pages on such a subject as this. Ah! if we could but get an answer from the marble lips of Destiny—if we could but know exactly to what degree our plans and projects are wise or foolish for us in this complicated and puzzling world! Authors, artists, the whole tribe of those who try to please the public and elevate it a little whilst pleasing it, will sympathise with our interpretation of the picture. We say that the youth represents *art* (of any kind you please), and the marble sphinx represents the public. The question asked must be, 'What can I do to satisfy you?' and the answer given will be the usual embarrassing silence. The youth looks hard at the marble face, as you see, and gazes and gazes till he half mesmerizes himself and fancies there is some change of expression for an answer, some smile to encourage, some frown to repress his imaginations. That is what a multitude of authors and artists have been watching for ever since ambition first stirred within them, but no clear and definite answer came to them. In some instances, however, it comes, as to Mr. Alma Tadema himself, with a quite satisfactory clearness. He, for one, has got to know the sphinx's mind, and the Silent Counsellor has given him such advice that during the whole of his artistic career he has not wasted a year.*

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

V.—GREYFRIARS.

IT was Queen Mary who threw open the gardens of the Grey Friars: a new and semi-rural cemetery in those days, although it has grown an antiquity in its turn and been superseded by half-a-dozen others. The Friars must have had a pleasant time on summer evenings; for their gardens were situated to a wish, with the tall castle and the tallest of the castle crags in front. Even now, it is one of our famous Edinburgh points of view; and strangers are led thither to see, by yet another instance, how strangely the city lies upon her hills. The enclosure is of an irregular shape; the double church of Old and New Greyfriars stands on the level at the top; a few thorns are dotted here and there, and the ground falls by terrace and steep slope towards the north. The open shows many slabs and table-tombstones; and all round the margin, the place is girt by an array of aristocratic mausoleums appallingly adorned.

Setting aside the tombs of Roubilliac, which belong to the heroic order of graveyard art, we Scotch stand, to my fancy, highest among nations in the matter of grimly illustrating death. We seem to love for their own sake the emblems of time and the great change; and even around country churches you will find a wonderful exhibition of skulls, and crossbones, and noseless angels, and trumpets pealing for the Judgment Day. Every

* The following is a list of some of this artist's principal paintings: — *The Education of the Grandchildren of Clotilde*, 1861; *Venantius Fortunatus at Radagonde*, 1862; *How they amused Themselves in Egypt Three Thousand Years Ago*, 1863; *Fredegonda and Prætextatus*, 1864; *Egyptian Game*, 1865; *Catullus at Lesbia's*, 1865; *The Soldier of Marathon*, 1865; *Entrance to a Roman Theatre*, 1866; *Agrippa Visiting the Ashes of Germanicus*, 1866; *A Roman Dance*, 1866; *The Mummy*, 1867; *Tarquinius Superbus*, 1867; *The Siesta*, 1868; *Phidias and the Elgin Marbles*, 1868; *Flowers*, 1868; *Flower Market*, 1868; *A Roman Amateur*, 1868; *Pyrrhic Dance*, 1869; *A Negro*, 1869; *The Convalescent*, 1869; *A Wine Shop*, 1869; *A Juggler*, 1870; *A Roman Amateur*, 1870; *The Vintage*, 1870; *A Roman Emperor*, 1871; *Une Fête Intime*, 1871; *The Greek Pottery*, 1871; *Reproaches*, 1872; *The Mummy* (*Roman Period*), 1872; *The Improvisatore*, 1872; *A Halt*, 1872; *Death of the Firstborn*, 1872; *Greek Wine*, 1872; *The Dinner*, 1873; *The Siesta*, 1873; *The Cherries*, 1873; *Fishing*, 1873; *Joseph Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries*, 1874; *A Sculpture Gallery*, 1874; *A Picture Gallery*, 1874; *Autumn*, 1874; *Good Friends*, 1874; *On the Steps of the Capitol*, 1874; and *Water Pets*, 1874.

We do not prolong this long list down to the present date, as Mr. Alma Tadema's most recent works will be fresh in the memory of the majority of our readers.

mason was a pedestrian Holbein: he had a deep consciousness of death, and loved to put its terrors pithily before the churchyard loiterer; he was brimful of rough hints upon mortality, and any dead farmer was seized upon to be a text. The classical examples of this art are in Greyfriars. In their time, these were doubtless costly monuments and reckoned of a very elegant proportion by contemporaries; and now, when the elegance is not so apparent, the significance remains. You may perhaps look with a smile on the profusion of Latin mottoes—some crawling endwise up the shaft of a pillar, some issuing on a scroll from angels' trumpets—on the emblematic horrors, the figures rising headless from the grave, and all the traditional ingenuities in which it pleased our fathers to set forth their sorrow for the dead and their sense of earthly mutability. But it is not a hearty sort of

mirth. Each ornament may have been executed by the merriest apprentice, whistling as he plied the mallet; but the original meaning of each, and the combined effect of so many of them in this quiet enclosure, is serious to the point of melancholy.

Round a great part of the circuit, houses of a low class present their backs to the churchyard. Only a few inches separate the living from the dead. Here, a window is partly blocked up by the pediment of a tomb; there, where the street falls far below the level of the graves, a chimney has been trained up the back of a monument, and a red pot looks vulgarly over from behind. A damp smell of the graveyard finds its way into houses where workmen sit at meat. Domestic life on a small scale goes forward visibly at the windows. The very solitude and stillness of the enclosure, which lies apart from the town's traffic, serves to accentuate the contrast. As you walk upon the graves, you see children scattering crumbs to feed the sparrows; you hear people singing or washing dishes, or the sound of tears and

castigation; the linen on a clothespole flaps against funereal sculpture; or perhaps the cat slips over the lintel and descends on a memorial urn. And as there is nothing else astir, these incongruous sights and noises take hold on the attention and exaggerate the sadness of the place.

Greyfriars is continually overrun by cats. I have seen, one winter afternoon, as many as thirteen of them seated on the grass beside old Milne, the Master Builder, all sleek and fat and complacently blinking, as if they had fed upon strange meats. Old Milne was chaunting with the saints, as we may hope, and cared little for the company about his grave; but I confess the spectacle had an ugly side for me; and I was glad to step forward and raise my eyes to where the Castle and the roofs of the Old Town, and the spire of the Assembly Hall, stood deployed against the sky with the colourless precision of engraving. An open outlook is to be desired from a churchyard, and a sight of the sky and some of the world's beauty relieves a mind from morbid thoughts.

I shall never forget one visit. It was a grey, dropping day; the grass was strung with raindrops; and the people in the houses kept hanging out their shirts and petticoats and angrily taking them in again, as the weather turned from wet to fair and back again. One of the gravediggers, and a friend of his, a gardener from the country, accompanied me into one after another of the cells and little courtyards in which it gratified the wealthy of old days to enclose their bones from neighbourhood. In one, under a sort of shrine, we found a forlorn human effigy, very realistically executed down to the detail of his ribbed stockings, and holding in his hand a ticket with the date of his demise. He looked most pitiful and ridiculous, shut up by himself in his aristocratic precinct, like a bad old boy or an inferior forgotten deity under a new dispensation; the burdocks grew familiarly about his feet, the rain dripped all round him; and the world maintained the most entire indifference as to who he was or whither he had gone. In another, a vaulted tomb, handsome externally but horrible inside with damp and cobwebs, there were three mounds of black earth and an uncovered thigh bone. This was the place of interment, it appeared, of a family with whom the gardener had been long in service. He was among old acquaintances. 'This'll be Miss Marg'et's,' said he, giving the bone a friendly kick. 'The auld ——!' I have always an uncomfortable feeling in a graveyard, at sight of so many tombs to perpetuate memories best forgotten; but I never had the impression so strongly as that day. People had been at some expense in both these cases: to provoke a melancholy feeling of derision in the one, and an insulting epithet in the other. The proper inscription for the most part of mankind, I began to think, is the cynical jeer, *cras tibi.* That, if anything, will stop the mouth of a carper; since it both admits the worst and carries the war triumphantly into the enemy's camp.

Greyfriars is a place of many associations. There was one window in a house at the lower end, now demolished, which was pointed out to me by the gravedigger as a spot of legendary interest. Burke, the resurrection man, infamous for so many murders at five shillings a-head, used to sit thereat, with pipe and nightcap, to watch burials going forward on the green. In a tomb higher up, which must then have been but newly finished, John Knox, according to the same informant, had taken refuge in a turmoil of the Reformation. Behind the church is the haunted mausoleum of Sir George Mackenzie: Bloody Mackenzie, Lord Advocate in the Covenanting troubles and author of some pleasing sentiments on toleration. Here, in the last century, an old Heriot's Hospital boy once harboured from the pursuit of the police. The Hospital is next door to Greyfriars—a courtly building among lawns, where, on Founder's Day, you may see a multitude of children playing Kiss-in-the-Ring and Round the Mulberry-bush. Thus, when the fugitive had managed to conceal himself in the tomb, his old schoolmates had a hundred opportunities to bring him food; and there he lay in safety till a ship was found to smuggle him abroad. But his must have been indeed a heart of brass, to lie all day and night alone with the dead persecutor; and other lads were far from emulating him in courage. When a man's soul is certainly in hell, his body will scarce lie quiet in a tomb however costly; some

time or other the door must open, and the reprobate come forth in the abhorred garments of the grave. It was thought a high piece of prowess to knock at the Lord Advocate's mausoleum and challenge him to appear. 'Bluidy Mackingie, come oot if ye dar'!' sang the foolhardy urchins. But Sir George had other affairs on hand; and the author of an essay on toleration continues to sleep peacefully among the many whom he so intolerantly helped to slay.

For this *infelix campum*, as it is dubbed in one of its own inscriptions—an inscription over which Dr. Johnson passed a critical eye—is in many ways sacred to the memory of the men whom Mackenzie persecuted. It was here, on the flat tombstones, that the Covenant was signed by an enthusiastic people. In the long arm of the churchyard that extends to Lauriston, the prisoners from Bothwell Bridge—fed on bread and water and guarded, life for life, by vigilant marksmen—lay five months looking for the scaffold or the plantations. And while the good work was going forward in the Grass Market, idlers in Greyfriars might have heard the throb of the military drums that drowned the voices of the martyrs. Nor is this all: for down in the corner farthest from Sir George, there stands a monument dedicated, in uncouth Covenanting

verse, to all who lost their lives in that contention. There is no moorsman shot in a snow shower beside Irongray or Co'monell; there is not one of the two hundred who were drowned off the Orkneys; nor so much as a poor, over-driven, Covenanting slave in the American plantations; but can lay claim to a share in that memorial and, if such things interest just men among the shades, can boast he has a monument on earth as well as Julius Cæsar or the Pharaohs. Where they may all lie, I know not. Far-scattered bones, indeed! But if the reader cares to learn how some of them—or some part of some of them—found their way at length to such honourable sepulture, let him listen to the words of one who was their comrade in life and their apologist when they were dead. Some of the insane controversial matter I omit, as well as some digressions, but leave the rest in Patrick Walker's language and orthography:—

'The never to be forgotten Mr. *James Renwick* told me, that he was Witness to their Public Murder at the *Gallowlee*, between *Leith* and *Edinburgh*, when he saw the Hangman hash and hag off all their Five Heads, with *Patrick Foreman's* Right Hand: Their Bodies were all buried at the Gallows Foot; their Heads, with *Patrick's* Hand, were brought and put upon five Pikes on the *Pleasaunce-Port*. . . . Mr. *Renwick* told me also that it was the first public Action that his Hand was at, to conveen Friends, and

lift their murthered Bodies, and carried them to the West Churchyard of *Edinburgh*,'—not Greyfriars, this time,—'and buried them there. Then they came about the City . . . . and took down these Five Heads and that Hand; and Day being come, they went quickly up the *Pleasaunce;* and when they came to *Lauristoun* Yards, upon the South-side of the City, they durst not venture, being so light, to go and bury their Heads with their Bodies, which they designed; it being present Death, if any of them had been found. *Alexander Tweedie*, a Friend, being with them, who at that Time was Gardner in these Yards, concluded to bury them in his Yard, being in a Box (wrapped in Linen), where they lay 45 Years except 3 Days, being executed upon the 10th of *October* 1681, and found the 7th Day of *October* 1726. That Piece of Ground lay for some Years unlaboured; and trenching it, the Gardner found them, which affrighted him; the Box was consumed. Mr. *Schaw*, the Owner of these Yards, caused lift them, and lay them upon a Table in his Summer-house: Mr. *Schaw*'s mother was so kind, as to cut out a Linen-cloth, and cover them. They lay Twelve Days there, where all had Access to see them. *Alexander Tweedie*, the foresaid Gardner, said, when dying, There was a Treasure hid in his Yard, but neither Gold nor Silver. *Daniel Tweedie*, his Son, came along with me to that Yard, and told me that his Father planted a white Rose-bush above them, and farther down the Yard a red Rose-bush, which were more fruitful than any other Bush in the Yard. . . . Many came'—to see the heads—'out of Curiosity; yet I rejoiced to see so many concerned grave Men and Women favouring the Dust of our Martyrs. There were Six of us concluded to bury them upon the Nineteenth Day of *October* 1726, and every One of us to acquaint Friends of the Day and Hour, being *Wednesday*, the Day of the Week on which most of them were executed, and at 4 of the Clock at Night, being the Hour that most of them went to their resting Graves. We caused make a compleat Coffin for them in Black, with four Yards of fine Linen, the way that our Martyrs Corps were managed. . . . Accordingly we kept the foresaid Day and Hour, and doubled the Linen, and laid the Half of it below them, their nether Jaws being parted from their Heads; but being young Men, their Teeth remained. All were Witness to the Holes in each of their Heads, which the Hangman broke with his Hammer; and according to the Bigness of their Sculls, we laid the Jaws to them, and drew the other Half of the Linen above them, and stufft the Coffin with Shavings. Some prest hard to go thorow the chief Parts of the City as was done at the Revolution; but this we refused, considering that it looked airy and frothy, to make such Show of them, and inconsistent with the solid serious Observing of such an affecting, surprizing unheard-of Dispensation: But took the ordinary Way of other Burials from that Place, to wit, we went east the Back of the Wall, and in at *Bristo-Port*, and down the Way to the Head of the *Cowgate*, and turned up to the Church-yard, where they were interred closs to the Martyrs Tomb, with the greatest Multitude of People Old and Young, Men and Women, Ministers and others, that ever I saw together.'

And so there they were at last, in 'their resting graves.' So long as men do their duty, even if it be greatly in a misapprehension, they will be leading pattern lives; and whether or not they come to lie beside a martyrs' monument, we may be sure they will find a safe haven somewhere in the providence of God. It is not well to think of death, unless we temper the thought with that of heroes who despised it. Upon what ground, is of small account; if it be only the bishop who was burned for his faith in the antipodes, his memory lightens the heart and makes us walk undisturbed among graves. And so the martyrs' monument is a wholesome, heartsome spot in the field of the dead; and as we look upon it, a brave influence comes to us from the land of those who have won their discharge and, in another phrase of Patrick Walker's, got 'cleanly off the stage.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

VII.—CENTRAL GERMANY.

IT is but a few years ago that Germany, like Italy, was divided into separate states, with independent political and social institutions, and with distinct provision for the culture and encouragement of science, literature, and art. But latterly events in both countries have tended towards the concentration of power at a few chief centres. Still in Germany, as in Italy, many old foundations, though shaken, continue to stand. The Academies of Florence and of Rome

have not engulphed the schools of Pisa, Sienna, and Perugia. And so in Germany the growth of art in Munich, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, has not swept away the institutions long planted at Frankfort, Dresden, Nuremberg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgard, Cassel, Darmstadt, Weimar, and Gotha. Small communities differ from large countries in many ways. A school of art in the capital of one of the great European nations is backed usually by a considerable population, by an accumulation of wealth, and by the strength of a government capable of undertaking public works. But the minor duchies of Germany have, for the most part, toyed with the *belles lettres* and with the fine arts. After this fashion, the Grand-Duke of Weimar, in the time of Goethe, amused himself, looking on art, not as a study a vocation or the means of raising a people, but as an easy and agreeable mode of whiling away a vacant hour. The direction given to the arts naturally depended much on the taste or caprice of the ruling sovereign. One might aspire to the possession of the Madonna di San Sisto: others would possibly rest satisfied with Nuremberg eggs, planetariums, and a room full of curious clacking clocks. In the present day an advantage of these local schools is, that the arts become diffused throughout the length and the breadth of a widely-extended territory, and are brought to the very door of persons in humble life tied to the spot of their birth. The success and the originality which may attach to any given academy depend greatly on some happy luck in the choice of a director or professor.

The high position of Frankfort as a school of art is mainly due to the bequest of M. Städel, a rich banker. This endowment, together with the gift of pictures, drawings, and other treasures, was, in accordance with the testator's will, formed into the Städel Institut, in which the children of poor citizens of Frankfort obtain special consideration. The pictures in the Gallery have been augmented by the yearly revenues since the death of M. Städel in 1816. The Institute has been fortunate in its officers. Professor Philip Veit became Director in 1830, and the same office since 1850 has been held by Professor Steinle, whose rare gifts, studious and imaginative creations, and assiduity as a teacher, have been highly valued by numerous pupils, who now constitute the chief ornaments of the Frankfort school. Of late years, however, I have not found the school take a conspicuous position when brought to the test of exhibitions.

Johann Eduard Steinle, born in 1810, reached Rome in 1828, joined company with Overbeck and Veit, and betimes executed numerous cartoons, and practised with success fresco-painting. In 1850 he was called to Frankfort as Professor of Historic Painting, and became Director of the Städel Institut. As a teacher he bids his pupils to study nature, but under the inspiration, however, of the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Among his distinguished and sympathetic scholars may be numbered Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A. In years past might be traced between the earlier works of our Royal Academician and the pictures of Director Steinle points of contact. Friendly feelings between master and pupil, engendered by mutual aims and aspirations, have remained warm during many years.

Director Steinle has been identified, though not exclusively, with the religious school. Ten cartoons, afterwards executed in a church in fresco, are in the Städel Institut. Steinle is also known by Madonnas with the Child, likewise by the most popular reading of *The Raising of Jairus's Daughter*, furthermore by designs for engravings published by the Society in Düsseldorf for the Diffusion of Religious Art, likewise by the Tiburtine Sibyl in the Städel Institut, but superlatively by a boldly imaginative conception of *The Last Judgment*. The scene is laid in the upper sky, Christ appears in the midst surrounded by angels and the heavenly choir. Steinle in mode of creation takes a middle course; he lies between the objective and the subjective, between the world of material forms and the ideas which in consciousness struggle for expression; his thoughts extend to frontier territories, and sometimes they come with far-off memories of distant lands. German artists, in common with others, bring forth pictorial embryos contrariwise. Some search out a subject in nature, and then surround it with cognate accessories and studio properties. I have known both in Germany and England painters who assemble in the afternoon a company of friends to ask them for suitable names to pictures which, having come into the world without intellectual purpose, were nameless and wanting

a christening. Other artists, again, of whom Steinle is one, begin with the purpose and idea, and then go to nature for outward form, visual expression, and natural symbolism.

Director Steinle is better known in his own country than in England by the pictorial annals of secular history. He has painted in a Treppenhaus in Cologne 'a cycle' in four panoramic compositions, setting forth the development of Art, and the advance of intellectual culture in and about the capital of the Rhine. He manages in these four frescoes to epitomise about thirty centuries, beginning with the Pyramids at Cairo, and ending with the Cathedral of Cologne. The narrative may be compared to a history of the world in four quarto volumes; the compiled composition is cyclopædic. These frescoes, though superior, with very few exceptions, to similar attempts in England, did not strike me very favourably. Discords and incongruities mar the harmonies. Also the style is at enmity with itself in its incertitude and contrariety; for example, Queen Helena is spiritual, the River-God of the Nile naturalistic-classic, Constantine and Charlemagne of the wooden school, while, coming down to recent times, the King of Prussia, the Archbishop of Cologne, with the municipality and the masons all assisting in raising the finial to the southern porch of the Cathedral, do not escape utter commonplace. The difficulties of historic painters are known to increase as they approach modern times. The Germans themselves have subjected these frescoes to severe criticism—assuredly the artist's deserved renown lies in other directions.

Steinle has established his right to be reckoned a poetic painter. His imagination creates a world for itself; he can also, through sympathetic insight, make his own the fantasies he finds in the literature of Europe. He enters the field of romance; his copious powers of production are manifest in his illustrations to the Rhine Legends of Brentano and to the plays of Shakespeare. Scenes from the 'Merchant of Venice' he has cast into a triptych, which has fortunately found a place in a private collection in London. The chief illustration intended for this paper, published last month, *Bringing Home the Bride*, is a fairly good example of the romantic side of the painter's art.

Scarcely sufficient stress has been laid on the German practice of painting in 'cycles,' or in a series of successive subjects, after the manner of Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel, Padua, or as in the series from the lives of the Saints, or the scenes from Life, Death, and the Last Judgment, severally in the Campo Santo, Pisa. The sequence is sometimes divided by frameworks, either painted or in the solid, but occasionally one passage in a picture passes into the next, without any break in continuity. Steinle, in common with very many of the pre-Raphaelite painters, avails himself of this license. The advantage of such free distribution is obvious; painting hereby gets rid of the disability or shortcoming of being limited to one moment of time, without a before or an after; thus, like poetry, it becomes competent to compose a drama in several acts, to compass a wide chronology, stretching over separate yet consecutive compositions. This just suits the Germans, who, appropriating large areas of space, naturally seek to take large pieces out of eternity.

Mrs. Jameson has made a pretty apology for the incongruities as to time and space into which most imaginative painters, whether ancient or modern, have fallen, from the times of Orcagna and Raphael to those of Overbeck and Steinle. The 'Naturalisti' of course cry aloud against what they assume the absurdity of bringing within one composition characters divided by centuries of years or by hundreds of miles. Mrs. Jameson's plea for a gathering such as a *Sacra Conversazione* is that the divine personages are no longer on earth but hold communion in some higher sphere. This is the way to view Overbeck's masterpiece *The Triumph of Religion in the Arts*. I am glad that Frankfort affords me another opportunity to speak of Overbeck, whom I would wish to remember affectionately by three masterpieces, the *Vision of St. Francis* in the church at the foot of the hill of Assisi, the *Madonna surrounded by Angels* in the Cathedral of Cologne, and supremely by this *Triumph of Religion* in the Städel Institut. As might be expected from an artist of this loving and almost effeminate fibre, the Madonna and Child are enthroned as the divine source of inspiration. It has often been said

that genius has its female side; certainly Mariolatry with painters like Overbeck finds expression in emotions which centre in womanhood. This sacerdotal composition deliberately propounds an art creed. Beneath the feet of the Madonna rises a fountain, and immediately below this heaven-aspiring finial of water are two basins, both brimfull and serving as reflecting mirrors. This fountain is not only the mirror of the world's art, but in its diffused waters becomes the symbol of the spirit whence all art takes its origin or inspiration. The higher basin nearest to the Madonna pertains to religious aspiration, the lower, close on the earth, is set apart to artists of the earth earthly. The destiny which here befalls painters, sculptors, and architects of all times, is just about what might be expected when Overbeck holds the balances of Justice. Michael Angelo, as would be anticipated, suffers an avenging Nemesis; he is placed with only a single disciple in comparative isolation, he is seated on a classic fragment by the side of the merely mundane basin, and is wrapped so gloomily in a mantle that he turns no glance to the heavenly heights. I once asked Overbeck why he had been so severe. His reply, conveyed in a tone of voice humble, timid, and yet firm as his character, was that he felt the picture to be a true reading of the character.

Philip Veit, who furnishes one of the minor illustrations to this paper taken from his chief fresco, was the son of the banker Simon Veit, one among the wealthiest of the Jews, and his mother was the daughter of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. The young artist thus illustrious in descent became still more favoured when his accomplished mother ran away with, and subsequently married, the æsthetic critic Frederick Schlegel. The Judaical mother turned Romanist, and induced her artist son Philip Veit to join the same Church. His step-father, Frederick Schlegel, 'was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church' in 1808, and is known to have declared that 'Church as the greatest historical authority on the earth.' These conditions of religion and family relationship bore fruit in the nascent art. The first patronage came when the Consul Bartholdi, related by marriage with the Mendelssohns, gave a commission to Veit, in company with Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schadow, to decorate with frescoes his dwelling on the Pincian. As a natural consequence of Madame Veit's second marriage, Frederick Schlegel became in his criticisms, which are read even now as among the best authorities, the warm eulogist of Philip Veit and the Christian brethren. The earnest-minded artist had a long life, though his works are comparatively few. As recently as September last, at the age of eighty-four, Veit died, as he had lived, a devout Roman Catholic.

Nowhere, save in Rome, are so many pledges of the painter's genius as in Frankfort. Here is the cartoon for the fresco executed in the Casa Bartholdi, Rome; also an admirable drawing of the shield of Achilles. But by far the most important creation is the *Introduction of the Arts through Christianity into Germany*, seen in the Städel Institut, both as a drawing in a frame and as a fresco on a wall. The work is noteworthy for its form, its thought, and sound technique; also for its Gothic and Germanic character; also for the mystic meaning, the symbolic form, and the pictorial allegory which in the new school, when permitted free utterance, speak out with peculiar weightiness and unction. The composition accords with the panoramic principle before described. The pictorial story may be thrown into words thus: in the midst stands the allegorical figure of Religion, one hand placed on the Holy Scriptures borne up by an angel, the other hand holding a palm-branch, the symbol of enduring peace. St. Boniface, the great apostle of Germany, prominently proclaims to the dwellers in the woods the good tidings of redemption, thereupon a venerable bard, seeing that his dominion is at an end, bows in submission to his fate. A sylvan youth, hatchet in hand, is ready to cut down the Druid's grove; a fountain for baptism bursts from the ground; a Gothic church is already well-nigh finished; under a laurel-tree repose the personifications of Architecture and Painting, while in the foreground stand emblematic figures of Poetry, Music, and Chivalry. Little children spelling a lesson-book indicate that through culture alone can the arts flourish and fill the land. All serves to enforce the thesis that the arts were introduced into Germany through Christianity. The composition joins painting, poetry, and philosophy into one.

Among designs before me by Veit is a small print, *The Heavenly Stranger*, from which it has been often surmised that Holman Hunt took his idea of *The Light of the World*. The close coincidence of thought, and even of detail, is remarkable, but before the charge of plagiarism be entertained, it were fair to consider how often, both in science and art, the same or cognate conceptions and discoveries have occurred to divers minds about the same time. Veit gives literal reading to the text, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock;' the 'Heavenly Stranger,' as in the picture by Holman Hunt, with one hand knocks at the door and with the other bears a lantern.

Wilhelm Schadow has been left in Rome painting with Veit, Cornelius, and Overbeck; he is now met with several of his old companions in the Städel Institut. He is still chiefly

GERMANIA, AFTER VEIT.

remembered by posterity through a large fresco, covering a whole wall, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, of which a reproduction is here attempted. The composition is singularly feeble, but Schadow would seem to have been a refined and gentle-minded man, and accordingly his figures are endowed with delicacy and clothed in beauty. Mr. Leighton, R.A., some years since depicted the same subject in the church at Lyndhurst, a wall-painting which has been reproduced in the pages of the PORTFOLIO.

Dresden, a chief town in Central Germany, has been called, from the beauty of her situation and from the number and choiceness of her art-collections, the Florence of Germany. She has further become renowned as the residence of men of note, such as the poet Tieck, and the artists Bendemann, Vogel, Roeting, Retzsch, Rietschel, Julius Hübner, Ludwig Gruner, and others. Bendemann, of whom I have spoken in Düsseldorf, is here in Dresden met in

full force—a city made all the more pleasant to him as the place of residence of his sister, Madame Julius Hübner. Bendemann has decorated with noble historic and mythologic frescoes two large rooms in the palace. These wall paintings, still in perfect preservation, have the exceptional capacity of giving off light—they shine as the source of light, and seem to illumine the halls they decorate.

In Dresden the Old Masters in the Public Gallery are supplemented by a few pictures of the modern school. Here are *Angels appearing to Jacob on his Way to the Promised Land*, by Carl Peschel—a scene, though namby-pamby, suffused with beauty. Also to be recorded is a large historic composition by Professor Jules Hübner. Neither must be forgotten the well-trained school of engraving formed by Professor Ludwig Gruner. The PORTFOLIO owes to a pupil in this school, Herr Mohn, several examples of that Dresden mode of etching which often can scarcely be distinguished from engraving.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, is favourably situated. As at most art centres, the modern school is here sustained in great Galleries by master-examples of the olden times. The

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS, AFTER SCHADOW.

city is placed in the midst of beautiful scenery, and as usually happens where nature and art felicitously meet, the social intercourse among residents is somewhat raised above common place.

National and International Exhibitions have produced pictures from Leipzig, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Mannheim, Gotha, Baden, and Weimar, but with few exceptions these works fall to a provincial level compared with masterpieces from metropolitan centres such as Münich, Düsseldorf, Berlin, and Vienna. Nevertheless, I should find pleasure in naming for special notice many pictures did space permit.

Weimar by her literary antecedents reaps a harvest in the arts. The writings of Goethe, Schiller, and Madame de Staël, swayed the opinion of the period, and they, with others, through critical and imaginative products stimulated art creations. The Ducal Palace at Weimar contains a Goethe room, decorated with frescoes from the poet's plays. Then ensues the Wieland Zimmer, afterwards the Schiller Saal, with six large compositions from Schiller's plays. It must be admitted, as indeed might have been anticipated, that these frescoes are

mediocre in merit. Artists usually are oppressed rather than inspired by great subjects and authors.

But the Weimar Gallery, as distinguished from the palace, is the place where real genius, after its kind, can be seen and enjoyed. Here, more than on any other spot, have I realised the classicism and romanticism—the pure and ideal beauty of the human form in the nude, as with the Greeks—while gazing on the drawings and other works of Carstens, Genelli, and Schwind. These most delectable of designs would seem to abide in some limbo of loveliness between Stothard, Flaxman, and the Elgin. I should wish to speak with most heartfelt sympathy of these divine conceptions did space permit.

Opportunity has not occurred of stating certain metaphysical formulæ which underlie high art in Germany. The theories are diverse, but their divergence, for the most part, arises from looking at truth from partial or opposite sides of view. Kant, commencing with 'sensation' as the lowest phase, ended with 'pure reason' as the highest, embracing, in its ideal perfection, 'the soul,' 'the universe,' and 'God.' My impression is, that in Germany the arts in their transcendental aspirations have conformed to these conditions. In accordance with such theories, the same transcendental philosopher divorced art from exigency and utility, and yet he gave rein to the freest beauty, so long as it conformed to the restraint of moral law. The modern schools of Germany are, I think, in accord with these doctrines. Fichte, following Kant with a divergence, points to the rising destinies of human life, and, by consequence, to the ever-renovating agency of art. Again, Schiller, in his 'Æsthetic Letters,' promulgates the doctrine that each individual man 'bears a pure ideal man within himself.' Schiller, who, it must be admitted, was somewhat of a sentimentalist, announces that the artist, as the son of the period, 'takes his material from the present, yet borrows his form from a nobler time, nay, from beyond all time—from the absolute, unchangeable unity of his mental being. Here, from the pure ether of the artist's divine nature, runs down the fountain of Beauty, undefiled by the corruptions of races and times which fret far beneath him in troubled whirlpools.' Some apology may be needed for quoting so ultra a passage of the transcendental philosophy, which philosophy, however, under varied forms, I humbly believe to have been in great epochs the true guide and inspiration of art.

The philosophers who, akin with Kant, analyse all things to the ultimate categories of 'Nature,' 'Man,' and 'God,' obtain manifest correspondence in art. Thus 'Nature' may be said to represent landscape, 'Man' history, and 'God' the all-pervading spirit of the Divine, which has avowedly obtained manifold expression in the sacred art of modern Germany. These three categories occur in varied combination. Nature, plus Man, plus God, finds in art its issue in landscape, plus history, plus the Divine, the Infinite and the Absolute. The tendency and the character of each school is pronounced by the preponderance given to any one of the three categories. A brilliant philosopher, Victor Cousin, proclaimed God as the Infinite Cause of all things, in Whom we live, move, and have our being—a God ever manifest under the three forms of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. This axiom, which would seem to exclude the 'play-impulse' of Schiller, finds many exponents in Germany. God, here taken as the embracing and sustaining life of all life besides, is present in great pictures under the triune aspect of the true, the good, and the beautiful. But Sir William Hamilton joins issue, and objects that the 'unconditioned,' represented by the term God, cannot be received in its infinity by the human mind, and therefore cannot be present in art. But, admitting this demurrer, it would appear possible by a vast number of parts and by a succession of efforts, to compass very closely the infinite whole, and thus art, though denied the 'unconditioned' and the 'absolute,' has the unspeakable advantage of gaining a near and still nearer approach to the perfectly True, Beautiful, and Good. Also in the infinitudes of space and time, she has a sphere of unceasing progression. One other favourite theory remains to be briefly named, that of the '*Ego*' and the '*Non Ego*.' The bearing of this formula on modern German art is obvious: the 'I' finds its analogue in ideal and subjective creation; a picture becomes a painter's self. But the 'Not I,' on the contrary, is something outside self—it is the naturalism and the materialism of the

W. Kaulbach pinx. .. Friedrich sc

THE DELUGE

external world. Other metaphysicians eschewing the serenity of the 'pure reason,' prefer hazy dreamland. To such regions of romance belongs Schelling's consummation in Art's Aurora:—'By a faint flush rising over the whole countenance the approaching soul announces itself. As yet it is not there; but in the soft play of tender movement, in the melting of hard forms and outlines neither wholly sensuous nor entirely spiritual, but the two blended into one, preparation is made for her coming. Here, already, soul and body dwell in perfect harmony, body is the form and soul the indwelling beauty, the one incorporates the other,—this is the highest deification of nature,'—a nature proceeding from God and finding its fruition in man. Thus once more we come round to the formula, Nature, Man, God. I am conscious of the very imperfect expression given to speculations which appear to me to throw some light on the transcendental passages of Modern Art in Germany.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

Kensington, September, 1878.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 144.)

In 1838 an incident occurred which throws some light both on Turner's policy in matters of business, and on the degree of success which attended one of the most important series of engravings from his works. In the biographical sketch by Mr. Alaric Watts, which was published in Bohn's edition, an account is given of a transaction in which Turner bought up a series of copper-plates—those of the 'England and Wales'—in order to prevent them from passing into the hands of a publisher, who might have worn them out and issued impressions of a quality injurious to the painter's reputation. The 'England and Wales' series had not been a commercial success, so the work was brought to an abrupt conclusion in 1838, and it was decided to sell off the stock and copper-plates, and balance the accounts. The whole was offered to Mr. Bohn, the publisher, for 3000*l.*, and he offered 2800*l.*, but would not go any farther, so it was decided to put the property up to auction. 'After extensive advertising,' says Mr. Watts, 'the day and hour of sale had arrived, when, just at the moment the auctioneer was about to mount his rostrum, Mr. Turner stepped in, and bought it privately, at the reserved price of 3000*l.*, much to the vexation of many who had come prepared to buy portions of it.' Turner met Mr. Bohn at the sale, and told him, in his gruff way, that he had taken care to prevent him from selling cheap prints from the coppers, adding the expression of a general determination, 'No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows.' Mr. Bohn replied that his chief object was not the coppers but the large printed stock. 'Oh! very well; I don't want the stock, I only want to keep the coppers out of your clutches.' So far mollified, the great artist positively went so far as to invite Mr. Bohn to breakfast the next morning, with a view of doing business. The publisher kept the appointment at nine, but there was no breakfast, and Turner asked as much for the impressions alone as he had just given for the impressions and coppers both together. This Mr. Bohn thought unreasonable, so he left the stock on the painter's hands. It remained at Queen Anne Street till after Turner's death, eating up interest and slowly deteriorating.

It is said that Turner visited Switzerland in 1838; but I am, as usual, unable to give the reader any details of his tour. The effect of Switzerland on his mind is much more visible in his sketches and water-colour drawings than in his oil pictures. In the whole catalogue of pictures exhibited by him at the Royal Academy and the British Institution I only find three Swiss subjects: we all know how much more numerous are his Italian pictures. Notwithstanding the magnificence of Swiss scenery it is not generally popular amongst artists, and a very experienced London picture-dealer told me that it is not popular amongst the purchasers of landscapes. In most cases a painter may shrink from Swiss scenery, simply because he finds a difficulty in dealing with its vastness; but vastness was

one of Turner's strong points in art, and he drew mountains with great knowledge. The lake of Lucerne is said to have been one of the places which gained the strongest hold upon his affections, yet I believe he only exhibited one oil picture of it in the whole course of his life. The historic traditions of Italy seem to have drawn him strongly to Italian material, and the traditions of landscape art may have had the same effect. Claude, whom Turner imitated and emulated, painted Italian scenery, and so did the other classical landscape painters, but they never painted Switzerland. In 1838 and 1839 Italy was quite predominant in Turner's mind. In 1838 he exhibted, *Ancient Italy—Ovid banished from Rome*, and *Modern Italy—the Pifferari.* In 1839 he followed up this idea by painting ancient and modern Rome under the following rather elaborate titles:—

ANCIENT ROME.—*Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus. The Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Cæsars restored.*

'The clear stream,
Aye, the yellow Tiber glimmers to her beam
Even while the sun is setting.'

MODERN ROME.—*Campo Vaccino.*

'The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
The sun as yet divides the day with her.'—LORD BYRON.

Besides these pictures there was one in illustration of Ovid (*Pluto carrying off Proserpine*), and one representing Cicero at his villa.

An etching, with aquatint, of the *Agrippina* was published in the PORTFOLIO for February, 1878, and by its help the reader may easily follow what I have to say of the picture. It is fine composition of its class, giving a grand idea of the enormous palace of the Cæsars, in which Tiberius and Augusta remained invisible whilst the people of Rome received Agrippina with the most touching demonstrations of sympathy and sorrow. The architectural invention in the palace is not very elaborate, and it may be open to the criticism of architects, but the ideas of vastness, majesty, and a haughty domination, are conveyed very impressively. The smaller masses are not altogether so fortunate; they have an arranged look, like the architecture in Martin's pictures; and one of them, that above the bridge, is in very bad perspective. The scene is lighted by slanting rays of sunset, which, with the cast shadows and the mist in the atmosphere, afforded Turner an opportunity for one of his poetical effects of light, shadow, and reflection.

The picture will not bear historical criticism. From the title which Turner gave it he evidently believed (or supposed, intentionally, for his own convenience) that Agrippina landed at Rome. She really landed at Brundusium, and travelled to Rome by the Appian Way, along which Drusus, with Claudius and the children of Germanicus, who were in Rome, went as far as Terracina to meet her. The whole description, as given by Tacitus, implies an imposing entry into Rome by land on an incomparably vaster scale than the few groups of figures in the picture. Turner, with his half-a-dozen people on the right, his four boats on on the left, with people in balconies and on shore, renders the human interest of the scene so inadequately, that we are driven to imagine it over again for ourselves with the help of the Roman historian. There have been two great spectacles in modern times which may help us to some conception of the real event. When Nelson's remains were brought home to England from Trafalgar, when the body of Napoleon was brought to Paris from St. Helena, popular emotion in England and France did not express itself by loitering groups the shores of the Thames and the Seine. The tide of humanity came out like a flood, by thousands and tens of thousands, filling the public place from side to side, the long avenue from end to end. Yet there was a poignancy of interest in the ancient event not equalled in either of the modern ones. Nelson died prematurely, but was not the victim of a murderer; Napoleon's ashes were not carried in an urn by the never-injured Josephine.

Show us, O painter! the bereaved wife as she came 'bearing the funeral urn,' and the multitude in their fresh emotion, strangers and kindred, men and women, *recentes in dolore.*

In 1839 Turner illustrated Moore's novel, 'The Epicurean,' with four vignettes, *The Garden*, *The Ring*, *The Nile*, and *The Chaplet*. *The Ring* may be dismissed at once as a wild fancy of a man swinging in the void, surrounded by diabolical apparitions, a subject authorised by the story but not well chosen for illustration; *The Chaplet* is an interior of an Egyptian temple, not without sublimity; *The Nile* is an impressive moonlight scene on the river, with massive temples, stairs, and terraces; and *The Garden* is an attempt to realise the beauty of a garden of the Epicureans at Athens, with a lake down in the hollow, and a view of Athens with the Acropolis beyond. There are statues in the garden, and boats full of pleasure-seekers on the lake; the whole scene glowing and glittering in the sunshine of a summer afternoon. This vignette and that of *The Nile* are quite sufficient evidence that, in spite of the failure with the Milton vignettes, three years before, Turner still retained his remarkable skill in dealing with this kind of design. The vignette of *The Garden*, which only measures three and a half inches by four, is a striking example of the power by which Art can sometimes concentrate its materials. There is enough in it to fill a large drawing, and as for the expression of the artist's conception (which is the chief purpose of art), this is quite effectual. It transports us, I will not say to the real Athens, but to the Turnerian Athens, just as well as a large picture.

The great work made public in 1839 was the *Téméraire*. The entry in the Academy Catalogue is as follows:—

'*The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up*, 1838.

'"The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her."'

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the obvious wilfulness in the lighting of this picture. With the sun and moon where they are, it would not be possible for the vessels to be so lighted; but this may be granted as a painter's license. Evidently Turner's object in this arbitrary lighting was to give the *Téméraire* a sort of ghostly, unearthly look, as if already more a melancholy vision of the past than any present reality. Turner, with his love of the sea and shipping, and his strong national feeling, took a deeply pathetic interest in the old war-vessels of the heroic time, the glorious days of Nelson; and we who of late years have seen so complete a revolution in the building of war-ships—a revolution unfavourable alike to seamanship and to art—may admit that there were reasons for such regrets as Turner's deeper than any that he himself was aware of. Not only have the beautiful old war-ships almost entirely disappeared, but they have left no inheritors of their beauty. The same revolution which has replaced the proud castle of the middle ages by the low and ugly earthworks of modern fortification, has substituted for the glorious battle-ship, with her high freeboard, her tiers of guns, and magnificent display of canvas, a variety of inventions in which beauty is superseded by grim utility and seamanship by machines. War-ships in these days are not towed to their last rest at sunset, but suddenly sent to it by a thrust of a consort's snout.

The picture is, both in sentiment and execution, one of the finest of the later works. The sky and water are both magnificent, and the shipping, though not treated with severe positive truth, is made to harmonise well with the rest, and not stuck *upon* the canvas, as often happens in the works of bad marine painters. The sun sets in red, and the red, by the artist's craft, is made at the same time both decided in hue and luminous—always a great technical difficulty. Golden sunsets are easy in comparison, as every painter knows. This picture has more than once been associated by critics with the magnificent *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, which was painted ten years earlier. Both are splendid in sky and water, and both are florid in colour. Mr. Ruskin's opinion is that the period of Turner's central power, 'entirely developed and entirely unabated, begins with the *Ulysses* and closes with the *Téméraire*.' This decade had been a time of immense industry for Turner. In that space he had made more than four hundred drawings for the engraver, had exhibited more than fifty pictures in the Royal

Academy, and had executed besides some thousands of sketches, and probably many private commissions which cannot easily be ascertained. It was the decade during which he united a sufficient substance with poetry; after 1839 he retained poetic power, but his works became unsubstantial.

Mr. Thornbury, in his biography of Turner, informs us that the subject of the *Téméraire* was suggested to Turner by Stanfield.

'In 1838 Turner was with Stanfield and a party of brother-artists on one of those holiday excursions in which he so delighted, probably to end with whitebait and champagne at Greenwich. It was at these times that Turner talked and joked his best, snatching now and then a moment to print on his quick brain some tone of sky, some gleam of water, some sprinkling light of oar, some glancing sunshine cross-barring a sail. Suddenly there moved down upon the artists' boat the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile and that led the van at Trafalgar. She loomed pale and ghostly, and was being towed to her last moorings at Deptford by a little fiery, puny steam-tug.

'"There's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield.'

After the close of the Academy Exhibition of 1839 Turner decided never to sell the *Téméraire*. The picture was on what he called his two-hundred-guineas' size of canvas, and an amateur would willingly have given more than twice that sum, but Turner resolutely refused. He probably intended the picture for the Turner-room in the National Gallery as soon as he perceived its relative importance amongst his works.

Turner generally relied on his own resources even for the arrangement of his figure groups, but in the circular picture of *Bacchus and Ariadne*, which he exhibited in 1840, he frankly borrowed the principal figures from the noble picture by Titian. Little else need be said of the work, which is defective both in drawing and composition. The figures, though perhaps not quite so shapeless as those entirely invented by Turner, are less easily excused—perhaps because they remind us too directly of their two magnificent prototypes, and the composition is unsatisfactory because so obviously artificial.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon failures of this description, but this instance arrests one's attention, because it follows so immediately after the triumph of the *Téméraire*. The painter had often done work in former years which fell far below the level of his best, and this in a life of such incessant industrial production was inevitable; but former failures had always been succeeded by splendid recoveries of power, and were due far more frequently to an unlucky choice of intractable or uninteresting subject than to weakness in the artist himself. Now, however, at the age of sixty-four, the great painter really entered upon the period of his decline; a decline of which it may be truly said, that although it afforded ample opportunities for the cruelties of criticism, it proved, far more than the cautious advance of his early manhood, the essentially pictorial quality of his mind. For what in his last years did he retain, and what did the enfeebled hand surrender? He retained colour, reflection, mystery—the qualities which only the most cultivated care for or apprehend; he lost the firm grasp of objects, which is, I will not say the infancy, but the early manhood of the pictorial art. The aspects of things are of far more consequence to a painter than the realities, and the more he works the less the actual substance affects him. For any one who understands what painting is, how it deals with appearance and not with substance, and how necessary, in order to paint well, it is to see the appearance and the appearance only, the later pictures of Turner are full of pathetic interest, and are far indeed from being either ridiculous or contemptible. I do not pretend that they always render the real appearances of nature, for they fall short of them in many ways, but they always aim at the appearance and never at the fact. Colour and shade, light and reflection, are the old painter's latest impressions and recollections of that world of mystery and beauty in which he had worked incessantly for fifty years. His very earliest work had been as matter-of-fact as possible; his latest is a vision of phenomena scarcely more substantial than the tail of a comet, the arch of a rainbow, or the crimson gleaming of the aurora borealis.

(*To be continued.*)

P. G. HAMERTON.

St GEORGE.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

X.—Edward John Gregory.

St. George.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON.

ETCHERS and engravers often have to undertake labours as a part of their profession which are by no means agreeable to their feelings; indeed there is no profession more exposed to this kind of slavery than that of the engraver, and we could mention instances of eminent artists with the point or burin who have often accepted tasks which must have been most trying to a man of delicate perceptions and cultivated taste. In the present instance the plate was etched by M. Rajon for his own pleasure, simply because he had a strong admiration for the picture.

The manly and soldierly face, not beautiful, but strong for the contest with the dragon, the eyes lighted with inward earnestness and zeal, the powerful hand ready to grasp the hilt of his great weapon, are rendered with great simplicity and directness. This is not a carpet knight, and he is not painted with any false prettiness; but the work is plain and powerful, and, in the original, finely coloured. M. Rajon has conveyed the substantial qualities of the drawing, so far as they can be conveyed in black and white.

Mr. Gregory was born at Southampton in 1850. His father was a chief engineer in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and it was intended that Mr. Gregory should follow his father's profession. To this he made no objection, having a strong taste for mechanics, which he still preserves notwithstanding his study of a fine art. Unconsciously, however, he drifted into the pursuit of artistic drawing, and attended the School of Art at Southampton, where he first became acquainted with Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who was already an artist of some ability, and the leader of thought among the students, some of whom, chiefly at his instigation, formed themselves into a Life class. Permission was obtained to hold this class in the school-room, but in consequence of some dispute with the master they soon afterwards seceded, and held their meetings in a room of their own. At that time Mr. Gregory occupied a situation in the drawing office of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Engineers. He held this post for three years, and as there was no immediate prospect of advancement his father resolved to send him to London, to try if he could succeed as a painter. He began by studying six months at South Kensington. This was at the time of the foundation of the well-known weekly illustrated newspaper, the 'Graphic,' and the young artist was so fortunate as to obtain employment upon it as a draughtsman upon wood.

In 1873 he was elected a Member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, where the *St. George* was exhibited last winter, and in 1875 he made his first venture at the Royal Academy with a portrait, since which time he has been principally engaged as a portrait-painter. His principal work in 1878 was a portrait exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. We may add that it is not Mr. Gregory's intention to confine himself to portrait-painting as a profession.

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

VI.—WINTER AND NEW YEAR.

THE Scotch dialect is singularly rich in terms of reproach against the winter wind. *Snell, blae, nirly*, and *scowthering*, are four of these significant vocables; they are all words that carry a shiver with them; and for my part as I see them aligned before me on the page, I am persuaded that a big wind comes tearing over the Firth from Burntisland and the northern hills; I think I can hear it howl in the chimney, and as I set my face northwards, feel its smarting kisses on my cheek. Even in the names of places there is often a desolate, inhospitable sound; and I remember two from the near neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Cauldhame and Blaw-weary, that would promise but starving comfort to their inhabitants. The inclemency of heaven, which has thus endowed the language of Scotland with words, has also largely modified the spirit of its poetry. Both poverty and a northern climate teach men the love of the hearth and the sentiment of the family: and the latter, in its own right, inclines a poet to the praise of strong waters. In Scotland, all our singers have a stave or two for blazing fires and stout potations:—to get indoors out of the wind and to swallow something hot to the stomach, are benefits so easily appreciated where they dwelt!

And this is not only so in country districts where the shepherd must wade in the snow all day after his flock, but in Edinburgh itself, and nowhere more apparently stated than in the works of our Edinburgh poet, Fergusson. He was a delicate youth, I take it, and willingly slunk from the robustious winter to an inn fireside. Love was absent from his life, or only present, if you prefer, in such a form that even the least serious of Burns's amourettes was ennobling by comparison; and so there is nothing to temper the sentiment of indoor revelry which pervades the poor boy's verses. Although it is characteristic of his native town, and the manners of its youth to the present day, this spirit has perhaps done something to restrict his popularity. He recalls a supper-party pleasantry with something akin to tenderness; and sounds the praises of the act of drinking as if it were virtuous, or at least witty, in itself. The kindly jar, the warm atmosphere of tavern parlours, and the revelry of lawyers' clerks, do not offer by themselves the materials of a rich existence. It was not choice, so much as an external fate, that kept Fergusson in this round of sordid pleasures. A Scot of poetic temperament, and without religious exaltation, drops as if by nature into the public-house. The picture may not be pleasing; but what else is a man to do in this dog's weather?

To none but those who have themselves suffered the thing in the body, can the gloom and depression of our Edinburgh winter be brought home. For some constitutions there is something almost physically disgusting in the bleak ugliness of easterly weather; the wind wearies, the sickly sky depresses them; and they turn back from their walk to avoid the aspect of the unrefulgent sun going down among perturbed and pallid mists. The days are so short that a man does much of his business, and certainly all his pleasure, by the haggard glare of the gas lamps. The roads are as heavy as a fallow. People go by, so drenched and draggle-tailed that I have often wondered how they found the heart to un-

dress. And meantime the wind whistles through the town as if it were an open meadow; and if you lie awake all night, you hear it shrieking and raving overhead with a noise of shipwrecks and of falling houses. In a word, life is so unsightly that there are times when the heart turns sick in a man's inside; and the look of a tavern, or the thought of the warm, fire-lit study, is like the touch of land to one who has been long struggling with the seas.

As the weather hardens towards frost, the world begins to improve for Edinburgh people. We enjoy superb, sub-arctic sunsets, with the profile of the city stamped in indigo upon a sky of luminous green. The wind may still be cold, but there is a briskness in the air that stirs good blood. People do not all look equally sour and downcast. They fall into two divisions: one, the knight of the blue face and hollow paunch, whom Winter has gotten by the vitals; the other well lined with New-year's fare, conscious of the touch of cold on his periphery, but stepping through it by the glow of his internal fires. Such an one I remember, triply cased in grease, whom no extremity of temperature could vanquish. 'Well,' would be his jovial salutation, 'here's a sneezer!' And the look of these warm fellows is tonic, and upholds their drooping fellow-townsmen. There is yet another class who do not depend on corporal advantages, but support the winter in virtue of a brave and merry heart. One shivering evening, cold enough for frost but with too high a wind, and a little past sundown, when the lamps were beginning to enlarge their circles in the growing dusk, a brace of little barefoot lasses were seen coming eastward in the teeth of the wind. If the one was as much as nine, the other was certainly not more than seven. They were miserably clad; and the pavement was so cold, you would have thought no one could lay a naked foot on it unflinching. Yet they came along waltzing, if you please, while the elder sang a tune to give them music. The person who saw this, and whose heart was full of bitterness at the moment, pocketed a reproof which has been of use to him ever since, and which he now hands on, with his good wishes, to the reader.

At length, Edinburgh, with her satellite hills and all the sloping country, are sheeted up in white. If it has happened in the dark hours, nurses pluck their children out of bed and run with them to some commanding window, whence they may see the change that has been worked upon earth's face. 'A' the hills are covered wi' snow,' they sing, 'and Winter's noo come fairly!' And the children, marvelling at the silence and the white landscape, find a charm appropriate to the season in the words. The reverberation of the snow increases the pale winter daylight, and brings all objects nearer to the eye. The Pentlands are smooth and glittering, with here and there the black ribbon of a dry-stone dyke, and here and there, if there be wind, a cloud of blowing snow upon a shoulder. The Firth seems a leaden creek, that a man might almost jump across, between well-powdered Lothian and well-powdered Fife. And the effect is not, as in other cities, a thing of half a day; the streets are soon trodden black, but the country keeps its virgin white; and you have only to lift your eyes and look over miles of country snow. An indescribable cheerfulness breathes about the city; and the well-fed heart sits lightly and beats gaily in the bosom. It is New-year's weather.

New-year's Day, the great national festival, is a time of family expansions and of deep carousal. Sometimes, by a sore stroke of fate for this Calvinistic people, the year's anniversary falls upon a Sunday, when the public-houses are inexorably closed, when singing and even whistling is banished from our homes and highways, and the oldest toper feels called upon to go to church. Thus pulled about, as if between two loyalties, the Scotch have to decide many nice cases of conscience, and ride the marches narrowly between the weekly and the annual observance. A party of convivial musicians, next door to a friend of mine, hung suspended in this manner on the brink of their diversions. From ten o'clock on Sunday night, my friend heard them tuning their instruments; and as the hour of liberty drew near, each must have had his music open, his bow in readiness across the fiddle, his foot

already raised to mark the time, and his nerves braced for execution; for hardly had the twelfth stroke sounded from the earliest steeple, before they had launched forth into a secular bravura. Thus did these cautious merrymakers think to serve both God and gaiety.

Currant-loaf is now popular eating in all households. For weeks before the great morning, confectioners display stacks of Scotch bun—a dense, black substance, inimical to life — and full moons of shortbread adorned with mottoes in honour of the season and the family affections. 'Frae Auld Reekie,' 'A guid New Year to ye a',' 'For the auld folk at hame,' are among the most favoured of these devices. Can you not see the carrier, after half-a-day's journey on pinching hill-roads, draw up before a cottage in Teviotdale, or perhaps in Manor glen among the rowans, and the old people receiving the parcel with moist eyes and breathing a prayer for Jock or Jean in the city? For at this season, on the threshold of another year of calamity and stubborn conflict, men feel a need to draw closer the links that unite them; they reckon the number of their friends, like allies before a war; and the prayers grow longer in the morning as the absent are recommended by name into God's keeping.

On the day itself, the shops are all shut as on a Sunday; only taverns, toyshops, and other holiday magazines, keep open doors. Every one looks for his handsel. The postmen and the lamplighters have left, at every house in their districts, a copy of vernacular verses, asking and thanking in a breath; and it is characteristic of Scotland that these verses may have sometimes a touch of reality in detail or sentiment and a measure of strength in the handling. All over the town, you may see comforter'd schoolboys hasting to squander their half-crowns. There are an infinity of visits to be paid; all the world is in the street, except the daintier classes; the sacramental greeting is heard upon all sides; Auld Lang Syne is much in people's mouths; and whisky and shortbread are staple articles of consumption. From an early hour a stranger will be impressed by the number of drunken men; and by afternoon, drunkenness has spread to the women and become the rule among their lords. With some classes of society, it is as much a matter of duty to drink hard on New-year's Day as to go to church on Sunday. Some have been saving their wages for perhaps a month to do the season honour. Many carry a whisky-bottle in their pocket, which they sometimes press with embarrassing effusion on a perfect stranger. It is inexpedient to risk one's body in a cab, or not, at least, until after a prolonged study of the driver. The streets, which are thronged from end to end, become a place for delicate pilotage. Singly or arm-in-arm, some speechless, others noisy and quarrelsome, the votaries of the New Year go meandering in and out and cannoning one against another; and now and again, one falls and lies as he has fallen. Before night, so many have gone to bed or the police office, that the streets seem almost clearer. And as guisards and first-footers are now not much seen except in country places, when once the New Year has been rung in and proclaimed at the Tron railings, the festivities begin to find their way indoors and something like quiet returns upon the town. But think, in these piled *lands*, of all the senseless snorers, all the contused heads and empty pockets!

Of old, Edinburgh University was the scene of heroic snowballing; and one riot obtained the epic honours of military intervention. But the great generation, I am afraid, is at an end; and even during my own college days, the spirit appreciably declined. Skating and sliding, on the other hand, are honoured more and more; and curling, being a creature of the national genius, is little likely to be disregarded. The patriotism that leads a man to eat Scotch bun will scarce desert him at the curling-pond. Edinburgh, with its long, steep pavements, is the proper home of sliders; many a happy urchin can slide the whole way to school; and the profession of errand boy is transformed into a holiday amusement. As for skating, there is scarce any city so handsomely provided. Duddingstone Loch lies under the abrupt southern side of Arthur's Seat; in summer, a shield of blue, with swans sailing from the reeds; in winter, a field of ringing ice. The village church sits above it on a green promontory; and the village smoke rises from among goodly trees. At the church gates, is the historical

joug, a place of penance for the neck of detected sinners, and the historical *louping-on stane*, from which Dutch-built lairds and farmers climbed into the saddle. Here Prince Charlie slept before the battle of Prestonpans; and here Deacon Brodie, or one of his gang, stole a plough coulter before the burglary in Chessel's Court. On the opposite side of the loch, the ground rises to Craigmillar Castle, a place friendly to Stuart Mariolaters. It is worth a climb, even in summer, to look down upon the loch from Arthur's Seat; but it is tenfold more so on a day of skating. The surface is thick with people moving easily and swiftly and leaning over at a thousand graceful inclinations; the crowd separates and closes, and keeps moving through itself like water; and the ice rings to half a mile away, with the flying steel.

DUDDINGSTONE.

As night draws on, the single figures melt into the dusk, until only an obscure stir and coming and going of black clusters, is visible upon the loch. A little longer, and the first torch is kindled and begins to flit rapidly across the ice in a ring of yellow light, and this is followed by another and another, until the whole field is full of skimming stars.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ART IN GERMANY.

VIII.—VIENNA AND THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

AUSTRIA, it is well known, somewhat like Great Britain and Ireland, is made up of divers, and occasionally of incoherent elements. On the west lies the Tyrol, on the east Hungary, on the north Bohemia and Austrian Poland; while in the centre, marked by Vienna as the capital, stands Austria proper. Each of these kingdoms or provinces is the seat of a distinctive art. There is not only an academy in Vienna, but another at Pesth, a third at Prague, a fourth at Cracow, and a fifth at Innspruck. The collective art-products are necessarily diversified by unusual variety of race, of geographic position and climate, by differences in language, and in historic experience. Only in the Roman Catholic religion is there a common unity. In Austria proper prevails the German or Teutonic element, but in Hungary dwell the Magyar people; while the country of which Prague is the capital has given, all the world over, the name of 'Bohemian' to a class of artists who, like the gipsies, are migratory and lawless. The glowing and even gaudy colouring here prevailing supports the opinion that the gipsies migrated from the far East. The Poles, partaking somewhat of the same character, are singularly artistic; lastly, the Tyrolese, by geographic proximity, have naturally fallen under Italian inspiration. It will be best to begin at Vienna as the focus, and then to devote any remaining space to the outlying territories.

Vienna has been in the arts behind the rest of Europe for several reasons. Two centuries have not elapsed since the capital of Austria was besieged by the Turks; and still nearer to our own times she was threatened by attacks from the warlike Hungarians. Yet at the beginning of last century Vienna boasted of some esteemed painters of portraits, landscape, and genre; and as early as the year 1704 the Academy of Arts was founded. Later in the same century the imperial city, sharing a common fate, fell under the supremacy of Mengs and his allies; subsequently followed an effete eclecticism, and so commenced the era of modern art in the capital of Austria.

But this stolidity and stagnation could not be endured long; a reaction, as already recounted, was provoked among young and ardent students, of whom Overbeck was chief. This apostle of Christian art, after a pilgrimage to Rome, returned to Vienna for a brief space, and the new evangel was further sustained by the presence of the brothers Schnorr, J. Führich, and Edward Steinle. The seed of religious and ascetic art, however, did not fall upon good ground in Vienna, and so the growth, always sterile, has now become all but extinct. In its stead sprang up a romantic effervescence, which, however, with Carl Russ and others, became restrained by the lore and the law of the olden times; and thus a footing was secured for the *Alt Deutsche Romantik Schule.* On the other hand, almost as a matter of course, the scattered *débris* of successive stratifications were gathered together into the ordinary naturalistic formations. About the year 1830 genre took a decided start: Waldmüller, the David Wilkie of Austria, whose scenes from cottage doors and village schools have long been welcome in the galleries of all nations, has strengthened the naturalistic and realistic tending of the times. Viennese art at the present moment is a conglomerate loosely held together of heterogeneous materials. It has much in keeping with the phases found in other cities, and yet it is somewhat isolated by a romance, and a florid decoration approaching Venetian masters, and by a colour almost oriental.

A short account of some few painters of the present day may here fitly follow. The nativity of Moritz von Schwind, called 'the last of the Romanticists,' was opportunely cast in Vienna—a city joyous and Sybarite—less given to severe study than to æsthetic indulgence. Schwind began in a humble way, earning his daily bread and 'keeping his pipe alight,' by rapid, off-hand designs for albums, almanacks, story-books, by head-pieces for cards, and even by sign-boards for cafés. His warm impulses kindled a passion for music and the dance; before the age of seven he would say that he 'wanted a mouthful of music,' and he could then play on the violin. In after years, with Schubert and others as companions, music and painting went hand in hand. Schwind would design a frontispiece to Schubert's latest song, or would sketch illustrations for some favourite opera; thus sister arts extemporised joyously together. Such fantasies led the way to the designs for the new Opera House in Vienna. The artist's mind was festive and fanciful, and yet it is said that an overwrought imagination turned to philosophy for recreation. Certainly Schwind could in creative art rise above frivolity; he pledged himself to embody what was vivid and true in life: wearied of academic pretension and negation, his youthful spirit revelled in a new-made world, partly solid earth and in part dreamland; he could find in the shifting the abiding; his foot rested on the past, while his hand pointed to the future; his path lay among flowers, and on the wings of fancy he floated across a sky spangled with stars. The creations of his magic wand are widely scattered. He decorated the King's Palace, Munich, with wall paintings from the poet Tieck; he painted frescoes in the Wartburg from the life of St. Elizabeth; he adorned the romantic castle of Hohenschwangau, on the border-land of the Bavarian Tyrol, with scenes of the Niebelungenlied. The sketch published in these pages gives to the arts a bird-like flight in the upper air.

Vienna, it must be admitted, often borrows the orientalism which glows within her art, second-hand through Venice. Herr Makart, by birth Austrian, but trained under Piloty, is imbued with the romance and voluptuousness of Venezia: he is, in fact, the Veronese of Vienna. It is more than doubtful if Paul Veronese had not enthroned *Venice crowned by*

Glory whether Herr Makart would have ever painted *Venice doing homage to Catarina Cornaro*, a grandiose composition which when displayed in London was looked on less as grave history than as phantasmagoria. The painter, as seen in the great exhibition of Paris, becomes still more formless and florid when he emblazons the festive *Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp.* It may be feared that this triumphant artist is hurrying to his fall. No amount of genius can pardon ill drawing or excuse an execution which from bravura passes into effrontery.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ARTS. AFTER SCHWIND.

Herr Makart is one of those sensuous painters now-a-days becoming numerous in great cities, who, carrying to fruition the desires of luxurious living, decorate their studios up to the high pitch of their pictures. The door opens, and at once it is seen that the former austerity of German manners has given place to the allurements now permitted in 'the Paris of Eastern Europe.' The foot treads noiselessly on Turkish carpets, the eye wanders wonderingly over tapestries clothing walls or serving as *portières*. Ancient cabinets contain Venetian glass; bronzes, marbles, old panels, picturesque seats, or rich divans, furnish consonant backgrounds and accessories to the scenic show of pictures. Yet in such interiors we have known the decorations remembered while the paintings were forgotten. The artist, in a velvet suit, graciously leads his guests from easel to easel, and gives personal elucidation of canvases destined for the adornment of princely palaces. In Rome, in Paris, and London, as well as in Vienna, I have heard that studios thus stimulating to sense provoke the eye to the 'fine frenzy' of pictorial passion.

A rapid enumeration of some of the painters and pictures worthy of remembrance in the International Exhibitions of Vienna, of Paris, or elsewhere, is all that the limits of space will permit. The late Professor Rahl, who surrounded himself by numerous scholars, has from time to time displayed his academic and all but obsolete manner by compositions some of which served for the decoration of the University of Athens. Austria, a first-rate military power, requires one or two battle-painters, such as L'Allemand and Emile, artists who about on an equality with Adam in Munich and with Kotzebue in St. Petersburg find a sphere in celebrating such victories as Austria may have been fortunate enough to win. Also, being an aristocratic

country like England, she naturally keeps a good supply of portrait-painters. The art has indeed reached pretty much the same average merit in the two nations; the Viennese, however, are usually firmer in form, but cruder in colour, than our Londoners. Yet little short of the highest rank is rightly assigned to Angeli, Radakovsky, and Lenbach. Austria, as already said, vacillates between romanticism and naturalism. Thus, Moritz Than, with facile fancy, shadows forth fairies, while Schönn depicts a fish-market with startling realism. In the Paris Exhibition above the average standard were *Charles V. and Anton Fugger in Augsburg*, 1538, by Wilhelm Koller; *Court Life of Leopold I.*, by Joseph Fux; a Rubens-like *Frauenraub*, by Norbert Schrödt; a *People's Festa*, little short of first-rate, by Alois Schönn; also admirable for technique is a lady in white satin by Carl Probst. That genre painting appropriates a large share of talent is evident from the productions of Herren Russ, Kurzbauer, Leopold Müller, Pettenkofen, Schmidt, and Schindler. It is pleasant to find that landscape shares in the general advance secured to portraiture and genre. I have reckoned up at least eight Austrians who approach nature with knowledge and sympathetic feeling, such for instance as Lichtenfels, Ribarz, and Otto Thoren. Indeed, a pastoral with sheep by E. Schindler ranks as one of the very best of landscapes. But while paying tribute to the recent Austrian revival it is right to remember that many of the above painters reside or have been trained beyond the borders of the empire.

The Danube and the Rhine take their rise in sister and neighbouring mountains; the one for commerce, civilisation, and art is for Austria what the other is for Germany. I have on various occasions traversed the Danube both above and below Vienna, in order to make some acquaintance with the arts upon its borders. Sailing down the stream it is worth while to stop a day at Gran, set upon a hill, crowned by an imposing cathedral. For the opening of this archiepiscopal church the Abbé Liszt, the musical apostle of Hungary, composed a mass, and the walls of the spacious interior are covered with a multitude of frescoes by Munich painters who came from the banks of the Isar to the shores of the Danube. To no country are the arts of Austria and of Hungary more indebted than to Bavaria. As for Hungary she has had the happiness during the last five-and-twenty years of making equal progress in painting as in constitutional liberty.

The arts of Hungary possess a distinctive nationality from those of Germany. When submitted to analysis, it is found that they are compounded of barbaric strength with Oriental colour and voluptuousness. Undoubtedly the Hungarians are born to greater art genius than the Austrians. They are the equals of the Poles and of their neighbours the Bohemians, though different from either. Austria may be a little worn out, she may be supposed to be approaching her dotage, while Hungary, Bohemia, and Austrian Poland, have before them the future and the promise of undeveloped resources. The jealousy with which the Hungarians guard their national independence sustains the nationality of their art.

Pesth and her twin sister Buda, commanding either shore of the Danube, have the distinction of being, with the exception of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the easternmost centre that has adopted the arts of the West. Pesth has secured the famous Esterhazy Gallery with a lovely Holy Family by Raphael. She has also built a handsome Academy and a noble National Museum. This most enterprising city has within a comparatively short time passed through phases all but identical with those found in Vienna, Berlin, and other German towns. She has produced certain religious pictures after the traditional style now obsolete. She has also taken an academic and eclectic course, represented by such painters as Lotz and Than, the creators of cartoons and wall paintings for public buildings in the city. Indeed, in many forms pictorial talents have been fostered by patronage and fired by patriotism. The onward moving spirit of the people does not tolerate that the arts of peace or of war should serve in Pesth merely as the rear-guard of European civilisation.

Hungary in the International Exhibitions of Vienna and Paris asserted a distinct autonomy in the realm of art by making for herself a gallery apart from Austria. In Vienna she pre-

sented 111 oil pictures, in Paris 61. The interval of only five years between the two exhibitions has not been signalised by any decisive change. We see an art which, as already said, suddenly emerged from barbarism, and then experienced a brief spell of fervid imagination and of voluptuous fancy manifest in compositions by Than, Adler, and Valentiny. Then emerged an ultra-naturalism, ominous in deep shadow as if burdened with drear memories of the past and doubtful destinies of the future. Only a short time ago came to the light of day in the galleries of Pesth, Vienna, Paris, and London, startling products by M. Munkácsy—pictures which for rude realism have never been outdone by Caravaggio in Italy or by Ribot in France. Never to be forgotten is a night scene, dark as Erebus, by Munkácsy: here, through a tottering, time-beaten town, Rembrandtish in mysterious chiaroscuro, stalk vagrants and bandits, bound in handcuffs and led by gaolers. In days of hard political struggle—a fight for life—Hungary passed through the shade of the dark valley, but the time comes when art will burst into light, and rejoice in song and dance under the glow of the southern sun and with the reanimated life of a brave and free people.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, in situation one of the most picturesque towns in Europe, though robbed of her imperial treasures, now the pride of the House of Hapsburg in Vienna, still sustains much of her ancient renown. She here calls for special notice as the birth-place of Gabriel Max, an artist who passed from the studio of his father the sculptor to Vienna, and thence to the school of Piloty in Munich. Max, by his anomalous, abnormal, and often melodramatic conceptions, has amazed Europe. Among his chief creations are *The Melancholy Nun*, *The Anatomist*, *The Christian Martyr*, *The Head of the Saviour*, and *The Daughter of Jairus*. The last, intended as an illustration to this paper, appeared in the August number. Some English critics have fallen savagely on these productions on account, I presume, of their want of naturalism. Yet I would plead in their excuse a certain mesmeric spell; they are sculpturesque and pallid, as if born into a world of white marble; they have a strange inner consciousness like to the Medusa head by Leonardo, or as the Cenci painted by Guido; they are too often borne down by suffering as the children of Niobe, whence it is said Guido borrowed his ideal form and beauty.

Another painter, Bohemian by birth, Jaraslav Czermak, has made a reputation in London, Paris, and Germany, by picturesque compositions, animated by figures, almost of an ideal type, moulded into distinctive national character. The training of this artist has been well-nigh cosmopolitan: born in Prague, he entered the atelier of Gallait in Brussels, and at present dwells and paints in Paris. But what chiefly marks his career is that he dedicates his art to the Montenegrins—a nation, as depicted by him, of heroes and warriors—a people endowed with manly physique, and rare and refined personal beauty. These high qualities have been recently manifest in Paris in *The Wounded Montenegrin* and *The Return Home*—the last especially embodies an idea and a sentiment: exiles of high birth and sumptuous apparel pass from beneath a ruined portico with skulls around mounted on the top of poles, and broken cannon scattered on the ground. The picture has a quiet, deep pathos, and the types of the figures tend to Grecian grace and beauty. It may be hoped that under the treaty of Berlin, the sorrows of the much-afflicted Montenegrins will come to a close, and that when Czermak next sketches in the country he may bring away better news and a brighter picture.

The province of Austrian Poland has drawn to itself attention by the idiosyncratic dramas of Johan Matejko, born in Cracow, educated in and now director of the academy of that city. This essentially national painter habitually seizes on some thrilling incident or crying grievance in the history of his native land. Among many startling compositions the most frequently seen is the *Union of Lubin* in 1569, now in Paris. The figures, realistic even to coarseness, are so unflinchingly true, that they could be used by ethnologists as diagrams of races. Judged by these flaming canvases, scintillating with light and colour, as fireworks or tapestries, it would seem that the Poles are a people still restless, lawless, and passionate, an inference further borne out in a vivid and revolting composition by the Russian Pole Siemiradski. This

sensational scene, *Christians immolated at the Command of Nero*, has been received with loud acclaim, first in Rome, and then in Paris. The Poles, as I have seen them in and around Cracow, show themselves picturesque and histrionic, the peasants are proud in bearing as princes; when in gala costume they look gay as gipsies, they tread the ground as if the world were a stage, and they the actors. Such a nation may be blotted out from the map of Europe, but it cannot be denied a place in national picture-galleries.

In this and the seven preceding papers I have endeavoured to give a slight sketch of the divers schools into which the art of modern Germany is divided. In conclusion, it may be said that these several phases are not so much antagonistic as auxiliary; they are reflexes of nature from distinct, and sometimes distant points of view; they are so many thoughts of nature given forth from minds of varied casts and complexions. Thus accepted, we need not look forward to the period when any of these schools shall be annihilated. Nature is many-sided, and man is many-minded, and art taken altogether is equally multiform and manifold. But each individual work, and each separate school, forms but part of a greater whole. Every school is a segment, and when all the segments are conjoined, a circle is completed, which in its unbroken circuit comprises nature and man in their entirety, their beauty, and their truth. Thus to cast away any school would be to destroy a connecting link. Modern German Art, in its scholastic parts, may be fragmentary, but in its essential whole it is in good degree the faithful and full representative of a united Germany and of an undivided humanity.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

Kensington, October, 1878.

The engraved illustration represents Eccelino III. in prison, after the battle of Cassano, in 1259. The tyrant had been dangerously wounded in the head by a club, and monks come to persuade him to repentance. The only answer they could get was, 'I have no sins to repent of, save that I did not take sufficient vengeance on my enemies, that I led my army badly, and allowed myself to be deceived and betrayed.' Speechless and gloomy he sat eleven days without food, but dissatisfied that death came so slowly he tore the bandages from his wounds, and was found lying dead upon the floor of his prison.

TURNER.

(*Continued from p.* 160.)

LET it not be supposed that those works of Turner's decline, however they may have exercised the wit of critics and excited the amusement of visitors to the exhibition, were ever anything less than serious performances for him. The *Snowstorm*, for example (1842), afforded the critics a precious opportunity for the exercise of their art. They called it soapsuds and whitewash, the real subject being a steamer in a storm off a harbour mouth making signals and going by the lead. In this instance nothing could be more serious than Turner's intention, which was to render a storm as he had himself seen it one night when the 'Ariel' left Harwich. Like Joseph Vernet, who, when in a tempest off the island of Sardinia, had had himself fastened to the mast to watch the effects, Turner, on this occasion, 'got the sailors to lash him to the mast to observe it,'* and remained in that position for four hours. He did not expect to escape, but had a curious sort of conscientious feeling that it was his duty to record his impression if he survived. The picture, then, was serious in purpose, and not an invention, but a recollection of real nature. Turner was much hurt by the soapsuds and whitewash criticism. 'He was passing the evening at my father's house,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair, I heard him muttering low to himself at intervals, "Soapsuds and whitewash!" again, and again, and again. At last I went to him, asking "why he minded what they said?" Then he burst out: "Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it."'

* His own words to the Rev. W. Kingsley.

The Rev. W. Kingsley said that his mother, who had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland, was much struck with the truth of the *Snowstorm* when she first saw it in Turner's private gallery. I may bear witness to it also, having often been in rough weather at sea, and, on one occasion, in a real winter tempest, when the mainmast was carried away and the sea-water swilled down into the engine-room, as nearly as possible extinguishing the fires. Being interested in art, and proof against sea-sickness, I have always employed such times in diligent observation of natural phenomena, and can say with truth that Turner's *Snowstorm* has always interested and never offended me; and that although it is not possible to imitate such phenomena as a Dutch painter would imitate a bucket of water, still, if not imitated, they are fairly and intelligently interpreted in the picture, however absurd it may appear to those who have no experience of the fury of nature or the difficulty of art. It may be answered that a painter has no right to attempt such impossible subjects; but who are we, to define and limit his right to paint? Effects which cannot be imitated may still, as in this instance, be interpreted; and a little knowledge, a little indulgence of good will on our part, a little help from our own memory and imagination, will complete what the artist of necessity left imperfect, and make us feel with him the grisly wildness of grim winter on the sea.

Another important sea picture of Turner's latter years was the *Slave Ship*, exhibited in 1840, with the following title in the Academy Catalogue:—

'*Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying. Typhoon coming on.*

'Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay;
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edge clouds
Declare the Typhoon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?'—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

This picture became the property of Mr. Ruskin, who wrote a fine description of the sea as Turner here represented it, and referred to the picture eleven times in 'Modern Painters.' He afterwards sold it, and it went to America. After being exhibited in New York in 1876, where it 'failed to make the impression expected,'* it went to Boston, where it created a great sensation and stirred up an eager and vehement controversy. A Boston correspondent was so kind as to send me some of the long letters published during this period of active hostilities, which proved that our American cousins can take a very lively interest in artistic matters. The following opinion, expressed by an intelligent and accomplished American artist, Mr. George Inness, is interesting for its frankness:—

'Turner's *Slave Ship* is the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It has as much to do with human affections and thought as a ghost. It is not even a fine bouquet of colour. The colour is harsh, disagreeable, and discordant.'

This is severe, and I think its severity is partly due to reaction against Mr. Ruskin's eloquent praises. On the other hand, I have observed that some Americans seem to think it a sort of duty to admire Turner, and to become enthusiastic about even his least important works. May I venture to observe, both to American and English readers, that nobody is under any obligation to admire either the late or the early works of Turner, that they are as much open to criticism as those of any other artist, and that the best way to judge them fairly is to look at them as if they had never been either praised or censured. The warm controversy at Boston about the *Slave Ship* was caused by a feeling of rebellion in some minds, too independent to accept dictation from an English critic, whilst others defended the picture as the work of a man of genius who had been roughly treated by the press. An antagonism of this description is good for the fame of an artist, because it makes everybody talk about him, but truth disengages itself only when the noise has ceased and the smoke of the battle has passed away. It is not of the least use to argue about colour. From Mr. Ruskin the colour

* This phrase is quoted from 'Harper's New Monthly Magazine.'

of the *Slave Ship* calls forth no harsher criticism than that he thinks 'the two blue and white stripes on the drifting flag of the Slave Ship in the last degree too purely cold,' and he elsewhere expressly approves of its strongest passages. It is one of those compositions in which Turner used the most brilliant of all his pigments. A lurid splendour was his purpose, and he hesitated at nothing for its attainment. It is hardly possible for any painter to deal with vermilion and lemon yellow, in any quantity, without falling into some degree of crudity. If you compare even the *Téméraire* with the rich deep harmonies of Titian and Giorgione, you will feel it to be relatively crude. But are fiery sunsets never to be painted?

Form may be argued about more positively. The wave forms in the Slaver are original, but they are, I believe, carefully observed. The comparatively flat or simply swelling space between the ridges of broken sea I have often seen in nature, and the sudden leaping of the spray is no doubt also a reminiscence. The introduction of the sharks, manacles, and human hand and leg, was artistically awkward to manage, and is so horrible that the mind revolts from these details. The thoroughness of study in the sky may be judged of by the raincloud engraved from it by Mr. Armytage, under the title *The Locks of Typhon.** Our sense of the delicacy of this piece of work may be heightened by the exquisiteness of the engraver's performance, but the painter must have worked delicately also.

The personal history of Turner during the latter years of his life is almost entirely devoid of interest. He lived exclusively for his art, unless we except his friendships; but even these, though warm, were not the occupation of every day, like his painting. He seems to have been glad to meet his friends occasionally, but not to have been dependent upon social intercourse as a daily necessity. The loss of Chantrey was a bitter grief to Turner. He had a fraternal and playful affection for 'that fat fellow' as he called him, and the sculptor's sudden death in November, 1841, left a great void in Turner's existence. It is said that when Chantrey lay dead his friend called to pay him a last visit, and finding Jones the Academician (whom he also loved) in the chamber of death, wrung his hand in silence and marched out of the house. The shock occasioned by this event probably did Turner harm, by putting him into low spirits, and predisposing him to morbid influences. He was very ill in the spring of 1842, and was shaken by his illness, and had afterwards to live by rule. The death of Wilkie had evidently impressed him also, for in 1842 he exhibited a picture, entitled, *Peace—Burial at Sea,* now in the National Collection, to commemorate Wilkie's funeral, which had taken place in June, 1841, off Gibraltar, but at a distance from the shore. This picture was etched for the PORTFOLIO by M. Brunet-Debaines.† It is square in shape, but in an octagon frame. Mr. Wornum tells an anecdote about Stanfield, who visited Turner's studio whilst the picture was on the easel, and rather complained about the blackness of the sails; to which the painter answered, 'If there were anything to be had in nature blacker than that I'd use it.' There can be no doubt of the substantial truth of the anecdote, but I remember (and made a note of it at the time) that Mr. Leslie told it me, with a slight difference, in Turner's Gallery in Queen Anne Street. He said that Stanfield's criticism was made in the Academy on a varnishing day. 'You're painting the sails very black,' said Stanfield, and Turner answered, 'If I could find anything blacker than black I'd use it.' My impression is that this little colloquy was heard by Mr. Leslie himself. He was much impressed by Turner's remark, as indicative of his sorrow for Wilkie, and his determination to put the picture as much as possible in mourning.

In the same year (1842) Turner exhibited his Napoleon at St. Helena under the title, *War—the Exile and the Rock Limpet.* Napoleon is contemplating a limpet, and supposed to be pronouncing the following lines from the 'Fallacies of Hope:'—

> 'Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
> A soldier's mighty bivouac, alone
> Amidst a sea of blood . . . .
> . . . . but you can join your comrades.'

* Published in the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters.'

† This etching was published in this periodical for February, 1874.

This suggested to 'Punch' 'The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp (Seringapatam—Early Morning),' with the supposed quotation :—

> 'And can it be, thou hideous imp,
> That life is, ah! how brief, and glory but a shrimp!'

During these latter years of Turner's career as a painter the wits amused themselves rather freely at his expense. It is said that he was acutely sensitive to these attacks, which is to be regretted, but I do not think the writers in 'Punch' deserve any serious blame for the way in which it pleased them to exercise their talents. They laughed at Turner, it is true, but they laughed good-humouredly, and without malice. It is quite undeniable that there is a ludicrous side to some aspects of Turner's art, if you choose to see it; and although no critic with good feeling would laugh at an old painter's work if he knew that the jokes really wounded him, ridicule is generally a permissible weapon in art-criticism. Though Turner could joke with his friends, he resembled Milton in his lack of that keen sense of the ridiculous which saves from so many errors. It is hard to say why Napoleon looking at a rock-limpet should make us laugh, but there is a difficulty about taking Turner's picture seriously. Another odd instance of the mistakes he sometimes made in dealing with the outer world was the picture of the *Bavarian Walhalla*, and what he did with it. The King of Bavaria had erected a building by the Danube, in the Doric style of architecture, to contain busts of eminent Germans. This temple of fame was opened in 1842, and Turner seems to have been impressed by what seemed to him King Ludwig's happy idea, so, by way of rewarding that sovereign, he painted a picture of the scene, packed it up in a case, and sent it to His Majesty as a free gift. The King, on receiving the picture, did not at all know what to make of it, and probably thought the painter was mad, or making game of him, so he ungratefully ordered it to be packed up again immediately and sent back to the artist. Turner was never patronised by royalty, and this was the only occasion on which he himself attempted to patronise royalty. I need hardly observe that nobody with any talent for guessing the probable condition of another man's mind would have committed such a mistake as that. Considering what an outrage against topography and local truth the picture is, the King of Bavaria was the very last sovereign in the world to whom it could prudently be offered. It was inevitable that he should judge the work by its resemblance to a place which he knew intimately, and which the painter had never seen. As for the artistic charms of the Turnerian imagination, nobody but the initiated could be expected to appreciate them. This is but one instance the more of the great truth that imaginative artists ought not to deal with places that are too real.

The titles of Turner's later pictures are sometimes in themselves a clear indication of the direction of his artistic thinking. For example, in the year when he exhibited the *Walhalla* there were two other pictures by him, entitled *Shade and Darkness* and *Light and Colour*. It is evident from these titles that the painter's attention was much more occupied by light and shade and colour than by the subjects of the pictures. This is what I have already remarked elsewhere with reference to the condition of Turner's mind in its latter years. It certainly lost its hold of substance, of objects, but it retained its hold of the artistic qualities of nature. It no longer valued form—or perhaps I ought to say that it was no longer capable of dealing with natural form—but colour and light it valued and appreciated still.*

The tendency to paint the formless was manifested in another of the later pictures, *Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway.* The title sufficiently indicates the intention of the artist, which was evidently to give the idea of 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' much more than the portrait of a steam-engine or a view of the Great Western Railway. A painter

* The full titles of the pictures mentioned in the above paragraph were, *Shade and Darkness—The Evening of the Deluge*, and *Light and Colour* (*Goethe's theory*)—*The Morning after the Deluge—Moses writing the Book of Genesis.* Turner's exegesis seems to be at fault here, as Moses did not write the Book of Genesis on the morning after the Deluge. The titles of these pictures were accompanied by quotations from the unpublished 'Fallacies of Hope.'

who tries to express mental conceptions instead of copying matter always exposes himself to harsh treatment from a large class of critics, whose conception of art is realisation, and who have no indulgence for the art which does not realise. Here is a specimen of this kind of criticism from an American book with reference to this very picture :—

'The bridges are mere ghosts of substance. Both earth and water are equally destitute of quality. The sky is far more solid than the stonework. It has no luminosity whatever, but is actually falling to pieces from its own weight of paint. Even the locomotive, which should have the appearance of metal at least, is a mere phantom. The ironwork, which naturally suggests strength and capacity, is made of a thin glazing of black. In short, the artist has reversed the first principles of painting, leaving solids transparent, and making liquids solid, and pitching all upon so high a key as to offend the eye.'

I do not for a moment doubt the perfect honesty of this criticism, and it would be good criticism if it were true that the purpose of art is the imitation of nature. The plain truth is, that such things as locomotives and railways are absolutely inadmissible in painting of a high order, except on condition of being sketched with what looks like an appearance of carelessness or ignorance. Turner's picture may offend some people by its scorn of material truth, but it would have offended every real judge of art far more if it had condescended to a slavish imitation of rails and a locomotive. I do not make this assertion as a mere guess or supposition. The experiment has been tried—I have seen it tried—by an English painter of eminence, who is now a Royal Academician. At a time when English art was looking out in various directions for new and unhackneyed material, this painter thought he would try what could be made of the railways, and very wisely, instead of trusting to the opinion of others, he put the question practically, by painting a locomotive from nature with as much care as if it had been a horse. The result was an interesting piece of handicraft, for a locomotive is a most difficult thing to paint: but the experiment settled the question for me; it convinced me that the hard materialism of mechanical things, by its incompatibility with sentiment, is unsuitable for fine art, and of the two steam-engines I infinitely prefer Turner's. I remember another case in point. Daubigny the landscape-painter was a very clever etcher, and yet, in one of his plates in the 'Voyage en Bateau,' he represented a railway train with the most careless inaccuracy. I can only say that his drawing was good enough for such material; it gave a notion of the train's length and speed, and that was about enough.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the very latest of Turner's pictures. All those exhibited after 1845 belong not merely to a period of decline, but to a state of senile decrepitude. It is, therefore, both a waste of time and an offence against decency to criticise them with the frankness which we rightly use in speaking of work done in the maturity of the human faculties; and as criticism which is not frank can serve no useful purpose, it is better to pass by these 'dregs of life and lees of man' in melancholy and respectful silence. The titles of the very latest pictures, those exhibited in 1850, have a certain interest from their fidelity to classic subjects of the old-fashioned kind, that belonged to the landscape art which preceded Turner, and on which his own was founded. We find him still, in 1850, thinking about Æneas, and Dido, and Mercury, still quoting verses from the 'Fallacies of Hope,' in which old Troy is mentioned. One of the subjects is *Mercury sent to admonish Æneas;* another, *Æneas relating his Story to Dido;* and a third, *The Departure of the Trojan Fleet.* It is remarkable, too, that with a melancholy dwelling on death natural to one who felt his strength ebbing away from him, Turner should have exhibited in that last year a picture entitled *The Visit to the Tomb.*

During the latter years of Turner's life, the only event which broke the monotony of his daily work appears to have been an excursion on the Continent (probably in 1843), during which he made his last sketches of a place very dear to him, the glorious lake of Lucerne. I can only repeat, with reference to this excursion, what has already been said about others: namely, that the absence of correspondence and diaries, and the solitude of the traveller, leave us without material for any narrative. Turner recorded himself in his art, but in his art only, and the sketches of a landscape-painter can preserve little trace of the vicissitudes of

his life. It would be simply a waste of space to speculate on travels of which so little is known to us, but we may better understand the peculiar nature of Turner's life on the Continent by a contrast. Think of Byron and Shelley in Switzerland and Italy, always heightening their enjoyment of what they saw by conversations with people who could understand them, living with nature and humanity at the same time, writing also their impressions in abundant letters addressed to friends at a distance; and then think of Turner, old and solitary, going silently from lake to lake, from city to city, ignorant of the languages of the countries in which he sojourned, shunning his own countrymen when he met them, writing hardly ever, and then so curtly that his letters express no thoughts: and yet he, too, was a poet; a silent brother of those who wrote 'Childe Harold,' and 'Endymion,' and 'Alastor.'

One of the pictures of his old age, exhibited in 1844, under the title, *Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael,* seems to foreshadow, like the *Téméraire,* that approaching condition of helplessness which Turner looked forward to with a sad foreboding. The evening of his life had begun, and was rapidly deepening towards the night. He kept up, however, pretty well until the year 1851, when he ceased to exhibit, and no longer attended the meetings of the Royal Academicians, which had formerly been greatly valued by him as an opportunity for the kind of social intercourse most congenial to his feelings. David Roberts wrote to him, and begged to be allowed to see him, but got no answer to his letter during the space of a fortnight, after which Turner himself called on Roberts at his studio, and promised to call again 'whenever he came to town.' The following is the account of the interview given by David Roberts himself:—

'I tried to cheer him up, but he laid his hand upon his heart and replied, "No, no; there is something here which is all wrong." As he stood by the table in my painting-room I could not help looking attentively at him, peering in his face, for the small eye was brilliant as that of a child, and unlike the glazed and "lack-lustre eye" of age. This was my last look. The rest is soon told. None of his friends had seen him for months; indeed I believe I was the last, together with his friend George Jones, who I afterwards learned had that day also called upon him.'

A much stranger thing than Turner's absence from the meetings of the Academicians was his absence from his own home. His old housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, was in painful anxiety about the place of his retreat, and discovered it by accident. 'One day,' says Mr. Thornbury, 'as she was brushing an old coat of Turner's, in turning out a pocket, she found and pounced on a letter directed to him, and written by a friend who lived at Chelsea.' Mrs. Danby, it appears, came to the conclusion that Turner himself was probably at Chelsea, and went there to seek for him, in company with another infirm old woman. From inquiries in a place by the river-side, where ginger-beer was sold, they came to the conclusion that Turner was living in a certain small house close by, and informed a Mr. Harper whom she and Turner knew. He went to the place and found the painter sinking. This was on the 18th of December, 1851, and on the following day Turner died.

It is said that he died with the sun of the winter morning shining upon his face. 'The attendant drew up the window-blind, and the morning sun shone on the dying artist.' We naturally seek for some poetic circumstance to accompany the death of a poet, but this ray of morning sunlight is all we have in Turner's case. The history of his last days has the kind of interest which is sought after by novelists rather than that which inspires the most touching verses of the poets. It is a subject for Dickens rather than for the mournful singer of Adonais.

Turner, with that love of secrecy which had always been one of his characteristics, and which in later years had become a passion, had gone to hide himself in some corner of London, where not one of his friends might find him. He had discovered a small house at Chelsea kept by a Mrs. Booth, and had settled there as a lodger, calling himself Mr. Booth, and in the neighbourhood he was known as 'Admiral Booth,' for the people really believed him to be an impoverished old naval officer. All this is excellent material of the kind that Dickens made use of. The rich old man, the famous painter, leaves a home where he could procure for himself all the comforts or luxuries he cared for; quits the society of his fellows, where his

wealth and fame were acknowledged by every one; hides his wealth under an appearance of decent poverty; conceals his celebrity under an unknown name; abandons even the affection of those who had some feelings of attachment towards him, his old housekeeper, the group of his old comrades and friends, and goes to await his end in a hired lodging, to be tended by a woman who was a recent acquaintance, and in whose eyes his principal, perhaps his only merit was his ability to pay his expenses. What is the use of all the things for which men weary their brains with toil if towards the close of life they are to be cast aside as vanities? What is the good of troubling ourselves about wealth, and reputation, and friendship, if a day is to come when we shall prefer obscurity to fame, solitude to society, and simplicity to splendour?

'Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what is man the better?'

'For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?'

The temporary obscurity of the dying man was succeeded by a full glare of publicity for the dead. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with some considerable pomp and ceremony. Many famous painters and men celebrated in other departments of the fine arts, some who loved art and encouraged it, and others who had felt for the great painter some personal affection with which the fine arts had no concern, followed him to his last resting-place. The hearse was preceded to the Cathedral by a long procession of mourning-coaches and private carriages. When the coffin was taken into the building the choristers chanted the Dead March in 'Saul,' and the service was read by Dean Milman. It appears from the contemporary account in the 'Times' that a considerable crowd was attracted outside by the ceremonial, and about five hundred persons were present in the aisles and the chapel.

It can matter little where the stiffened hand and the sightless eyes of a dead landscape-painter may rest from their pleasure and their toil. For some, who have loved sylvan nature truly, it may be appropriate that the 'shadows of the silver birk,' or of some other beautiful or noble forest tree of their native land, should 'sweep the green that folds their grave;' that light and shadow should 'ever wander' over it, that rain should make music in the tree, and the woodbine and eglatere drip their dews, and the brooding bee chaunt sweeter tones than calumny. There are many humble nature-loving landscape-painters for whom such a grave would be most fitting; others should rest beneath the immemorial oaks of Fontainebleau, or in the recesses

> 'Of the deep forest glades of Broceliande,
> Through whose green boughs the golden sunshine creeps,
> Where Merlin by the enchanted thorn-tree sleeps.'

For Constable we feel that Hampstead Churchyard was suitable, as he loved the place, but that a quiet churchyard in his own Suffolk would have been more suitable still. Gainsborough sleeps well in the little green at Kew, Millet and Rousseau in a little village cemetery nearest to their own humble Barbizon. Why should not Turner have been laid in some place where Nature is beautiful, and where he had studied lovingly—in that valley of the Wharfe, for instance, which he could never mention without tears? The answer to such suggestions is that he lies in the place chosen by himself, the place most suitable to his character, and in reality also to his preferences and pursuits. Of all painters known to us he was, if not the most ambitious, certainly the one whose ambition was the least concealed. To lie under the great Cathedral, by the side of Reynolds, gratified his ambition more than to take his rest in the prettiest churchyard in Yorkshire. Again, he was only occasionally, and as it were by chance, a rustic painter. London was his birth-place, the dome of St. Paul's had been a familiar object to him from his infancy, and he had drawn or painted cities from his earliest youth. Even the very architecture of St. Paul's is in harmony with the painter's classical taste and associations. He drew Gothic architecture when he had to deal with it as a matter of business in a view of some English or French city, but whenever he had to *invent* architecture for one of his composed pictures it was invariably classical.

(*To be continued.*)

P. G. HAMERTON.

In this biography I have spoken chiefly of Turner as an artist, but there are some points in his character as a man which cannot be left unnoticed.

He was one of the most eccentric Englishmen who ever lived, a perfect British original. Emerson says that Nature is at the greatest pains to protect originalities against hostile influences; and if so, Turner must have been the object of special precautions on her part. The narrowness of his literary education protected him, for foreign languages, whether ancient or modern, expose the mind to the influence of foreign ideas. It was even a protection to his originality not to be able to write better than he did, for he tried hard to write, long and vainly, and if he had succeeded he would have spent much of his energy in verse. It is easier for a painter to live in eccentric isolation than for a man of letters, whose art it is to use and elevate the common language of the world, and who needs even more than others the common culture, the common experience of mankind. In many respects the eccentricities of Turner had an excellent effect upon his art. Nothing is more astonishing in Turner's life than his prodigious fertility, the enormous *quantity* of his work, the hundreds and hundreds of pictures that he left behind him, the thousands and thousands of drawings and sketches, the mountain of labour represented by the great sum total of his vast and various performance! Remember, too, that every touch of what bears his name is really and truly his own; that he did not keep a picture manufactory, as Rubens did, with a score of workmen and pupils toiling incessantly under his direction; that he did not despise detail, but finished all his work sufficiently, and much of it minutely; that he wrought for colour as much as form, tenderly, delicately, and therefore (however swiftly) without hurry —and then, after taking all these things into consideration, ask yourself how it would have been possible for a man of the world to do with his own fingers such a heap of work as this! Merely to copy all Turner's works completely, without having any trouble about scheming and inventing them, would occupy a man for a hundred years. He who wrought them could not conform to the customs of 'good society.' He got up early in the morning as labourers and blacksmiths do, he worked at his trade all day, he wasted no time over his simple meals, he embarrassed himself with none of the cares and troubles of a great establishment, and left what Emerson derides as the 'cards, custards, and compliments' of society to those who value them and have nothing better to occupy their thoughts. He even carried his nonconformity to such lengths that it is wonderful how people tolerated him at all. He seldom answered dinner invitations, but went or not, just as he felt inclined at the last moment. He invited nobody to dinner at his own house in Queen Anne Street, and though not quite so stingy as he has been represented, for he would pay a score liberally at an inn (on rare occasions, and partly because it amused him to astonish people), the rule of his life was to shut himself up when at home, and keep his movements secret when he went out. These eccentricities, which look so unsocial, were merely the habits of a workman who protected his own peace. He understood that part of prudence thoroughly. He saved money at first to win his artistic independence, the liberty to paint what he liked, and on his own artistic principles; the habit of saving remained with him afterwards, but he never cared for money in comparison with his art, and he did not, in the real and true meaning of the expression, work for money after he became independent.

Although a hard-working man, almost entirely absorbed in the laborious practice of his profession, Turner was not a Philistine—I mean that he was not illiberally indifferent to other kinds of culture than his own; on the contrary, there is abundant evidence that he took an interest in literature and science, though his mind was so especially and peculiarly constituted for painting that his pursuit of literature was not practically successful, and his scientific studies hardly got beyond the initial stage of intelligent curiosity. Even the titles of his pictures are enough to prove some genuine interest in antiquity. We have already seen how much his mind was impressed by the story of ancient Carthage. An artist who takes a general interest in painting and architecture is sure to be led up to antiquity through

art if not through literature, and Turner's acquaintance with ancient subjects was probably due at first to the suggestions of the old masters. He had at one time serious thoughts of giving himself classical literary culture, by the help of his friend Trimmer, and had the courage to attack both Latin and Greek, but, as might have been anticipated, without success—an inevitable consequence of his strange natural incapacity for languages. His own poetry has been examined at some length in this biography, and frequently quoted. It gives evidence of a desire for literary activity, which was not accompanied by any natural literary gift; still, we ought to remember how much writers gain by culture, especially in verse, and we may recall Byron's assertion, that to make really excellent verses a man ought to have no other occupation. Turner, like most artists, possessed but few books, but it was his custom to have a volume or two with him when he travelled, and it has been ascertained that his travelling companions at one time were 'Young's Night Thoughts,' 'Izaak Walton,' and a translation of 'Horace.' M. Amaury Duval has a theory, that all painters without exception have a second love for music, so the reader may be curious to know whether Turner loved music or was indifferent to it. He was at one time an amateur musician, and his instrument was the flute; but I do not know that he ever attained any respectable degree of skill. A gamut for a flute was found in one of his note-books, and the flute itself was found in his house after his death. I believe that we shall not be unjust to Turner in considering him a man of one pursuit, who would willingly have extended the range of his culture if he could have found the time, but who did not allow the studies in which he was an amateur to interfere with that one great field of study in which he was so pre-eminently the artist. He had not the facilities in various directions which are given by a good ordinary education in languages and science, that general education which may not be very much in itself, yet is to its possessor like a bunch of keys, with which at any time he can open the doors of knowledge. Would Turner have been a greater artist with a better general education? The answer is very doubtful. Scholarship and exact science might possibly have weakened within him that visionary faculty which was the true fountain of his art. To see Nature, to dream of what he had seen and transform it as he dreamed, to realise the vision afterwards in colour, this was the occupation of his life; and though he did not despise other knowledge, he left it to its own students.

A written portrait of Turner cannot be complete without some account of his manners and his morals. He was a person of unprepossessing appearance, short and thick-set, with coarse features and the general appearance of the skipper of some small merchant craft living on shore in the interval between two voyages. He does not seem ever to have set up for being what is called a gentleman, but had the style and manner of the lower middle class. He had a great difficulty in expressing himself properly, which made him very reserved, and he was absolutely incapable of saying kind and polite things in an easy and graceful way, though not at all incapable of doing them. Mr. Ruskin tells a story of his practical kindness in combination with bad manners when out sketching with a friend, who 'got into great difficulty over a coloured sketch. Turner looked over him a little while, then said, *in a grumbling way*, "I haven't got any paper I like—let me try yours." Receiving a block-book, he disappeared for an hour and a half. Returning, he threw the book down, *with a growl*, saying, "I can't make anything of your paper." There were three sketches on it, in three distinct stages of progress, showing the process of colouring from beginning to end, and clearing up every difficulty which his friend had got into.' This story exactly coincides with everything that we authentically know of Turner; he was, at the same time, kind in deed and rude in manner. There was no necessity, after borrowing the block-book, to throw it down with a growl; he might have handed it back to the lender with a word of thanks. It has sometimes seemed to me that many things in Turner's character are only exaggerations of English characteristics. The typical Englishman is shy, reserved, fond of privacy; Turner had these peculiarities in excess. The typical Englishman has plain manners; Turner's manners

were plain to gruffness. The typical Englishman loves money, and yet is generous at the same time; Turner was habitually avaricious, yet could be splendidly liberal when it suited him. It is a well-known peculiarity of the English character to shrink from the expression of noble sentiments, and from all language which, by any possibility, could be called high-flown; Turner had this kind of *mauvaise honte* to such a degree that he could not say the civil things which are usual even amongst Englishmen, and his conversation had not even that simple kind of elegance which English usages permit. The Englishman dresses plainly; Turner carried this to the extent of shabbiness. English workmen work harder and better than those of other nations; Turner was pre-eminent for his power of toil.

Mr. Ruskin has mentioned irritability as one of Turner's characteristics. Here is an instance which seems to prove it. 'On one occasion,' says Mr. Rose, 'I had the audacity to ask him if he painted his clouds from nature. One has heard of "calling up a look." The words had hardly passed my lips when I saw my *gaucherie.* I was afraid I had roused a thunder-storm; however, my lucky star predominated, for, after having eyed me for a few moments with a slight frown, he growled out, "How would you have me paint them?" then seizing upon his fishing-rod, and turning upon his heel, he marched indignantly out of the house to the water's-edge.' There was no necessity for being angry; the question was not an insult, nor was it even foolish. Some artists (Constable, for example) have painted their studies of skies rapidly in oil; others have contented themselves with pencil memoranda from nature. Turner was always ready to resent either a question or a request as an unwarrantable liberty. 'Mrs. R—— had a pet spaniel which was one day lying in her lap; Turner was seated close by, reading; a sudden impulse induced her to ask him to make a drawing of her favourite. The R.A. opened his eyes with astonishment, at the same time replying, "My dear madam, you do not know what you ask."' Here is an account of a visit to Turner paid by Dr. Shaw, a relation of his on his mother's side:—

'Of a sudden the great artist made his appearance. I bowed, not too obsequiously nor too low, putting a question to him immediately after the salutation as follows: "May I ask if you are the Mr. Turner who visited at Shelford Manor, in the county of Nottingham, in your youth?" "I am," he answered, in a tone and manner full of dignity, evidently evincing feelings of an untoward nature. He was clearly paving the way for a magnificent outburst of passion—the thunderstorm was gathering. To appease him I became somewhat bland in manner. I tried to throw oil upon the troubled waters. Assuming a manner which, perhaps, might be denominated one of a more winning kind, I said: "May I take the liberty of asking you whether your mother's name was Marshall?" He replied in a tone of voice accompanied with the look of a fury, clearly showing that the flash of lightning had appeared to warn me that the storm was about to break. After this I began to feel uneasy. I felt half inclined to say something monstrously uncivil to him for his bearish manners. I waited, however, for him to begin the attack, which soon followed. He drew himself suddenly into the most dignified attitude I ever beheld, even from a clever actor or an infuriated duke. His manner was full of majesty, accompanied with a diabolical look. He said: "I consider, sir, that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with me by the manner in which you have obtruded yourself upon me.'

This was the peculiar character of Turner's irritability—a disposition to resent anything resembling intrusion, and to consider every attempt to open communication with him as necessarily intrusive. The origin of this state of mind was probably nothing but an early practical wisdom, a keen sense of the value of time, and of the injury inflicted on an industrious man by the interruptions of idlers. We ought to remember that an artist is not, like a shopman, in the constant habit of talking to people in the way of business; his work advances best in solitude, and every interruption is a definite injury to him unless it brings with it some acceptable compensation. In Turner the horror of interruption grew to a morbid excess, so that visitors found him irritated beforehand, and the slightest *maladresse* on their part was enough to kindle his impatience into anger.

Of Turner's religion I know really nothing, except that (like Milton) he did not generally go to church, though he went there with his friends when he visited them in the country.

Mr. Ruskin, who knew him personally, speaks of his 'infidelity' and his 'faithlessness;' but I am quite unable to give the reader any authentic account of Turner's opinions in detail, and yet a biography of him cannot be complete without some reference to the subject. His extreme brevity in letter-writing, his reserve in conversation, and his general weakness in those intellectual faculties which express themselves in words, made him a most unlikely person to utter his mind at all copiously on theological subjects, and we must remember that in his day heterodox opinions were less freely circulated than they are now. All we know is that Turner did not profess to be a member of any visible Church. Mr. Thornbury, in his biography, said something to the effect that he was oppressed in his latter years by the despairing fear of annihilation; but I do not know that Mr. Thornbury had any authority for this beyond an induction which may have been erroneous. There are unbelievers (like Theodore Parker) who have the most perfect confidence in a future life, and others who (like Stuart Mill) have not that confidence absolutely, yet meet their end without despairing fear. Turner may have belonged to one of these categories, though it is not probable that his opinions had any profoundly philosophical character. It is more likely that he simply found difficulties in believing, and stayed away from church without going very deeply into theological or philosophical questions of any kind. From what we know of Turner's intellect, it appears to have been entirely incapable of any sustained critical investigation.

I find it difficult to speak of Turner's morality with perfect justice to his memory, not because we have no facts to argue upon, but because he has been unlucky in the publicity given to them, and in a certain inelegance which makes his errors appear more coarse and gross than those of the old Italian masters. We all know the pictures of Titian and his mistress, and his portraits of her, yet nobody talks of the immorality of Titian; but Turner's domestic arrangements with Mrs. Danby and Mrs. Booth give more acute pain to our sense of propriety because they seem more degrading. We all make distinctions of this kind, and we cannot help it. Lord Byron's *liaison* with the elegant and accomplished young Countess Guiccioli shocks us less than his intimacy with the vulgar Venetian woman who preceded her. In Turner's conduct in this respect there were two offences, one against morality and the other against good taste. I am not going to defend or excuse either of these offences, but in justice to Turner I wish them to be clearly separated. Again, I think it is only fair to point out that Turner has been singularly unfortunate in the evil reputation which has attached itself, in quite a peculiar and especial manner, to his conduct in this respect. I do not know why—except that he was a man of genius and therefore exposed to the envy and malice of his inferiors—Turner should be singled out for especial opprobrium in such a city as London, which is not visibly any more moral since he has been laid in his grave. Unless people are resolutely determined to shut their eyes to what passes continually before their faces, they must be well aware that Turner's conduct, though blamable, was not very unusual. It is said that he left behind him four illegitimate children, but there is no evidence that he ever seduced an innocent girl or disturbed the peace of a household.

Turner's way of living was habitually simple and temperate, but he drank occasionally more than his usual quantity, and towards the close of his life he is said to have stimulated sluggish or failing powers with frequent glasses of sherry. It is not fair to represent him as a drunken sensualist for this. Thousands of overworked professional men have done as much, to the detriment, no doubt, of their health, and perhaps even in the long-run to the disadvantage of their work as well; but in such cases let us be charitable, and admit that the habit does not originate in sensuality. When the powers of production fail, the producer too often tries to recover them for the hour that he toils at his task, even at the cost of some after depression. Turner's occasional excesses when in perfect health may be explained by the habits of his age. In the days of George the Fourth many Englishmen got tipsy from time to time, and nobody thought the worse of them, and when they did not get tipsy they drank abundantly still. Mr. Cyrus Redding, who travelled with Turner in Devonshire, said 'he was

much attached to vulgar porter, and discarded wine, at least with dinner, although afterwards he would take his glass freely, as was much more the custom in those days than at present.' This, I believe, is a fair and honest way of stating the matter.

The best point in Turner's character was his generosity, not in money matters only, but in the general condition of his feelings. It may seem strange that such a quality should have been compatible with what we know of Turner, with his grasping habit in money matters—for he clutched at shillings and sixpences—his gruff manners, and his constant anxiety about his own position in the world of art. All that can be said is, that we have here one of those apparent anomalies in character which are not very rare, though they invariably astonish us when they occur. Victor Hugo once explained that the secret of the interest inspired by some of his best-known inventions was, that he purposely endowed repulsive or uninteresting characters with some splendid virtue which overcame the reader's dislike to them, and produced in his mind a glow of reaction in their favour. Turner was a character of this kind. Though unpolished, and even, from the point of view of any severe social criticism, positively uncivilised—though not, in the social sense, a gentleman, or anything resembling a gentleman, Turner had a nobility of heart as much above ordinary gentlemanhood as true poetry is above mere versification. All who knew him are agreed that he never was heard to speak in depreciation of any of his contemporaries; but there are several instances of his kindness in rendering them services, and in saying what could fairly and truly be said in their favour. This reticence is a rare virtue amongst artists, not only because they are often (and very naturally) jealous of each other, but because they often conscientiously disapprove of each other's work, believing it to be positively harmful to public taste. Mr. Trimmer once happened to be fishing with Turner, who took with him Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.' There were illustrations in the book, and he showed one of them to his companion, saying, 'That is pretty.' Mr. Trimmer answered, 'Nothing first rate, is it?' Turner repeated his word of praise 'It is *pretty*, and he is a poor man with a large family.' Observe how carefully Turner avoided saying anything, or even assenting to anything, unfavourable to his less fortunate contemporary. Here is another anecdote of his generous recognition of an artist inferior to himself. There was a painter of the name of Bird, and when Bird first sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, Turner was on the hanging committee. Bird's picture had great merit; but no place for it could be found. Turner pleaded hard for it. No, the thing was impossible. Turner sat down and looked at Bird's picture a long time; then insisted that a place must be found for it. He was still met by the assertion of impracticability. He said no more, but took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its place.'* Now, is not that a lovely little anecdote, a story to be told to the very angels in heaven? It is as sweet and acceptable to our moral sense as the fragrance of the lily of the valley to our nostrils in the spring. We know how attached Turner was to the Royal Academy, he loved it as people love their families and their homes, and Haydon's attack on the Academy so hurt Turner's feelings that he declared Haydon had stabbed his mother. 'He stabbed his mother, he stabbed his mother!' Nevertheless, Turner could so control his own irritability that he did justice to the violent figure-painter, who frankly acknowledged it: 'But Turner behaved well, and did me justice.'

We may now pass to his actual generosity in money. He was very exacting in money matters, very close, and sometimes almost mean in his closeness, as when he would ask for small advantages when he received considerable sums. At the same time, where his affections or his sympathies were touched (and his nature was really rich in both), he could be nobly and effectually generous. The following true story, narrated by Mr. Ruskin, is probably but one example out of many:—

'At the death of a poor drawing-master, Mr. Wells, whom Turner had long known, he was deeply affected, and lent money to the widow until a large sum had accumulated. She was both honest and

* I give the story in Mr. Ruskin's words. See 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting.' Lecture iii.

grateful, and after a long period was happy enough to be able to return to her benefactor the whole sum she had received from him. She waited on him with it; but Turner kept his hand in his pocket. "Keep it," he said, "and send your children to school and to church." He said this in bitterness; he had himself been sent to neither.'

Mr. Thornbury, in his biography, informs us that Turner once returned to Mr. Charles Heath bills to the amount of 1000*l.* because Mr. Heath's affairs were not in a prosperous condition. Of course, had Turner been as selfish as most people, that would have been the strongest possible reason for getting the bills discounted at once. But this is a mere trifle to another deed of Turner's, also narrated by Mr. Thornbury, who affirmed that it was 'thoroughly proved.'

'An early patron of Turner, when he was a mere industrious barber's son working at three-shilling drawings in his murky bedroom, had seen some of them in a window in the Haymarket, and had bought them. From that time he had gone on buying and being kind to the rising artist, and Turner could not forget it. Years after, he heard that his old benefactor had become involved, and that his steward had received directions to cut down some valued trees. Instantly Turner's generous impulses were roused; his usual parsimony (all directed to one great object) was cast behind him. He at once wrote to the steward, concealing his name, and sent him the full amount; many, many thousands—as much as 20,000*l.*, I believe. The gentleman never knew who was his benefactor; but in time his affairs rallied, and he was enabled to pay Turner the whole sum back. Years again rolled on, and now the son of Turner's benefactor became involved. Again the birds of the air brought the news to the guardian angel of the family; again he sent the necessary thousands anonymously; again the son stopped the leak, righted himself, and returned the whole sum with thanks.'

It is also affirmed that Turner used to say to one of his intimate friends: 'Don't wish for money; you will not be the happier; and you know you can have any money of me if you want.'

He had tenants in Harley Street who had been in arrear for two years, but he would not allow his lawyer to distrain.

These scraps of anecdote are some evidence of the innate nobility and benevolence of the man; but since we know the secretiveness of his disposition, we may reasonably infer that most of his acts of kindness remained unknown to all except the recipients.

One great project of his is known to us—his scheme for bettering the condition of the unfortunate in his own profession. Though successful in art himself, he had the keenest sense of its difficulty and precariousness; and whilst he never criticised an unsuccessful fellow-workman, he knew how many artists led lives of constant anxiety, deepening at last into final poverty and failure. Instead of scorning his humbler brethren for their incapacity to do what he had done, he occupied his solitary musings with the problem how to so order matters that his success might be made to operate as some alleviation of their misfortune. I have already sufficiently drawn attention to the one deduction which may be made from Turner's generosity; there can be no doubt that it was part of a great project for the perpetuation of his name and fame, the bequest to the National Gallery, and the Turner medal, being also part of the same project. But although this desire for fame is visible enough, we ought to remember, in justice to Turner, that it has been shared by many other benevolent persons who have not thought it necessary to hide their lights under a bushel. George Heriot, of Edinburgh, immortalised himself in Heriot's Hospital; Mr. Peabody has recently immortalised himself in the admirable and fruitful project which bears his name; and a thousand other benefactors of minor note have preserved their names for posterity in less conspicuous places. We need not then blame Turner because he obeyed the impulses of an instinct which is common to so many, and desired to be remembered with gratitude for his benevolence, as well as with admiration for his genius as an artist. The benevolence was real; there can be no doubt that Turner enjoyed a real satisfaction in the conviction that every sovereign he put by would lessen the burden of some future distress. Let us rejoice that his kind heart enjoyed the happiness of this illusion during the

long days of his solitary labours. It must have been sweet to him, it must have enabled him to look forward to the close of his own life with the enviable assurance that it would be the beginning of a new usefulness in the world. And why, with a resolution in his mind so long cherished, so firmly rooted there, could not Turner ensure the execution of his desire? How does it happen that no distress is to be alleviated by the money which he accumulated for the purpose, that there is to be no 'Turner's Gift,' that the old age of unfortunate English artists is still to be wretched and uncared for? Was not Turner's intention plain? The reader shall judge of this for himself. Here is an extract from his will:—

'It is my will and I declare that a Charitable Institution be founded for the maintenance and support of Poor and Decayed Male Artists being born in England and of English parents only and lawful issue.' And I direct that a proper and suitable Building or Residence be provided for that purpose in such a situation as may be deemed eligible and advantageous by my Executors and the Trustees to the said Charitable Institution.' (Here follow directions about the appointment of trustees.) 'And I declare that they shall be at liberty and have power in case they shall think it necessary for the more effectually and better establishment of the (Charitable) Institution to sell only part of the principal of the said stock for the purpose of building a proper and fit house for the reception of the objects of the said Institution or that the said Trustees shall or may rent a proper house and offices for that purpose as they shall think fit and as shall be allowed by law but so that there shall always remain a sufficient amount of Stock to produce dividends and interest equal to the full maintenance and support of the respective individuals and the houses or buildings and premises before mentioned and which (Charitable) Institution I desire shall be called or designated "Turner's Gift" and shall at all times decidedly be an English Institution and the persons receiving the benefits thereof shall be English-born subjects only and of no other Nation or Country whatever.'

Here we have Turner trying to imitate the technical language of the lawyers, and it appears that he was not successful in his imitation, for the lawyers decided that the words which the reader has just been perusing did not convey to their minds the idea that Turner intended to found a charitable institution for decayed male artists. A writer of books may not understand legal mysteries, but he may have an opinion about the intelligibility of a page, and I appeal to the reader whether the above quotation does or does not convey the idea that Turner intended to found some sort of institution to be called 'Turner's Gift,' in which decayed male artists of English blood were to find a refuge in their poverty and distress? Every candid reader going by the plain meaning of the words will at once admit that such was Turner's intention, and he will feel astonished that it was not carried out. Not only was this his intention, but it was his *main* intention, his great purpose, so far as his money was concerned. The lawyers, however, decided otherwise, and settled the matter in their own way. They followed the will on three points which were certainly not more plain than the foundation of 'Turner's Gift.' They gave the pictures to the National Gallery, a thousand pounds for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and twenty thousand pounds to the Royal Academy. These were really bequests of Turner's, but then the legal authorities passed over the charitable institution for decayed artists as a thing not really intended by Turner, and did not even attempt a partial realisation of his idea, but decided that the real estate was to go to the heir-at-law and the remainder to the next-of-kin. Such was the result of a great Chancery suit, which occupied four years, during which the lawyers and their clerks industriously covered an enormous weight of paper, which nobody will ever read and which had to be paid for out of the painter's savings, a singular consequence of his own parsimony and love of secrecy, which had prevented him from procuring competent legal assistance during his lifetime.

After the settlement of the will and the annihilation of Turner's charitable schemes, the most important matter as affecting the public was the disposal of the pictures left to the nation. They were first exhibited in Marlborough House, and when that residence had to be prepared for the Prince of Wales, rooms for their reception were erected at South Kensington, at a cost of ten thousand pounds. Turner's will had required that rooms should be provided in the National Gallery within ten years after his death, and although during their stay at Kensington

the pictures were under the control of the trustees of the National Gallery, and were supposed to belong to it, still they were not actually housed in the same building with the old masters, which was evidently Turner's desire. It therefore became necessary to find room for them in Trafalgar Square, and this was done (October, 1861) in accordance with a plan devised by Mr. Wornum, then the Keeper of the National Gallery, who lodged them to the west of the building, where they were well lighted and could be studied with great facility. Since then the Royal Academy has removed to Burlington House, the National Gallery has been greatly enlarged, the pictures have been all re-hung, and a new room has been given to the principal Turners, in which, unfortunately, they are not so well seen as under the former temporary arrangement. A very plain room on the ground-floor has been assigned for the preservation of the drawings, a room which, though sufficiently spacious, is certainly too mean in its appearance to contain artistic treasures of such value. Material treasure of greater amount is no doubt lodged in the cellars of the Bank of England, but the fine arts require some degree of elegance in their surroundings, and this room has no more pretension to taste or elegance than a London cellar-kitchen. However, in spite of this unsuitableness of aspect, the room is a safe asylum for these abundant records of Turner's artistic existence, and there they may remain for future generations to refer to them. It is to be regretted that, according to present arrangements, they are not so easily accessible to students as they ought to be. They are only to be seen on special days, with a special order from the keeper. For permanent residents in London this is not a great inconvenience, because they can distribute their work accordingly; but for visitors from the country, and still more from foreign countries, who can only spend a few weeks at a time in London, the present arrangements amount to a practical prohibition of any continuous study, especially if it happens, as it happened in the autumn of 1876, that the keeper is unwell, and the director is travelling abroad. The Turner drawings might be, and ought to be, made as accessible to students as the prints in the British Museum.

Mr. Ruskin, as one of Turner's executors, asked and obtained permission from the trustees of the National Gallery to arrange the drawings as he thought best for their preservation and for the convenience of students. Nothing could have been better devised, or more ably carried out, than Mr. Ruskin's plan, and the British public owes great thanks to him for his labour; though perhaps it may be surmised that the British public does not, as a body, take any very enthusiastic interest in the collection. The cabinets constructed for the four hundred drawings, which have been framed and glazed, are models of orderly and judicious arrangement, the drawings being at the same time protected from injury and easily accessible.

So now most things about Turner have been settled in one way or another. 'Turner's Gift,' to begin with, has been settled by simple annihilation of the whole project. The reception of his pictures by the National Gallery has been settled by the assignment of certain rooms, and his drawings honoured by decent burial in a sort of crypt, where, nevertheless, the exceptionally curious student will find them in such order as Turner himself could never have imagined or desired, thanks to the devotion of Mr. Ruskin. Turner's own mortal remains lie in the catacombs of St. Paul's, and the monument which he decreed to himself has been erected in the form of a statue.

Some artists, we are informed by Mr. Thornbury, 'wished to put a memorial tablet over the door of the house in Maiden Lane, where he was born, but the Board of Works refused to allow it.'

We have now followed to its last results one of the most remarkable of human lives, and we may ask ourselves, in quiet final reflection upon this great and singular existence, whether it was enviable or not. It had great elements of happiness, but certain other elements, almost equally necessary, were wanting. Seventy years of health—of plain, good, serviceable, robust health—may count for something, for much in the happiness of a human life. Careful habits

in money matters and a constantly increasing power of earning money, secured Turner from pecuniary anxiety, one of the most wearing of all mental evils, at a very early age. He was soon independent, and had, what to him was a keen and continual satisfaction, the pleasure of growing gradually richer. He could therefore follow art for itself, with the independence of an amateur united to the skill of an accomplished artist, and this is a great happiness which makes a man very independent of society. He was recognised very early by the Academy, being admitted to its exhibitions in boyhood, to the associateship before youth was past, and to full membership in early manhood. He was not so fully or generally recognised in his lifetime as he is now, but it is a great mistake to suppose that he was always censured, ridiculed, or neglected; on the contrary, he enjoyed when living ten times the fame of a fairly successful artist, and was far more fortunate in this respect than many of his most able predecessors. Finally, as we have seen, he had the singular good fortune of being abundantly celebrated by a writer on art, who, though he has not the accuracy of a judge, has a quality incomparably more influential, the eloquence of an advocate, a writer who is alone in his power of interesting the general public in matters connected with the fine arts, and whose books have a place in literature for their style, which will make them endure when sounder æsthetic doctrine, plainly expressed, will be passed over and forgotten.

But all these elements of good fortune in the life of Turner—health, wealth, and fame, with the happiness of following a beloved art from sunrise to sunset every day, and from the dawn to the twilight of existence—all these things were not enough to constitute a happy life. The philosophical reader may answer this with the accepted doctrine that happiness, in all lives, is an unattainable illusion. So it is, no doubt, in any absolute completeness; but there are relative degrees of it, and we may say with confidence that Scott, though sorely tried, was a happier man than Byron, and Leslie assuredly a happier man than Haydon. Now, in the ordinary limited sense of the word 'happiness,' as we all understand it, the conclusion is that Turner, with all his success, never had his fair share of it. His high special culture, his low general culture, were both causes of isolation, for both knowledge and ignorance isolate us, each in its own way. But the greatest *hiatus* in Turner's life was that he never knew the happiness of marriage, for which his domestic arrangements with his mistresses were not, and could not, be a compensation. Marriage is not essential to happiness; many a not unenviable life has been passed in celibacy; but soldiers and priests, amongst whom celibacy is most general, have constant fellowship with others in their own calling. Turner, with his solitary pursuit, had little of this fellowship; and a happy marriage, had it been his good fortune to make one, would probably have brought him into more natural relations with the human species. With the strong support of a firm and regular home affection, and the constant interest of a legitimate family growing up around him, Turner would have cared less for fame (which, after all, is a poor affair in comparison with these), and he would have been far less sensitive to criticism. He would have thought less about himself and his own greatness, and lived with less eager ambition. The contrast in this respect between Turner's life and that of the late J. F. Millet shows Turner's loneliness in its true light. Millet had a hard fight even for the necessaries of existence, but he lived in perfect dignity in his quiet corner of the little village of Barbizon, sustained by the truest and tenderest affection, or affections, we may well say in the plural, seeing that, besides his wife, he had nine children to love him, and a few dear friends and neighbours. No man could be more respected than Millet was, and he lived surrounded by the influences of a home which, notwithstanding his narrow means, was ten times as cheerful as any that Turner ever possessed. I have been in both, and have felt in both the indescribable influence of a human habitation, of the things that surround a man, and the difference was briefly this: Millet had a home in that humble dwelling on the forest border of Fontainebleau, and Turner had no home in that dreary, dirty mansion in Queen Anne Street. And what are wealth and fame as motives for exertion in comparison with love and duty?

P. G. Hamerton.

ETCHINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

VII.—REMBRANDT. 'JESUS CHRIST PREACHING.'

THIS plate is often called the little Tomb, a title which was supposed at one time to refer to the eminence on which Christ is standing, which bears some resemblance to a tomb; but there are much better reasons for believing that the title is the name of a contemporary and friend of Rembrandt, called Peter Tomb, who was a lover of art, and very probably a picture-dealer as well. He was co-proprietor with Rembrandt of two or three pictures in Rembrandt's collection, and he possessed some of the great etcher's coppers, the present one amongst the rest. This and other matters have been clearly stated by M. Charles Blanc, in his Catalogue.

Unfortunately, the plate afterwards came into the hands of Norblin, the engraver, who died in 1830, and who misapplied his skill in retouching this Rembrandt with dry point. At Norblin's death the copper became the property of Mr. Colnaghi. The plate has been copied in facsimile, and with such extreme skill as to be deceptive. M. Charles Blanc, and other connoisseurs, attribute the copy to Dietrich, although Dietrich executed another, probably in his youth, which is very inferior.

The merit of the plate lies rather in the attentive expression of the hearers than in any brilliant executive skill. The Christ is too plain and homely to satisfy the needs of our imagination, and is, I think, greatly inferior to the Christ in the Hundred Guilder print, although that is not beautiful either; but that figure has an imposing presence, which is entirely wanting here. It is quite possible, however, that Rembrandt may have desired in the present composition to show the familiar side of the teaching of Jesus, as addressed to people of all sorts, wherever they might happen to congregate, and a less august personality may have been preferred by the artist, as more in accordance with his conception of the occasion. The prevalent character of the whole design is that of the most unaffected simplicity. Nobody seems to *pose*, every one is listening to the sermon; except perhaps the child in the immediate foreground, who is drawing with his finger in the dust, and the baby in the woman's arms. The same simplicity is carried out in the execution, which is straightforward in the extreme, and is so far from exhibiting the craft of modern workmanship that it does not even display the dexterities which were already familiar to etchers in the seventeenth century. The shading is nearly all done with straight lines in one direction or another, and the drawing over which these are laid is a sketch in organic markings. In one department of art—composition—there is, however, much more craft and subtlety in the work before us. Every one of the figures, though apparently without the slightest thought of attitude, has put himself exactly in that position which is most conducive to the general arrangement of the group. The man with the sharp nose and the hand under his chin puts out his foot that it may form, with his head and arm, a part of an intended festoon below the central figure. The child on the ground is the lowest part of this festoon, which thickens gradually as it rises; and even the child's hand with the finger on the ground is essential. The light and shade is not Nature's, but Rembrandt's own, and entirely arbitrary, darks and lights being put just wherever he wanted them, without the least deference to the sun. I have not space to analyse the incoherencies and impossibilities in the chiaroscuro of this plate, and the reader would probably lack the patience to follow such an analysis; but the simple explanation of them is, that the etcher shaded his work for a composition of lights and darks, and not for natural truth.

EDITOR.

Hebrard et imp. J. Taussac Paris

NOTES ON EDINBURGH.

VII.—THE CALTON HILL.

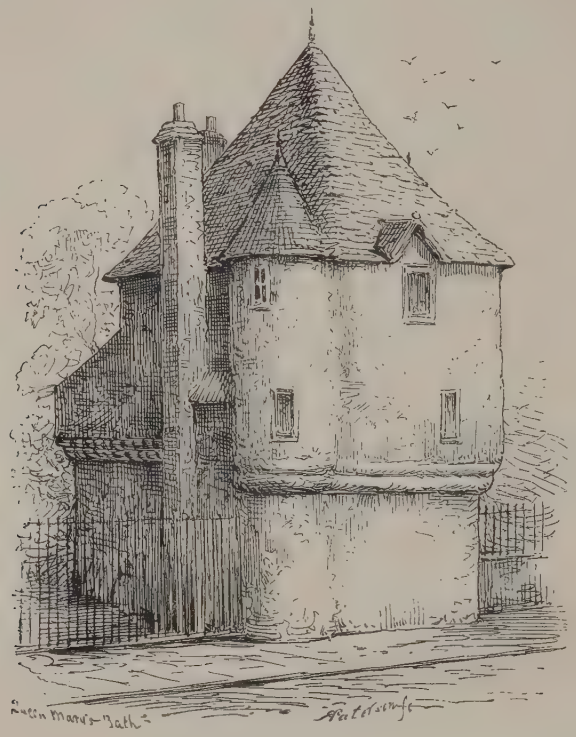
THE east of new Edinburgh is guarded by a craggy hill, of no great elevation, which the town embraces. The old London road runs on one side of it; while the New Approach, leaving it on the other hand, completes the circuit. You mount by stairs in a cutting of the rock to find yourself in a field of monuments. Dugald Stewart has the honours of situation and architecture; Burns is memorialised lower down upon a spur; Lord Nelson, as befits a sailor, gives his name to the topgallant of the Calton Hill. This latter erection has been differently and yet, in both cases, aptly compared to a telescope and a butterchurn; comparisons apart, it ranks among the vilest of men's handiworks. But the chief feature is an unfinished range of columns, 'the Modern Ruin' as it has been called, an imposing object from far and near, and giving Edinburgh, even from the sea, that false air of a Modern Athens which has earned for her so many slighting speeches. It was meant to be a National Monument; and its present state is a very suitable monument to certain national characteristics. The old Observatory—a quaint brown building on the edge of the steep—and the new Observatory—a classical edifice with a dome—occupy the central portion of the summit. All these are scattered on a green turf, browsed over by some sheep.

The scene suggests reflections on fame and on man's injustice to the dead. You see Dugald Stewart rather more handsomely commemorated than Burns. Immediately below, in the Canongate churchyard, lies Robert Fergusson, Burns's master in his art, who died insane while yet a stripling; and if Dugald Stewart has been somewhat too boisterously acclaimed, the Edinburgh poet, on the other hand, is most unrighteously forgotten. The votaries of Burns, a crew too common in all ranks in Scotland and more remarkable for number than discretion, eagerly suppress all mention of the lad who handed on to him the poetic impulse and, up to the time when he grew famous, continued to influence him in his manner and the choice of subjects. Burns himself not only acknowledged his debt in a fragment of autobiography, but erected a tomb over the grave in Canongate churchyard. This was worthy of an artist, but it was done in vain; and although I think I have read nearly all the biographies of Burns, I cannot remember one in which the modesty of nature was not violated, or where Fergusson was not sacrificed to the credit of his follower's originality. There is a kind of gaping admiration that would fain roll Shakespeare and Bacon into one, to have a bigger thing to gape at; and a class of men who cannot edit one author without disparaging all others. They are indeed mistaken if they think to please the great originals; and whoever puts Fergusson right with fame, cannot do better than dedicate his labours to the memory of Burns, who will be the best delighted of the dead.

Of all places for a view, this Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. It is the place to stroll on one of those days of sunshine and east wind which are so common in our more than temperate summer. The breeze comes off the sea, with a little of the sea freshness, and that touch of chill, peculiar to the quarter, which is delightful to certain very ruddy organizations and greatly the reverse to the majority of mankind. It brings with it a faint, floating haze, a cunning decolourizer, although not thick enough to obscure outlines near at hand. But the haze lies more thickly to windward at the far end of Musselburgh Bay; and over the Links of Aberlady and Berwick Law and the hump of the Bass Rock it assumes the aspect of a bank of thin sea fog.

Immediately underneath upon the south, you command the yards of the High School and the towers and courts of the new Jail—a large place, castellated to the extent of folly, standing itself on the edge of a steep cliff, and often joyfully hailed by tourists as the Castle. In the one, you may perhaps see female prisoners taking exercise like a string of nuns; in the other, schoolboys running at play and their shadows keeping step with them.

From the bottom of the valley, a gigantic chimney rises almost to the level of the eye, a taller and a shapelier edifice than Nelson's Monument. Look a little farther, and there is Holyrood Palace, with its gothic frontal and ruined abbey, and the red sentry pacing smartly to and fro before the door like a mechanical figure in a panorama. By way of an outpost, you can single out the little peak-roofed lodge, over which Rizzio's murderers made their escape and where Queen Mary herself, according to gossip, bathed in white wine to entertain her loveliness. Behind and overhead, lie the Queen's Park, from Muschat's Cairn to Dumbiedykes, St. Margaret's Loch, and the long wall of Salisbury Crags; and thence, by knoll and rocky bulwark and precipitous slope, the eye rises to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design. This upon your left. Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky.—



QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

Perhaps it is now one in the afternoon; and at the same instant of time, a ball rises to the summit of Nelson's flagstaff close at hand, and, far away, a puff of smoke followed by a report bursts from the half-moon battery at the Castle. This is the time-gun by which people set their watches, as far as the sea coast or in hill farms upon the Pentlands.—To complete the view, the eye enfilades Prince's Street, black with traffic, and has a broad look over the valley between the Old Town and the New: here, full of railway trains and stepped over by the high North Bridge upon its many columns, and there, green with trees and gardens.

On the north, the Calton Hill is neither so abrupt in itself nor has it so exceptional an outlook; and yet even here it commands a striking prospect. A gully separates it from the New Town. This is Greenside, where witches were burned and tournaments held in former days. Down that almost precipitous bank, Bothwell launched his horse, and so first, as they say, attracted the bright eyes of Mary. It is now tesselated with sheets and blankets out to dry, and the sound of people beating carpets is rarely absent. Beyond all this, the

suburbs run out to Leith; Leith camps on the seaside with her forest of masts; Leith roads are full of ships at anchor; the sun picks out the white pharos upon Inchkeith Island; the Firth extends on either hand from the Ferry to the May; the towns of Fifeshire sit, each in its bank of blowing smoke, along the opposite coast; and the hills inclose the view, except to the farthest east, where the haze of the horizon rests upon the open sea. There lies the road to Norway: a dear road for Sir Patrick Spens and his Scots Lords; and yonder smoke

BACK OF GREENSIDE.

on the hither side of Largo Law is Aberdour, from whence they sailed to seek a queen for Scotland.

'O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land!'

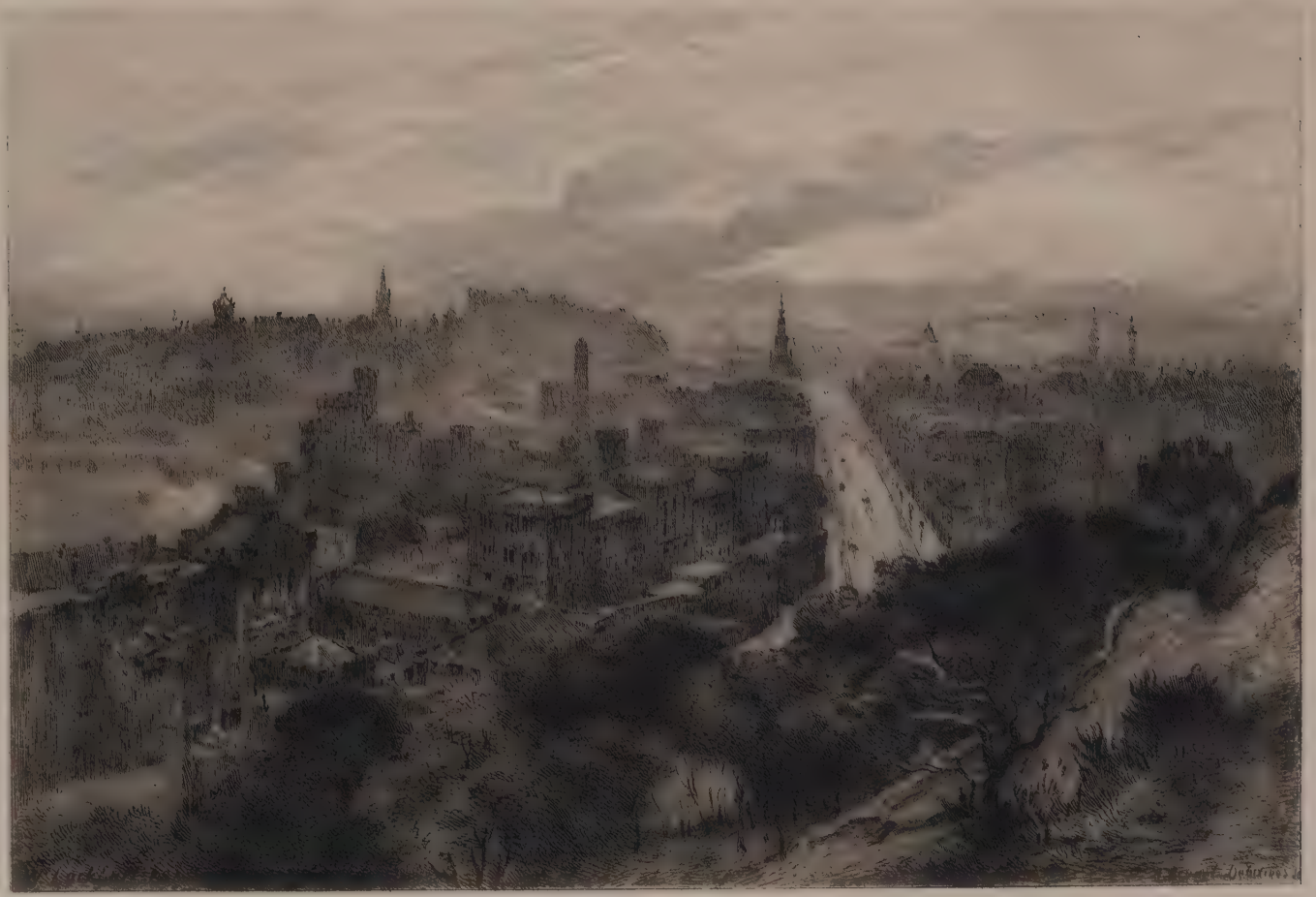
The sight of the sea, even from a city, will bring thoughts of storm and sea disaster. The sailors' wives of Leith and the fisherwomen of Cockenzie, not sitting langourously with fans, but crowding to the tail of the harbour with a shawl about their ears, may still look vainly for brave Scotsmen who will return no more, or boats that have gone on their last fishing. Since Sir Patrick sailed from Aberdour, what a multitude have gone down in the North

Sea! Yonder is Auldhame, where the London smack went ashore and wreckers cut the rings from ladies' fingers; and a few miles round Fife Ness is the fatal Inchcape, now a star of guidance; and the lee shore to the east of the Inchcape, is that Forfarshire coast where Mucklebackit sorrowed for his son.

These are the main features of the scene roughly sketched. How they are all tilted by the inclination of the ground, how each stands out in delicate relief against the rest, what manifold detail, and play of sun and shadow, animate and accentuate the picture, is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look. It is the character of such a prospect, to be full of change and of things moving. The multiplicity embarrasses the eye; and the mind, among so much, suffers itself to grow absorbed with single points. You remark a tree in a hedgerow, or follow a cart along a country road. You turn to the city, and see children, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, at play about suburban doorsteps; you have a glimpse upon a thoroughfare where people are densely moving; you note ridge after ridge of chimney-stacks running downhill one behind another, and church spires rising bravely from the sea of roofs. At one of the innumerable windows, you watch a figure moving; on one of the multitude of roofs, you watch clambering chimney-sweeps. The wind takes a run and scatters the smoke; bells are heard, far and near, faint and loud, to tell the hour; or perhaps a bird goes dipping evenly over the housetops, like a gull across the waves. And here you are in the meantime, on this pastoral hillside, among nibbling sheep and looked upon by monumental buildings.

Return thither on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two set sparsely in the vault of heaven; and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps. The solitude seems perfect; the patient astronomer, flat on his back under the Observatory dome and spying heaven's secrets, is your only neighbour; and yet from all round you there comes up the dull hum of the city, the tramp of countless people marching out of time, the rattle of carriages and the continuous, keen jingle of the tramway bells. An hour or so before, the gas was turned on; lamp-lighters scoured the city; in every house, from kitchen to attic, the windows kindled and gleamed forth into the dusk. And so now, although the town lies blue and darkling on her hills, innumerable spots of the bright element shine far and near along the pavements and upon the high façades. Moving lights of the railway pass and re-pass below the stationary lights upon the bridge. Lights burn in the Jail. Lights burn high up in the tall *lands* and on the Castle turrets, they burn low down in Greenside or along the Park. They run out one beyond the other into the dark country. They walk in a procession down to Leith, and shine singly far along Leith Pier. Thus, the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pinholes and exposes it before a candle; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design; every evening in the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honour of her own beauty; and as if to complete the scheme—or rather as if some prodigal Pharaoh were beginning to extend it to the adjacent sea and country—half way over to Fife, there is an outpost of light upon Inchkeith, and far to seaward, yet another on the May.

And while you are looking, across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star: a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labours of the day.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. W. E. Lockhart, whose views of Edinburgh have enriched the PORTFOLIO for 1878, was born in Dumfries-shire in 1846. At the age of fourteen he entered the Trustees' Academy, then under the care of Mr. Lauder. In 1863 he went to Sydney, and four years afterwards paid his first visit to Spain. His first Spanish picture, *A Lover's Quarrel*, was exhibited in 1868, and he made yearly visits to Spain until about three years since, when he spent some time in the island of Majorca, painting *The Orange Harvest*. Mr. Lockhart became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1871, and early in the present year he was elected a full member, and about the same time an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society.